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THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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No. I.

THE RELIGION OF OUR SAXON FOREFATHERS.

BY STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

Our Saxton ancestors belonged to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family of nations. Two thousand years ago they wandered naked but unconquered amid the wilds of Germany. They never yielded to the power of imperious Rome. Other lands had felt the power of the "Eternal City." They had had their Generals dragged in triumph at the chariot wheels of victorious Roman commanders. The wish of Cæsar was the law of a hundred conquered provinces. Roman officers tramped the streets of subjugated cities from the Lybian desert on the South to the frozen coasts of Samatia and Caledonia on the North. But the Teuton was free, emphatically free. The eagles of Rome quailed and fled before the arms of Arminius when Varus was slain, and never since that memorable day has a Latin race been victorious in arms over the Teuton.

Tacitus, in writing of the Germans, speaks in the highest terms of their love of courage, liberty and

virtue. To be a great warrior and die in the front of battle was the noblest end granted by the gods to man. Cowards were thrown into a marsh and covered with hurdles. Thus they hid from mortal eyes such men as were too base to live and too ignoble to meet a soldier's fate.

Woman occupied a higher position among them than among the Greeks and Romans. It is here worthy of note that while Southern nations have always tended to disregard the rights of woman and make her a slave, the Northern ones have elevated her and have made her an equal and in many respects a superior to man. There seems to be a kind of inherent respect for her. She is beloved for her better qualities, for her influence on man, her power to soften his harshness, to polish his rudeness, to refine, to elevate him. Among the Germans a man was contented with a single wife. This was something rare among savage tribes. The chiefs had the liberty of taking more than

one wife. This was for the sake of policy ; but the privilege was seldom used. History gives not a single example where a polygamous people became great and ranked high in the list of nations. As a general rule the woman possessed the same fiery spirit as her husband and on some occasions renewed broken lines of battle by exposing her bosom to the darts of the enemy, thus arousing and reanimating the sinking spirits of her countrymen.

Climate influences religion. Besides this, Roman civilization tended to corrupt the simple German worship, and to find it in its pure, unsullied state, wrapt in a halo of antiquity, we must turn to the Norse cultus of the Scandinavian peninsula and of Iceland.

The sacred books of the Norse religion were the Eddas, two in number. The elder Edda is written in poetry and dates back to the close of the eleventh century. This book is the source of all the mythological stories of the North. We find in it characters bearing striking resemblances to the Fates of Greece. Here we find, as in the Iliad and Odyssey fabulous tales of the prowess of heroes. The existence of women who had power to raise and quell the elements at pleasure is admitted and Sir Walter Scott brings out the idea beautifully in the character of Noma of the Fitful Head in the Pirate.

The religious rites of the Germans

bore some resemblance to those of Rome. "They worshipped Tuisto and his son Manus," says Tacitus, "and thought them the founders of their race." "Some tribes worshipped Isis, a goddess brought from beyond the sea." Mars and Mercury were also objects of their adoration and to the latter human beings were sometimes offered in sacrifice. They built no costly temples and carved no images of their gods, "believing in and worshipping a being whom they see only with the eye of reverence," says Tacitus. Thus, there is exhibited even at this early period, the doctrine acknowledged by their descendants of the nineteenth century—that God is a spirit and those who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The great central idea of the Scandinavian belief was "The free struggle of soul against material obstacles, the freedom of the Divine will in its conflicts with the opposing forces of Nature." Their religion, like that of the Zend Avesta was a system of *dualism*, an almost perpetual warfare between opposing forces of nature personified in the forms of men and women. The good on one side, the evil on the other.

Their gods were not as numerous as those of the Greeks and Romans. Like theirs they were human and had the attributes of man, love, hate and lust, three of the most powerful agents on the world's stage of action.

The gods were often waging war against evil spirits and genii. The giants fought against Thor and Odin as against Jupiter and Apollo. They did not, as we see, rest quietly in Asgard, the Scandinavian Olympus, and when not warring with the giants, they engaged in many adventures of fun and frolic. "They seem to be," says James Freeman Clarke, "the idealization of human will set over against the powers of nature."

As the gods, so were the worshippers. The Northmen were a nation of warriors. Preserving all the hardihood of their Germanic forefathers who slew Varus and his Roman legions, they launched forth and conquered as they advanced. The man's chief virtue was courage and the woman's greatest praise was chastity. To die in one's bed was a poor end for a warrior's life. Those who died thus tamely like a brute, were sent to a special region of torment. To escape this fate they would jump from a high cliff into the sea, or plunge a sword into their bosom. The brave warrior who fell fighting for his country's cause and for her gods was received into Valhalla. Here he quaffed great draughts of wine from drinking horns and not, as is commonly claimed, from the dried skulls of enemies. In this we see the same revelry after death reserved for the finally faithful as is promised in such strong terms by the Koran to the believing followers

of Mohammed. There is nothing spiritual in either. Both represent only the grossest sensuality. The Northmen had become Christians before they reached Southern Europe. What would have been the result if they had retained their original belief?

Like the Jews, the Scandinavians had three principal feasts during the year. There was one on the longest night. It was called Yule and from it came the Saxon custom of celebrating the Yule. They sacrificed fruits and animals at these feasts and we read that in later times human beings were offered in solemn sacrifice to the gods of their race. This feast at Yule time was in honor of the sun, the god of day. It was celebrated with feasting and mirth. It was superseded under the Christian regime by Christmas. This we celebrate with feasting and mirth in honor of the Son who died for the world.

Odin, or Woden, is the chief god of the Norse cultus. He is called Choosing Father, because he takes for his sons those who fall in battle. They dwell with him in Valhalla, the warrior's heaven; mead is their drink and boar's flesh is their food. Odin governs all things and is obeyed by all the other deities, even Loki, the god of cunning and perfidy and the husband of a giantess from the region of darkness was subject to his will. The mighty Thor is his eldest

son. Frigga, who foresess but never reveals the destiny of man, is his spouse. By his commands the gates of the infernal regions are guarded by a dog that never sleeps, the cousin, perhaps, of the Grecian Cerberus.

Odin is also called "Alfadir," All Father, as he is the creator of gods and men. He found Ask and Embla, the first man and woman, and from them sprung all the human race. This bears much resemblance to the Mosaic account of the creation. In other places we find the Greek idea of the gods being the parents of the forces of nature fully bought out.

At the end of time there was to be a great conflict between the gods and the giants. The whole universe was to be consumed with fire. Then there was to spring up a new heaven

and a new earth, and the daughter of the sun more beautiful than her mother was to occupy her place in the heavens.

In their system we find but little that is spiritual, much that is fanciful, much that is sensual. This religion rose, flourished and fell. It, like its devotees, has gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Its mission has been accomplished and that mission was to prepare the land of the Teuton for the Protestant Reformation which has taken for its guide the revealed word of Jehovah, has shaken the yoke of Roman Catholicism from the necks of trembling millions, and has raised its followers to a higher and nobler sphere of action, thus bringing them nearer and nearer to the perfection of God.



THE RUBICON IS CROSSED.

BY M. M'G. SHIELDS, D. L. REP., 1885.

Nineteen centuries ago, the great triumvir had carried the Roman eagle from the summit of the Caucasus to the hills of Caledonia; over the Bosphorus and the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees. But his ambitious schemes urged him onward until he had re-crossed the beautiful plains of Gallia, and halted on the bank of the rushing Rubicon. This streamlet was the boundary of his province. To cross would be a declaration of civil war. His pause was short, but decisive. He plunged into the foaming waters, and the whole course of Roman history was changed.

These turning points attract the attention of the students of history. How they signalize the Rubicons, the Senlacs, the Moscows and the Gettysburgs! How conspicuously they stand upon the page, marking the changes in the course of events!

Between this step of Cæsar and one taken by our own country twenty years ago, there is a striking analogy. 'Twas not the civil strife that ran the Mason and Dixon's line. For many years the North and South had been two distinct peoples. Even before the thresholds of our land were darkened by the omens of civil war, before the grim demon of Discord reared its horrid

head, gnashed loudly its iron fangs, and shook its crest of bristling bayonets:

"Before the cannon's awful breath
Screamed the loud halloo' of death;"

before the Bonnie Blue Flag confronted the Stars and Stripes; the war had long been raging.

A deep and impassable gulf divided the North from the South, which the war did not create, but only emphasized. The different opinions respecting slavery and States' Rights in general had estranged their minds, and they watched each other with the vigilance of hatred. Nothing but bones of the noble slain could bridge the awful chasm.

The Rubicon of Sectionalism was crossed. But what was the cost of the passage? Answer, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg! Answer, ye maimed and gallant heroes who marked the lowlands and mountains of Virginia with the blood of chivalry, and who bore aloft the Southern Bars with unquailing hearts to the baptism of blood that awaited it! Answer, ye blackened ruins which mark the trail of the "army that went down to the sea!" They changed the South into a Golgotha, strewn with skulls grinning at their own hideous plight.

The gloomy days of reconstruction followed. While many of her noblest sons were denied the right of the ballot, this sacred privilege was bestowed upon the liberated African. Thus, a whole race was called at once without preparation to the full dignity of citizenship, made the dupe of designing politicians, and worked like parts of a passive political machine. They were led to the polls like sheep to the shambles, ignorantly and heedlessly hurling the thunderbolt of political power. This blind instrument, led on by rapacious carpet-baggers, like the deadly Upas stretched its poisonous arms from the Carolinas to Texas, and from Virginia to the Gulf, threatening to blight and destroy our Southern land. Beneath its deadly shade civil liberty sickened, drooped and nearly died.

There was at first a disposition to leave the hills and valleys where fratricidal strife had wrought its desolation, but a wiser, nobler purpose prevailed. The Southerner sprang from war to work, and bravely bent to toil, and has to-day become the granite pillar that supports the massive structure of Southern advancement. She looks across untrodden fields of industry, and wealth enormous greets her eye. Submitting to the inevitable decree of arms the old soldiers now *live* for their country, and the wilderness blossoms as the rose.

They have turned their attention to the development of our boundless resources, and the result has distanced the wildest calculations. Go gaze at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Louisville and New Orleans, and behold the Stars and Stripes waving in grandeur over the unexampled display of the Old North State, and tell me what it means! When the nations of the world gather themselves in our Southern cities and view with wonder our varied products, it is not without a meaning. Truly have the fires of a Northern Vandal swept o'er our land, but they have opened the fissures in the earth, and have shown us the valuable metal embedded there. They have rent the veil that shrouds futurity, and brushed the mists from our clouded eyes.

To-day the South is weaving her own cotton in sight of her own white fields, and slowly, but surely is she wooing the birds of the sea to her own harbors. The busy hum of revolving wheels is never hushed, and ten thousand fabrics of industry and skill are daily issued from the many factories which hum and rattle in the crowded lanes of her populous cities. Rugged mountains are tunneled and passed by enormous engines, dashing with the lightning's speed, their shrill echos heralding the triumphant progress of the Southern States!

War has not wholly wrecked us. No. The New South has arisen

from the slumbering couch of inaction, has shaken off the dreamy lethargy cast upon her eyelids by the baneful hand of slavery, and catches with eager eyes the first glimpses of the dawn of that day whose meridian splendor is to eclipse the fondest dream of the patriot's fancy.

She taxes her muscle, and the hum and clatter of a thousand engines greet the ear on every plain. She touches the talisman of the mind, and the grandest theories for prosperity and happiness rush into existence! Behold, oh ye nations, while the land of Dixie unshackles the wheel of Progress, plumes the wing of Prosperity, and trims the lamp of Knowledge!

The old Confederates catch up the wild enthusiasm and from the smouldering ruins of Sherman's path, there spring homes where kings might love to dwell. The widow has dried her tears and the orphan ceased his moan. With the stalking and leering giant of Ignorance shorn of his locks, the guardian angel of Culture flaps her snowy pinions in exultation, and gladly guards the peaceful homes of a happy people.

We view with swelling hearts the march of Southern literature. Among the luminaries of the literary sky there shine with winning brilliancy the beloved names of Cooke, Cable, Augusta, Evans, Timrod, Fuller and Ryan. Their labors have woven a halo around their names which the

storms of time will never darken, and whose brilliancy half reveals what is yet to come from Southern genius.

The South, to-day, has ample cause for rejoicing. Southern principles, advocated by true, devoted, Southern hearts, have at last obtained a hearing. The Chief Magistrate, the Southern choice, has exploded the political maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils." We look at the new-made Cabinet, and the familiar Southern faces of a Lamar and a Garland greet us with a hearty welcome! We glance at the foreign ministers, and lo! a Jarvis sails to the Brazilian Court! How can we as Southern people fail to rejoice at the course events have taken?

We hail the new era, as the first sweet smiles of the dawn whose glimmering fingers point to a destiny unparalleled in the history of nations. The tyranny of ignorance at the South is no longer feared. With all these advantages, *where* will Southern progress pause? The wings of imagination grow tired in their flight and fold themselves to rest. Well may her bards tune their lyres, and with quickened fancy strive to paint her destiny.

All hail to the South, as in her majestic progress she holds the storm in straightened reins, and bids the whirlwinds wheel her rapid car! On let her speed, till every hope is realized, and she becomes the matchless queen of the Western world!

The Rubicon is indeed crossed,
and the Southern sky is cloudless.
Sectional hatred is forever buried,
and over its grave waves the weeping
willow, under whose shade
Northern and Southern sons mingle
tears of a common sorrow, and smoke
the calumet of peace.

Then onward, beloved land of our
hearts and homes, thou Canaan of

America! What seer can prophesy
thy future? Thy car is adorned
with the immortelles of the victor-
ies of peace. The shades of Southern
dead, bending from above, hover
with joy over the progress of their
native Southern land. Then on-
ward press, while wondering nations
gaze, and men and angels bid thee
speed.

(FROM THE GUARDSMAN.)

NAMELESS.

WRITTEN IN A MILITARY CEMETERY.

Reviewing marble's serried rank,
I ponder most th' unlettered blanks,
Of this meek lottery of fame.
Lost! Battle-lost both life and name!
Fate's pen-blots, veiled oblivion's sons,
Oh, how I love you, nameless ones!
Ye dead enshrined in mystery,
How sweet the charm ye held for me!

I love you for the parents dear,
The brothers, sisters, friends, who hear
No more from treasured, sacred names,
By battle-thunders, battle flames
Erased. Naught read they when they stood
Beside these stones, or where your blood
Dyed yon tall grass. Yet in those hearts
Your record lives, nor e'er departs.

While many sought and gained renown,
Ye few fought but to be unknown.
Some of you wore the blue, some gray;
But death's obliterating ray
Hath bleached both blue and gray in white
Moon-beamed eternity's cold light.
But, o'er life's world-wide battle-ground
A million names are lost, one found.

And he who pens these humble lines
Will nameless be, while glorious shines
Condensed, fame's diamond galaxy
Of bards who were not born to die.
Perhaps, in some small corner crammed,
To fill some column tightly jammed
By big bugs, some stray waif of mine
In books *anonymous* may shine.

EDWARD PAYSON HALL.

Mt. Vernon, Oct. 8th, 1885.

THE CULTIVATION OF NATIONAL HISTORY.

BY ST. LEON SCULL.

It is said that history repeats itself. Then, if we would learn lessons of wisdom from the dead past, we must search true history, the mirror which reflects around us the light of experience of other days. That general history is a surpassingly important branch of study, is commonly admitted. No study tends more to develop a refined and cultured taste.

While this may be said of history in general, it may be justly affirmed of national history that it has a peculiar effect upon the life and character of a people. Yet is it not true that the history of our country, tho' so worthy to be studied and cherished, is sadly neglected? It does seem that the pride that we ought to have in the greatness of our country's past would inculcate a more lively interest in our national history. Why does it not? It is because so many teachers are never tired of prating about the history of Greece and Rome and England, but fail to inspire us with a love for the history of the Union of our fathers.

Another reason why national history is slighted, is because historians fail to write impartial national histories. Mr. Blaine wrote a book entitled "Twenty Years of Congress," and the newspapers at once began

to state that Mr. "Sunset" Cox, of New York, would soon have out a book upon the same subject, showing the other side. Has it come to this, that we must have a history of each side, two histories entirely different, when there is but one side to true history? Mr. Blaine's book and Mr. Cox's book ought to tell the story of our whole people with impartial fidelity and not delude their readers by partisan records and comments.

Another difficulty is suggested by the questions: Should a teacher present and inculcate his own ideas only? And is he apt to be truly fair and faithful in his views? The answer is simply this: There is ground enough on which all reasonable minds can agree, and therefore we should not fight on the little disputed territory in the field of American history. In examining our national history why not exclaim: "No matter whether we are Democrats or Republicans; for it is enough that we all are *Americans*." Party organization prevents a broad and liberal view of our nation's history. This is seen when the reader of history assumes that the Democratic party of to-day corresponds to the Democratic party of before-the-war, and to the Republican party of

Jefferson's time; and that the Republican party of to-day corresponds to the Whig party of before-the-war and to the Federalist party of Hamilton's time. Why not be content to draw our politics from our national history instead of mutilating the truth by infusing our politics into our national history.

There is nothing that tends more to awaken and keep up a love for one's own country than a knowledge of its history. Can we blame the Irish for loving with heroic devotion their half-barren isle, when we know that they have not yet forgotten that Grattan and O'Connell loved it too? Before the people of Poland shall cease to love the dismembered land of their nativity, they must forget how Kosciusko fell. The English nation will be powerful as long as it remembers those British heroes that have so long been the pride of England and the admiration of the world. The sons of the American Union can never grow degenerate and sink into servility and disgrace, until the war of the Revolution shall become a half-forgotten dream. Our law-makers in Congress can never become indifferent to the interests of the people while they listen to the distinct voice that history sends back from the past to the Nation's Capitol, that those very halls were once the seat of purity, of learning, and of greatness. If a true man knows the history of his State and country,

it will produce warm emotions of love and pride that will cause him to pledge that for his part, his country shall never decline in power and virtue. He will vow that the national honor bequeathed by the father, shall only grow *brighter* while in the keeping of the son.

The untutored may love a land on account of its rugged mountains, its placid lakes and its spreading vales and forests. Educated men love a country because of its grand past; because it has produced true manhood, and from association they love the natural scenery. Why is it that the learned of America love the blue waters of the Potomac? Does its current sweep on with more majesty than that of other rivers? No, but the home of Washington is on its banks! That shows the need to know the nation's history. When the knowledge of our glorious past is disseminated among our people, it will stop the need for the continued cry that patriotism is on the decline.

Why is it that some of our people think that North Carolina is behind all the other States? Simply because they are ignorant of North Carolina's past; they really do not know the history of their homes; they do not know that their own State has ever been the birth-place of genius, talent and culture. They show their need of a better knowledge of our *State history*, which is only a part of our national history. It is

argued that too much attention to state and national history makes one narrow-minded. You may call the feeling thereby engendered national prejudice, sectionalism or state pride, or whatever else you will, but it is the same spirit that made Webster love the hill-tops of Massachusetts, that made Clay love the blue-grass of Kentucky and Calhoun the rice fields of South Carolina.

It is natural for men to pay homage to the noble dead. Hero worship is common with all nations. As there is a tendency to admire those we know most about, we pay our tributes of honor to the dead heroes of other lands. Why is that we never weary of admiring Miltiades, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alfred the Great, Demosthenes and Napoleon? It is because we do not know the history of America's great and good sons; else we should lavish some of our devotion upon *them*.

Of late years history has begun to take on a new and delightful form. It now begins to tell of the real acts and characteristics of the people. It ceases to deal so much with great men and rulers; it ceases to keep step with the tramp of armies, and strives to give the true story of the worthy sons and daughters of the land in common experience. It begins now to show what woman's hand has done in all that has ele-

vated the nation in its upward and onward march.

Strange to say historians are grossly neglected, when no men more deserve the encouragement and support of the public. They generally have to combat poverty and neglect, while nearly all other classes of citizens receive honor and praise. The true historian is as much entitled to honor and praise as the Statesman who secures the reduction of the tariff, or the Soldier who resists the enemies of his country.

Gleanings from the past show us that the nations that fail to record their history have steadily declined in national greatness. England is one that has recorded her past, and has studied it; and she has steadily risen in national glory. Without a knowledge of national history a country loses its nationality, loses its pride and finally loses its power. Then if national history helps to mould the character, the feelings, the honor and the nationality of a country; if it awakens patriotism and self-sacrifice, making us love our country, our State and our homes better, then let it henceforth be more taught and more studied. Surely we ought to love our own land, for,

"No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
Nor are there hearts more warm and true
Than those that meet us here."

U. N. C., June 4th, 1885.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

BY LIVINGSTON VANN.

Instituted and established for beneficial purposes, the law has fallen far short of its glorious destiny. In its ways and actions it is slow and tedious. Its delay is not only proverbial, but, at times, unbearable. In its right and true sense, the law is the great defender of liberties and protector of interests. Among lawyers have always been found high-minded men, who have been the first to stay the hand of wrong and contend with tyranny and despotism. But it is of the administering of the law, its workings, so to speak, that we complain. As to theory, the law is perfection; as to practice, far otherwise. Like all things of this mundane sphere, it is imperfect, defective and partakes of the faults and frailties of the human. It does not succor the needy, help the weak, shield the innocent and raise up the poor, down-trodden and oppressed; but it often blinds its eyes to justice, imposes upon and oppresses the unguarded and ignorant, aids the wealthy and haughty and conspires and connives at guilt and crime. In some cases instead of being a blessing, a white-winged messenger of love and truth that deals out justice, simple justice, with an equal hand to all alike, it is a bane and a curse to society, becomes corrupted by evil in-

fluences and leans to the side of opulence and station, at the expense of the weak and defenseless.

"Plate sin in gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless
breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce
it."

The main object of the law is to prevent injury from being done, crime from being committed. To do this, punishment was instituted whereby the offender should be amended, others be deterred by his example and the offender be deprived of the power to do further mischief. The law pretends to do all this, but too often fails. It cannot reach all offenses in time enough to keep like crimes from being perpetrated. The villain has many outlets and means by which he can evade or put off the law's punishment. Perhaps he escapes it entirely; but if not, the infliction of the penalty comes so far from the perpetration of the crime that the moral effect is nearly all lost and the lesson by example does not near as much good as it would have done had justice been meted out impartially when the crime was committed. To keep dreadful crimes from being repeated, a prompt and immediate penalty should be inflicted. Society and every good and just instinct call for a speedy pun-

ishment, "short, sharp and decisive" for such deeds, so that those who have the intention of committing such crimes may tremble in their shoes and turn to better paths, paths that lead away from cruelty and sin up to mercy and God. The law seldom brings this necessary punishment in its proper time.

To what does the law's delay lead? To the numerous cases of lynching that we read of so often in the daily papers. Generally the law with all its intricacies and incumbrances is followed, though in a grumbling manner. No outrage on it, no taking of it into private hands, is countenanced except under peculiarly exasperating circumstances. On such occasions, particularly terrible, citizens violate the law of the land and palliate, excuse, yea, justify their action because of the law's delay. In order, then, for society to be maintained and person and property better secured, the citizens are driven by necessity, on account of the law's delay, to meet in a body and execute a criminal at once, without the much boasted of "due process of law." In this way would-be criminals are deterred from the most heinous crimes. This is what the slow and rickety machinery of the law rarely accomplishes. There have been many mean men who would have committed certain crimes if they had not feared the speedy vengeance of some enraged brother, outraged husband or excited com-

munity. This summary action has checked many who would otherwise have been perpetrators of hideous crimes. To them the punishment of the law has no terrors. It is in an easy matter comparatively for them to get out of the meshes of the law, which they laughingly and truly say catches only poor men and fools. They know well that there is great probability of their escaping the just punishment for their offences if tried by the slow, Jarndyce-and-Jarndyce process of a judge and an ignorant jury, with wool-pulling lawyers chattering around, but that old Judge Lynch's penalty for such crimes is immediately given and promptly executed. We do not contend that Lynch law is justifiable under all circumstances; neither do we approve of every case of lynching that we read or hear of. But we do assert that these unlawful proceedings and this unhealthy state of public sentiment are due in a great measure to the way in which the law is administered.

It is contended that an innocent man often suffers by Lynch law. This can also be said concerning the regular courts; and fewer men in proportion among those who have been lynched were innocent than among those who were tried by the "due process of law."

The law's delay is well enough in some instances, in order to cool overheated natures and give time for rea-

son and reflection to gain sway. But immediate punishment is demanded for some crimes, if wives, daughters and children are to live securely and contentedly at home, free from all fear and alarm. Driven by the desire to keep their families from danger and calamity, citizens bring swift retribution upon villians. A certain, a prompt remedy, the law does not give. Lynch law is the only available corrective agency, and it warns and urges the courts, in no unsolemn tones, to do their duties more faithfully. Society requires this. Upon this depends its preservation. If the courts do not grant it, the people as-

sembled must do the work and—*they will!* Nothing but can Heaven can prevent them. These dangerous elements slumber in every person's bosom. They should by all means be checked and restrained. But suffering and wrong for which there is no prompt remedy, lashes the easiest nature into fury, and by being continually injured or insulted, it is driven to deeds of violence and blood. There is this wild sense of justice even in all breasts which often carries retribution to vengeance—a sense of justice implanted from on High!



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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., OCT., 1885.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue we start upon Vol. V of the new series and Vol. XVIII of the old.

The new corps of editors in the initial number desire to assure all readers that earnest effort and determined perseverance will not be wanting to make this MAGAZINE a success.

Several new features will be introduced during the year that will add much to its attractiveness and interest.

We ask the hearty co-operation and support (in both contributions

and subscriptions) of every alumnus of the University and every North Carolinian who is interested in the success of literary journalism.

OUR DELAY.

We are very sorry THE MAGAZINE has been so tardy in appearing. The reason is this:—after we had sent off all the copy we decided to change our printers and hence were compelled to recall the copy and send it elsewhere.

Of course the new printers were under the necessity of setting up the whole MAGAZINE, advertisements included, and could not issue it as quickly as those who had been accustomed to print it.

Hereafter we intend, above all things, to be *prompt*.

SOMETHING WE NEED.

Now that the Gymnasium is almost ready for use we would like to call the attention of the faculty and the trustees to the want of proper direction in our exercise.

All gymnasiums in institutions similar to ours, have teachers of gymnastics who understand just the kind of exercise each man needs.

We have all the apparatus necessary for fine physical training and we now need a competent director.

Consider the matter, gentlemen, and provide us with such a person.

AN EXCESS.

Our boys seem to be using the Gymnasium too much *in the start*. Every evening the hall is crowded. Some are swinging, some practicing with Indian clubs and all displaying powers of physical endurance that would, if applied in another direction, make wonderful changes in cord wood or alter the whole aspect of the family potato patch. But, seriously, the enthusiasm in exercise seems too good too last. We are afraid that after a few evenings hard and violent work, a few sore muscles and possibly a bruise or two that the enthusiasm will wane and only a few will take advantage of the benefits to be derived from moderate exercise.

Too violent or too prolonged exercise at first is not only disadvantageous but is a positive injury.

What we want to see is a *regular*, systematic pursuance of exercise and not the excessive *labor* which our boys are at present performing.

OUR ENGRAVING.

We publish this month an engraving of Hon. Jas. W. Reid, our orator of the Commencement of 1885. It would have been our pleasure to publish his address also, but the article is too lengthy for our pages.

The use of the engraving was kindly loaned us by Mr. E. A. Old-

ham, of *The Western Sentinel*. By the way, it is a matter of interest to note that the Sentinel Engraving Bureau is the only enterprise of the kind in the State. Mr. Oldham has on hand engravings of nearly all prominent Carolinians and can furnish any kind of an engraving at a more moderate price than many of similar establishments at the North.

WHERE IS IT?

We heard last year that the ladies of some of our professors were going to institute a new feature in our village society in the way of monthly receptions, where the young men of the University could meet the ladies of the village and add the polish of society to the erudition gotten by an unsparing consumption of the "midnight oil." Was it all a dream, or was there something of truth about it?

This lack of social culture is one of the serious drawbacks to our student life and something of the kind proposed would be of great benefit.

Will not some of our ladies start the good work?

MESSRS. F. D. JOHNSON & Son, whose new advertisement appears in this issue, deserve our patronage. They are the leading jewelers of the South, unsurpassed in workmanship and then they are patronizing our MAGAZINE. Send for a catalogue.

JUST A WORD.

We wish to speak just one word to you, whether you are an alumnus of fifty years standing or are at the age of cigarettes and sophomoric hugeness.

We wish you to aid this MAGAZINE. If you are an alumnus, then write us up a few of your college reminiscences, telling how the boys lived, laughed and studied in antebellum times. It will be interesting.

If you are younger and have some subject in which you are interested, some legend of interest or even a college joke, *put it on paper* and hand it to our Business Manager.

Now, don't think we mean somebody else, because we are talking to

you, individually, and we wish you to pause, think and then sharpen your pencil and *write!*

SOME of our subscribers complain that they do not get their MAGAZINE regularly.

We get out nine issues per year (there being nine months in the collegiate year) and all subscribers ought to get THE MAGAZINE from October (we never get out a September number) to June, inclusive.

If all subscribers will promptly notify us of any failure to get these copies we will try to rectify the mistake. The June number was mailed to every subscriber.



College Record.

Students came in alarmingly slow at the first of the term, but they have continued to come until one hundred and eighty-eight are enrolled. This is by no means a discouraging number, when we consider the fact that there is no preparatory department connected with the University as there are at other institutions in the State.

* *

This year is the beginning of a grand boom for the University in the future.

After a few very unjust and petty prejudices, springing from jealousy and born of ignorance or malice, have of their own flimsiness died out, the public will be unanimous in proclaiming this a University in truth as well as in name.

Six new professors have been added to the Faculty. Each has thus far proven himself proficient in his department.

Various attacks have been made upon the University by men who pretended to be its friends. We hope the public will recognize the nature of their friendship as well as we do.

We take pleasure in stating that the University, in spite of all opposition, has her average number of students; is in a thriving condition, and what is most gratifying is prepared for a grander work in the fu-

ture. We who are here under its influences and subject to its workings and observant of the various changes that are taking place, claim that we are more capable of judging than those who stand aloof and scan the University with a malicious and critical eye, judge of things they do not understand and make statements about things concerning which they know comparatively nothing. We assure the readers of the MAGAZINE and the public in general that nothing extraordinary has been done at the University except that those, under whose control she is, have determined to lift her to a higher level, a station to which she should have been elevated years ago. If this kind of step is worthy of your condemnation, then your condemnation is unworthy of notice.

* * *

The first fun of the season was a stag dance given by the Freshmen, the second Saturday night after the session opened. Sophs, Juniors and Seniors attended and participated.

The Merritt and Weaver colored string band furnished us with splendid music. The ball room was well lighted and the floor was unusually slippery.

It was an ordinary occurrence of the night to see some awkward couple in the German measure their full length on the floor. This rendered the dance more amusing than pleasant. The place recalled to our

memories a few nights of last June when all the beauties of nature were combined to make the hours pleasant; and this remembrance rendered the stag comparatively insignificant. We find that young men of refined taste and lively dispositions enjoy dancing even with a crowd of rude boys and to ordinary music.

How can we expect any one to refrain when the fair daughters of our State make glad our ball room with their smiles and purify its associations with their presence and when the harmony of the music from Kessnick's band fills the air and puts our very soul in motion? How can you expect his feet not to respond to his feelings?

* * *

The barren places in the campus have been plowed and sowed in grass. By next Commencement the campus will be completely covered with a thick carpet of blue grass and red top.

Every exertion has been and is now being made to render this already charming spot more attractive. The buildings have been re-colored on the outside and white-washed inside. The roofs have been painted and repaired, new walks have been laid off and old ones have been cleaned up. The base-ball ground has been plowed, scraped and leveled. It is a most extraordinary example of the great success and importance of cultivation, that this

campus—once a portion of a strip of land almost destitute of a soil—has been converted into the shadiest and most charming spot in North Carolina.

* * *

The students of both societies held a joint meeting in the Chapel and elected Mr. L. B. Grandy, of Oxford, N. C., from the Phi. Society, as Washington Birth-day orator.

* * *

That man was in a peculiar state of mind who came home late at night, climbed half over the gate and fell the other half for fear of making a noise opening it, and when he undressed covered his pants and coat snugly in the bed and hung himself over the back of the chair and there snoozed serenely till morning.

What spell was it that caused a certain young man (apply to personal Ed. for names) to attempt to wind his watch through its face, and in the effort, break off the hour hand and twist the minute hand around the pivot three times and so scratch up its beautiful gold face that he could not swear to its being his next morning?

* * *

It seems to be a law of human nature that the fruits of labor or adventure are sweeter in proportion to the degree of labor expended or risk run.

Stimulated by this thought sever-

al of our "cheeky" Freshmen, who had been just pining away to do something wicked, concluded that instead of buying peaches and apples they would add to the enjoyment of eating them the exquisite fun of stealing them from a neighboring orchard. Several hours after the wings of darkness had hovered over these little hills and most citizens lay wrapped in the arms of deep sleep, unsuspecting of orchard fiends, the Freshmen came and with noiseless tread passed into the orchard. Each had chosen for himself a tree. The devastation had fairly commenced, when—bang! bang! bang! went one pistol report after another.

Each spectator and participant had his own peculiar description of the scene. None of the Fresh had time to observe critically the situation, but a kind of intuitive feeling suggested that it was critical and brought them tumbling simultaneously from the trees like ripe fruit shaken off by a severe wind. Each one, as Sam Jones says, "struck the ground a runnin'." Every coat-tail straightened parallel with the horizon. Some were so frantic in their scare that they lost their hats. Frightened and almost exhausted some rushed into their rooms declaring that they were all that were left to tell the tale. Now, what were these Freshmen frightened over? Why this falling over fences, running through brush heaps and tumbling

in gulleys and losing of hats and tearing of apparel? They were making fools of themselves for the entertainment of two or three Sophomores who had anticipated their excursion, had secreted themselves in the orchard before they came and had only given them a welcoming salute by discharging their weapons straight up into the air.

Too often boys make one great mistake when they enter college. They believe if they can lead in some daring adventure and be considered the most outrageous in the whole crowd, they have gained a stronghold in the admiration and respect of old students. They are generally badly mistaken, for just such "cheeky" characters as these are the ones that get blacked, and are "sat down upon" in various and sundry ways.

* *

The fact that a Freshman is occasionally blacked at the University has been made a great bugaboo by some people and we believe that the dread of passing through this ordeal of hazing has prevented many timid young men from coming here.

The practice of hazing has for the last two years been greatly suppressed by severity on the part of the Faculty and by the co-operation of the Literary Societies. It was impossible to crush the practice entirely in one or even two years. Everyone knows it is impossible to

completely remove a practice which has flourished so long and furnished so much amusement to the students of the past.

The public mind can now rest easy on the question of hazing at the University. It is a thing of the past. Not only have the Faculty openly declared their intention to break it up, but have openly expressed their determination by expelling two young gentlemen for engaging in it. We would say in honor of these two gentlemen that they were two of the most promising and brilliant members of the Soph class.

The public opinion of the students is stongly in sympathy with the Faculty movement.

Hazing has for the last two years been confined to a portion of the members of the Soph class; now it finds a home in no organized body of boys and the closing remarks of a lecture from Dr. Battle a few mornings since on the practice of hazing will be an effectual check on any individuals whose propensities lie in this direction. They were in substance as follows: "The Faculty will hereafter have up before it and deal severely with any student who shall treat a Freshman with less respect than he would like to be treated with." An enforcement of this "Golden Rule" on the part of the Faculty and its adoption by the students as a body will put an everlasting end to hazing.

A long felt necessity to the University has been supplied by the addition of a reading room. It is situated in the west end of the University Library building. It is opened every evening, except on Sunday. We owe to Professor Winston many thanks for his efforts and management in getting up this valuable department.

* *

The apparatus for the gymnasium have arrived and been put up in the gymnasium building.

A moveable floor has been laid over the ball floor to protect it from abuse.

We need not longer be dyspeptics and nurse head-aches on account of our lack of exercise.

A race course has been laid off between the gymnasium building and the memorial hall. The course describes an Ellipse, and its distance around is one-tenth of a mile. Every inducement is now offered to students to cultivate their body as well as their mind.

A meeting was held in the chapel and a gymnasium association was organized with Ernest P. Mangum as President. The association elected ten wardens, whose office it is to have general supervision over the gymnasium. The following were elected:—S. B. Weeks, J. M. Morehead, Robert G. Grissom, H. W. Jackson, J. W. Atkinson, L. M. Bourne, J. L. Patrick, P. B. Manning, Hayne Davis and H. W. Rice.

On Saturday night the 12th we were highly entertained by a lecture kindly delivered for our instruction and enjoyment by Dr. Shepherd, the President of Charleston College, S. C. He lectured on the comparative and united progress of English Literature and History. It need not be asserted of a man, who is widely known, as Dr. Shepherd, that he both taught us and delighted us.

* *

The Senior Class of '86 has organized. Mr. Frank Dixon of Shelby was elected President. Mr. W. H. Carroll of Magnolia was elected Vice President. Mr. H. W. Rice, Richmond, Va., was elected Treasurer.

The following officers were elected to perform on Senior Class day:—Orator, S. S. Jackson, Pittsboro; Poet, W. A. Self, Newton; Historian, S. B. Weeks, Elizabeth City; Prophet, J. F. Schenck, Cleveland Mills; Marshal, L. J. Battle, Raleigh.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Senior Class:—

WHEREAS, The custom of hazing has become detrimental to the University; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we the Senior Class use our influence against said practice.

A feeble attempt was made to adopt a class hat, but as there was such a diversity of opinion as to the style it should be, they concluded to rely upon their dignified bearing to distinguish them from other classes.

The last meeting of the Mitchell Scientific Society was one of great interest to those who attended. Three honorary members were elected:—Dr. Chapman, who is a great Southern Botanist.

Dr. Mallet, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Virginia.

Dr. Boltan, who is a nephew of Dr. Mitchell, and is now Professor of Chemistry at Hartford, Conn.

Resolutions, in regard to the death of Dr. Kerr were read, and the Society rose in respect to him.

Dr. Battle related some very interesting incidents of Dr. Kerr's life, and spoke of him as a man and scholar in the very high terms which he so richly deserves. He stated that the Dialectic Society adopted Dr. Kerr before the war, when he was unable to bear his own expenses, and the Society gave him free tuition; and after the war, Dr. Kerr not unmindful of the kindness of the University, when she was in need of means for repairing her buildings contributed \$500, although he was at that time drawing a very small salary. Thus he gave more in proportion to his means than any who came to the aid of their Alma Mater.

In the next issue of the *Scientific Journal* will appear a biographical sketch of Dr. Kerr and Dr. Van Schweinitz.

Papers containing notes of Scientific interest and value were read by Professors.

Professor Gore submitted a report in regard to the exact latitude of this place. Also some interesting facts about Electric railroads.

Professor Venable gave the results of an analysis of the water from the Artesian well in Durham, and made a report on new explosions, and new facts about old ones.

Professor Holmes gave us a compiled and abbreviated report of the results of his and Dr. Kerr's investigations of the recent changes of the physical condition of Eastern North Carolina; and gave us some very curious incidents and theories about the longevity of frogs.

* *

But yesterday I surveyed him well,
A meekness in his deep gray eyes did dwell;
A gentle innocence did round him play,
His cheeks did yield to modest blushes sway.

His walk was graceful and his movement fast,
He let no hour unemployed go past;
His moral bearing too calls forth praise from
all.

Obedient ever to the prayer bell's call.

One day ago his round cherubic face
Gave token that he'd never known disgrace,
Or if he had that rule is insecure,
Which by looks judges if the heart be pure.

Thought I, sooner would the rose be foul,
The nightingale sing like the owl,
The swan adorn his wings with mud,
The fig-tree full with thistles bud,
Than that this model man would do
A thing 'twould prove his looks untrue.

This morning, vacant was his seat,
"Not in chapel nor on the street?
Where is W—? where can he be?"
Was asked by many curiously.

They found him sitting in his room,

Bearing manfully his doom.

I saw his noble brow cast down,
On that bright face I saw a frown,
A frown of agony was there.
From feeling of remorse, despair,
A conscience hurt, an ankle sprained,
A good "Rep" lost a bad "Rep" gained.

"What cruel fate, if fates there be
Hath heaped this injury on thee?"
"I blush to tell the tale," quoth he,
"For all the blame doth lie in me."
Ask of that little imp of evil,
That little grand-son of the devil,
That whispered in my ear the thought,
"Peaches stolen, are better than bought.."

Ask of the tree, the high peach tree,
Whose luscious fruit so tempted me.
Ask of the pistol glittering bright,
And silvery in the clear star light;
That changed my joy into fright,
And made me leap from that great height.

Ask of the boy, the wicked boy,
Who o'er my fright received much joy.
And will, no doubt, this joke employ,
My reputation to destroy.

Ask of the ground—hard stony ground,
Where my impression can be found.
Various marks do there abound,
Where I scrambled round and round.
These will tell you better than I,
How, and when, and where and why,
I was so afflicted by
This terrible calamity."

* *

HALL OF PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

Sept. 15, 1885.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, has seen fit to call to another world the last surviving member of the class of 1820, in the person of Mr. William Hill Hardin, of Fayetteville, N. C.; therefore, the Philanthropic Society, deeply deploring his loss, but bowing in humble submission to the hand that sends the blow:—

Resolved, That in his death we have lost one of our oldest and most respected members; one who always had the good of the

Society at heart and who ever worked earnestly for its best interests.

Resolved, That the church of which he was a devoted and consistent member has experienced a severe blow in the loss of one who, by his years, was so well fitted to lead the young in upright paths, which are the ways of pleasantness and peace.

Resolved, That his own city and county

have lost a valuable citizen who sought only after the good, noble and true.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy each to the Fayetteville *Sun*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish.

S. B. WEEKS,
N. S. WILKINSON, } Com.
R. S. WHITE.

(FROM THE WINSTON SENTINEL.)

OH HEART, BE BRAVE !

BY JAMES CHESTER ROCKWELL.

When weary with a weight of woe,
We sadly sigh and seek for rest;
Some comfort cometh if we know,
To bear our load alone is best.

O heart, be brave, and bleed and break,
But give the world no sign of pain;
No aiding angel would it wake,
To tell the world would be in vain.
Whiteville, N. C.



Personal.

—Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!

—The old Ante-bellum sway-back Dude.

—“Brother Wade what’s the matter with your foot?”

Bro. W., meekly: “I stepped on a rock last night.”

—“Bullet’s” caliber is too small for the Freshmen this year. He was shot off during the summer.

—To stay or not to stay is the question the Soph asked himself when the bell rang for chemistry and Prof. Winston still “Horairized.”

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the Railroad Celebration at Louisburg, Oct. 1st.

—“’Tis a pity that recitations should be interrupted by hogs in the campus.” Beware “Slok,” beware.

—Fresh to a Senior.—“Mr., I’m feeling sentimental and want to read some poetry. Will you please loan me Gray’s *Elegy* with Curfew must not ring to-night in it?”

—Pitt Tyron says book selling is a very expensive business. As it cost him twice as much as he made, he has a very good reason to think so.

—H. G. Osborne has been promoted from a \$900 to a \$1,200 clerkship in one of the Departments at Washington. A University boy will rise.

—“Boni” don’t like the new Postoffice building because he gets fewer letters than he did before. The authorities ought to have consulted “Boni” on this matter.

—The present editorial staff boasts of three guitar players and one poet. What great probabilities are before us. Not the most daring venture in journalistic experience can intimidate us. We even hope to catch an occasional glimpse of the *University Standard* as it nears with electric swiftness the zenith of the collegiate world.

—At the last meeting of the Trustees it was decided to place tablets in memory of Col. W. H. Wheeler and Hon. Jacob Thompson, in Memorial Hall.

—PROFESSIONAL PROGRESSION.
Sept. 1st.—Mr. William McDade.
Sept 2d.—William McDade. Sept. 3d.—Bill McDade. Sept. 4th.—Bill, you black rascal.

—A Soph wishes to know who was the wife of George Elliot?

—Johnny Leigh returns no more. He will in the future devote himself to the management of balls. As evidence of his proficiency in this art he lead the German at Nags Head this summer and became the most popular beau of the season.

—Dolly Wilson and the editor represented Chapel Hill in a German at Round Knob a few weeks ago. Dolly purposes opening a

dancing school in Cherokee county. A noble effort to refine the Red man. Hereafter we expect to find Dudes among the Indians and predict an universal conversion to the doctrine of Aesthetics.

—The gymnast and foot-ballist are now in their glory. A well-equipped gymnasium, a good ground, free from grass and ditches and hearty encouragement from the Faculty.

—We regret to hear that Hal London's eye-sight has nearly failed him and that a visit to an oculist in New York gave him little relief.

—The last heard from Dave Rintels was that he had hazed two rats unmercifully at Bingham's.

—The Bugological Nightingale is often heard warbling his sweetest notes to the delighted (?) inmates of the New East.

—Mr. Carroll, for my sake, for your sake and for the sake of our dear country so lately deluged with fraternal blood, don't tar-and-feather anybody. Who could resist such an appeal? Carroll couldn't and now "all is quiet along the Potomac."

—Sore eyes have become a popular ailment since Hughes and Smith have had such a good time over theirs. They bought two pairs of eye-glasses each, got a trip to Raleigh, were excused from all recitations and received lots of sympathy from home. They have called on every lady in the village and

have begun a second round. Unless they become totally blind or the Faculty interferes, there seems to be no prospect of stopping them.

—When is a fish a box of blacking? Why, when Herring gets as black as he did the other night.

—English literature is a popular and interesting department in the University. The study of it has brought about some wonderful results already. The Seniors have come to the conclusion that they know absolutely nothing about it; the Juniors deplore the fact that a soul must be created within their ribs of literary death; the Sophs are to be reported to the Faculty for not being able to fully appreciate the unrivaled beauties of Tennyson and the Fresh, well, they haven't enough sense to comprehend the extent of their ignorance. A deplorable state of affairs, indeed.

—The Sophs have adopted a class hat. A high crown plug of brown color, with too ventilating apertures on each side. They can be seen at every corner, practicing the Parisian bow, so recently introduced here.

—The Salvation Army, under the command of Parson Hackett, drills every night. This takes the place of the "Old boy" tantrum, once so terrible to the Fresh! The Army is preparing for an attack on the sinners of college. Profit by the warning.

—The class of '85 have gone from us and all of its members have taken their parts in the drama of life. In the early part of last June, bouyant with hope and confident of success, they bid farewell to the U. N. C. Feeling that an interest is still felt in them and believing news from them will be read with pleasure, we have collected the following information:

Ben Butler is teaching in the Bethel Academy.

Jim Bryan got a \$1,000 salary as Principal of the Gastonia High School.

Eller is reading law at Lilley, N. C.

Faust is reported to have joined Haskins in Indian Territory.

Alex. Field accepts a position in the Horner School, at Oxford.

Goodman is teaching in Johnston County.

Barnes Hill has decided to do as little as possible.

Geo. Howard reads law with his father at Tarboro.

Max. Jackson has gone to New York to study medicine.

Latham is at the head of a Book Agency business in Raleigh.

Gus Long has been elected to the chair of English Literature in Trinity College.

Earnest Mangum will take the A. M. course at the University.

Jule Mann will not tell anyone

what he's going to do; so the conclusion is that he has'nt decided yet.

Berrie McIver is one of the assistants in the Goldsboro Graded School.

Daniel Hector Mc Niel has gone to Texas and refuses to tell what he's doing. To keep us from being uneasy he writes: "I have a mare and colt."

J. R. Monroe is teaching elocution in S. C.

Dick Neal has charge of the famous Bertie Union Academy. He thrashed an innocent little boy the first day for blating like a calf.

J. U. Newman has accepted a Professorship in a college in Ohio.

W. L. Norris is farming near Apex.

Pollock intends to introduce the Great Pollock Remedy throughout the State.

St. Leon Scull has charge of a flourishing school in Hertford Co.

Word expects to take a law course at the University.

Sol. Weil is Acting-Professor of Greek in the University and reading law under Dr. Manning.

Jesse Felix Wert goes to the University of Va. to take law.

—THE NEW SOPHOMORES.—The Soph class of this year is an exceptional one. The spirit of improvement, which seems to have awakened new life in the venerable University, is possessed in a large degree by the present Sophomores. After slightly deviating from the paths of rectitude

and indulging in a few nocturnal cavortings, they were called to the bar of the President's office to make a full and sufficient sacrifice for their misdoings. Instead of persisting in their Sophomoric tortures, as former generations of them have done, they met in solemn conclave and adopted the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, Our Fraternal Faculty, who are too wise to err, have seen fit to call before them the several classes of College and did eloquently appeal to us by our hope of becoming Seniors and our preference of remaining at the University to abstain from treating the new arrivals according to the code of our predecessors; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That we as individuals and as a class, do comply with their request.

2. That we blot from our minds, our speech, and the book of our remembrance, all preconceived ideas of blacking, trotting, bull-riding and speaking, and that we submit ourselves wholly to their fatherly guidance.

3. That we exert ourselves to create sentiments of pity and affection for all youths who come among us, and that we sympathize at all times for rule over us.

4. That we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days out of respect to the memory of our ostracised President.

5. That we expel from our class, and treat with every indignity known to us any one who shall hereafter use the word; the odious word, "Fresh."

6. That we address new students as the "gentlemen who recently arrived on the Hill," that we treat them as friends and brothers, that we solve their problems, write their essays, loan them our text-books, and endeavor in every way to make their stay in college one of continual happiness and uninterrupted bliss.

7. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our beloved Faculty and to the parents of each of these first year gentlemen.

—She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her; she hated him, but, womanlike, she strove to catch him. He was a fly.

—THE MULABILITY OF THE UNIVERSITY SUCKLING. — "The wise man knoweth his place and changeth not; but the fool rageth and is confident," are the words of Solomon. This ancient sage evidently intended the latter part of this passage for Freshmen. Even if he did not, this interpretation has an incontrovertible appropriation at the present time. Two weeks ago the Fresh was puling by day and blubbering at night. Fresh from mama's apron strings or papa's knee, petted, praised, and made to believe himself a future President, or a modern

Demosthenes, he was little prepared for the buffet of the world. One visit from the "Sopho" sufficed to lower his exalted idea of himself, and to plunge him into the deepest depths of despair. His worth not appreciated, his fair face denigrated from a sun-beam of lucidity to a fuliginous charcoal of night. "A Faculty to the rescue," was the cry, and soon he rested serenely under the shadow of wings too formidable for Sophomoric adventure. This protection brought peace to the Fresh and punishment to the Soph. In a fraternal meeting, embraces of forgiveness and mutual vows of future friendship were exchanged and now the Freshman is himself again. He wandered around gushing and communicative, ever ready to tell of his varied experience and delighted if you manifest any interest in him. How many teachers he got away with, what a big dog he was in the school he formerly attended, the different girls who've gone wild over him, all form parts of his heroic narrative. He is the most credulous person on the face of the earth, tell him he's fine looking and he considers you a man of good judgment, explain to him that a head like his is bound to win praise, and he adores you. Easily persuaded, slightly hint to him the possibility of his winning honor, and you have him a blind slave to your dictation. He throws aside text books and de-

votes his time to politics, "booting" and abusing those whose opinions differ from his masters, he becomes a nuisance. He wears his best suit altogether, and puts on much style, hoping thus to draw attention to his graceful figure or good clothes, and to show what a suitable candidate he'd make. Sometimes too to give evidence of his daring and versatile talents, he hazes another Freshman. His ambition has no bounds and his expectations are simply prodigious. College medals, society medals, and commencement honors he is confident of deserving and is sure of winning. His principal amusement when not on class is scribbling the name of his "boss" on the door and floor of the buildings. He is the personification of vanity. That every fraternity here is anxious to get him, that the society is much honored by his membership, and that his arrival makes an important event in the history of the University, are firmly believed by him.

We cannot, at this time, give more of his characteristics, but hope to give in the future an account of the interesting metamorphoses continually going on in him.

—Does the human race degenerate? Are we becoming smaller and weaker? These are questions which have perplexed the minds of the philosophers and scientists of every age. The size of the average Freshman is

certainly decreasing. They are now so small that they are invited "to come down and play" with the professors' babies, although *they* aspire to visit the professors' daughters.

—J. Clifford Perry, who was a member of the medical class during 1882–83 and received the prize on *Materia Medica* for that year, graduated with high honors at the University of Md. last March. He showed himself to be one of the best when before the State Medical Board at Durham last May. He is now practicing at Woodville, Perquimans County. He is a boy of very studious habits and bids fair to make a success in his chosen profession.

—Perfection in methods of torture has been reached at last. Beside this refinement of the nineteenth century Spanish inquisitors of the sixteenth would hide their heads in shame and bid the happy inventor go and weep, because like Alexander he had no more worlds to conquer. The Americans claim every invention and North Carolina is of the opinion

that every man of genius was born within her borders. The State may not be able to claim this inventor, but her University has the invention. We refer, of course, to the *benches* in the recitation room of Profs. Atkinson and Toy.

—C. W. Sawyer, another member of the medical class of 1882–83, who was known in College as "Dr. Tommie," has received his diploma from the University of Md. and is giving pills and powders down east with a vengeance.

—C. L. Riddle, class '83, familiarly known in College as "Tubby Mahone," has returned to the University to take a course in law. The first year after graduation he taught in Camden County and the second at Hertford, Perquimans County. He studied law first at Norfolk, Va., but was compelled for the sake of his health to seek a higher latitude. Sam Gattes, '84, goes to his school in Perquimans. Sam is rather fat and perhaps going east will take him down.



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THE QUESTION OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY A. H. ELLER.

Times have changed since Henry II, to atone for the murder of Thomas A. Becket, who walked bare foot through the streets of Canterbury and knelt down to be flogged by a set of monks. The history of our Christian era, illustrated by the dark picture of the middle ages, and the stupendous ruins of the Roman Empire, teaches no plainer lesson than the unfitness of the church to control the civil affairs of men. Even in this age of enlightenment there are evils traceable to these unnatural relations between church and State. In 1770 a charter was obtained from the Colonial Legislature of North Carolina for the Queen's Museum at Charlotte. But no compliment to the queen could render an institution of higher education controlled by bigots in politics and Presbyterians of religion acceptable to George III, the attempt was thwarted by the folly of political despotism and intolerance of religious bigotry.

This was a fitting prologue to the farce which has been made of higher education from that age to this.

"Freedom of Church and State," the noblest achievement of the American Revolution, the pride of the New World, and the boast of the 19th Century, is it a delusion? It has been but a hundred years since this was hailed as the happy outcome of many warring centuries, and to-day we find ourselves face to face with the question, shall the State be allowed to assist in the higher education of its citizens? So long has this question been staved off by the obstructive tactics of succeeding generations of obsequious politicians that now the keen jealousies of rival institutions have proven an equal match for the power of legislation.

On what grounds do the church and State lay their claims to this prerogative? Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. The church is an

institution of divine wisdom to provide for man's spiritual wants. Is religion and education the same? The most reckless transcendentalist has not yet reached so dangerous a conclusion. No! religion is divine; education is human. Religion is of the church; education is of the State. With some show of reason, it is true, it has been said that the church is competent to promote all good and worthy objects. Yet the community would be thrown into universal confusion, if it were supposed to be the duty of every association formed for one good object to promote every other good object.

The institutions of higher learning have not been self-supporting in any country. The maintenance of a system of colleges and universities equal to the requirements of our modern civilization, is a strain upon the whole community. If a few christian denominations take upon themselves this entire burden of secular education, meager indeed will be the resources for religious purposes. I would not appear to disparage the noble efforts of the denominational colleges. In the persistent denial of State aid they have borne this burden to the limit of their power; but our record of illiteracy proves that their efforts have been inadequate to the great task.

In past years when a college education was almost exclusively confined to the wealthy classes, there

sprang up a prejudice against those institutions which appeared to foster extravagance and court the favor of the rich. It was during the prevalence of this sentiment that the denominational colleges were founded. Their object was to aid poor young men in acquiring a religious and even a sectarian education. Few of the leading colleges of North Carolina were founded on the "Manual Labor System." They were the staunchest and truest friends of poor young men, and what is strange, is, that in their more prosperous days they have raised their voices against free tuition to that same class whose cause they once championed so loudly. It can injure no college for the State to give free tuition to that class who are unable to pay their expense. A non-sectarian State implies a non-political church. The State allows the churches to promote sectarian training, will the churches allow the State to promote secular education? I am slow to believe that the christian denominations that cannot tolerate a State institution in which they themselves are represented would force the rest of the community to attend their peculiar sectarian schools.

That the highest wisdom demands that all education should be conducted under religious influences no one will deny. This the State does. The intelligence of this age is certainly beyond that point which confound

ded sectarianism and religion. The State is of the religion and for the religion of all of its citizens in the broad and catholic sense, without the fanaticism of any of them.

It was the abrupt social change which made the old University no longer possible, that gave the denominational colleges a broader scope. They have advanced their interests by exciting the prejudices of the community against a state of morals and a system of instruction which no longer exist. It serves their purpose best to be ignorant of the new methods of instruction and the high state of morality which prevail in the reorganized and modernized State institutions no less than to be insensible to the good influences of these institutions in the past. The splendid services which North Carolina's University has rendered to christianity in by gone days makes such a spirit wanting in gratitude as it is destitute of liberality.

During the last years of the 18th century and the early years of the 19th, the christian world was startled by the wild progress of infidelity. It spread from France, the theatre of those boiling, tumultuous scenes which shocked the conscience of all nations. Here in North Carolina, "Pain's Age of Reason" was a fetish, the Bible was a myth. The infection attacked this institution; two professors lost their places in quick succession. To Joseph Caldwell be-

longs the honor of restoring to the faith from which he had fallen that giant intellect, Richardson Davie and others of his great compeers. The impetuous, swelling wave rolled on, meeting no obstacle till it reached his presence; but as it dashed its high fury at his feet it broke before the strength of his faith and the firmness of his will. It was he, who for forty years impersonated this institution, that stood up in this trying hour for the true religion, battled down the strongholds of infidelity, and made it possible for the christian denominations to enter upon that proud career which has culminated in our noble colleges—Wake Forest, Davidson and Trinity.

But the needs of the present and the hopes of the future no less than the grateful memories of the past call for a harmonious action between the institutions of Church and State. Ignorance is a danger that lurks and hides in the sources and fountains of power which sustains our national life. All the constitutional power of the State and all the volunteer forces of the people and of the churches should be summoned to meet this danger. The opposition which has come to State aid at this trying crisis is, in itself, the strongest question with which legislation has had to deal. That the sense of duty and the spirit of benevolence has caused the churches to do much for higher education none will deny, and yet,

the spirit which nobly gives is not the spirit which would prevent others from noble giving. It is claimed that the State should begin at the bottom of this evil, that all education should rise from below. It is true the plant grows up, but the sunshine and the rain which nourish it come from above. No power can raise itself above its own level. The common school system in North Carolina can never prosper till it receives that stimulous and guidance which higher education alone can give.

No! here is the secret of this controversy. The church is struggling for the control of the great machinery of education. This is the lever by which in other lands the strongest sect has lifted its institutions to the top and chained them there by the force of law. They may not know it; they may not desire it; their motives may be as pure as the religion they teach; but to this end all the denominations in America are striving. Last Fall—it was Thanksgiving-day—the nation was rejoicing over peace and plenty—the Plenary Council in session at Baltimore made the extraordinary demand that there be such a division of the school tax as to enable the bishops to place their schools on a level with the public schools. The Protestant churches have not yet reached this point, but their course lies in the same direction. Have they finally embraced that

quarrel which the Roman Catholic church has waged with the State from the earliest dawn of our modern civilization? If the State is to be thus contrabanded, if each sect is to have its own school, "if," in the language of James Anthony Froude, "this dissolving program is to be carried out, all organization, all unity will be destroyed, and society will be reduced to the congregation of self-seeking atoms."

All institutions of a denominational or private nature are bound to guard their own interest and profit by their own success. They are not bound to provide for the general wants of the country. In fact it has been their boast that they alone, "without the shadow of embarrassment, can offer a practical solution to the delicate and difficult problem of civil rights"—that they can close their doors on the negro while the State must provide for *all* classes! The fact that none but the State is able or willing to provide for all classes is the chief of all reasons why our educational institutions should be under its control.

The great institutions of the past had their origin in endowments, and the age of endowments is gone. Beautiful and venerable as are many of the aspects under which it presents itself, this ancient custom failed to keep the onward step of civilization. On the Continent of Europe a clear sweep has in general been made

this old form of public establishment, and new institutions have been founded upon the State. In America we have kept our colleges and universities, assisting them meagerly at the public expense; but no such assistance as was formerly rendered will ever make the institutions which sufficed for former ages suffice for this, or persuade the stream of endowments long since failing and scanty to flow again as it flowed in the past. Society in its collective, corporate character must betake itself to the State for the establishment of higher education to meet the modern wants. It is necessary to give it a wider, a truly public character, and this only the State can give.

In Germany where this system prevails we find the greatest institutions and the greatest scholars of the world. England that next most nearly approaches this example stands second in the order of intelligence. In America where the State has done least of all, intelligence is at its lowest ebb. The reasons are plain. The nervous, industrial rush in America has rendered a long and plodding course at college objectionable to our people, and the colleges forced to live on tuition fees—what no good college can live on—have adapted themselves to the exactions of *business* men, and sacrificed all true standards of scholarship in the struggle for existence. They have even entered into competition with

the preparatory schools, and these in turn have been forced to call themselves *colleges* and *universities* or lose all patronage which the prestige of these great names will give. In Ohio alone, it is said, there are more universities than on the continent of Europe, and who has heard of a single great scholar they have produced? Intelligence comes from one of the newest Western States that they already have *two* universities, and the logs cut for a third. The entire college endowment of Massachusetts is ten times that of North Carolina. For higher education they pay three dollars and forty cents; we pay forty-five cents per capita. Despite all this, we have twice as many colleges as they have. Why, the census of 1880 shows not less than twenty-five such institutions, and it is believed that, if a searching microscopic examination could be made, as many more might yet be found. To determine whether a large number of small colleges or a small number of large ones is the wiser policy, we have only to compare Massachusetts with North Carolina, Germany with America. A little money may be saved in the first case, but it is penny-wise and pound-foolish economy in the end. We have lived through the log-cabin college era; we have reached a stage wherein organization contemplating the permanent wants of a great and progressive people is required. North Carolina is ready

for a great university. This much all concede. Shall it correspond to the German type, and devote itself exclusively to the very highest branches of learning? Every such institution in Germany is supported by more than 200 Gymnasiums. Need I ask if the denominational colleges of North Carolina are equal to this task? No! such a university here in North Carolina, lifted high above the reach of our people, would for a while stand out a useless and expensive ornament, but sooner or later would fall to the ground crushing its feeble supports beneath it. The English and American type of university is the one for which our people are prepared. It in part supports itself. We do not want a compromise between the college and the university. This is an unhappy medium—too high for the college, too low for the university—too special for the general student, too general for the special student. There must be facility for the highest and most advanced instruction, at the same time, if it would do its duty to the people of North Carolina, it must provide a college education. These two things are not inconsistent. Vanderbilt has its college curriculum, Johns Hopkins does under-graduate work—there is not a university in America that has not its college also, and the great universities of England are but confederations of colleges.

The demand made upon our university in the past was for great, public spirited men. How well she responded to this demand let the history of our country tell. Upon her memorial tablets are but few and dim traces of the names of her noble sons cut deep in our hearts by the chisel and mallet of truth. And the demand for such men as these is no less urgent to-day than in the days of our fathers. But the demand for higher, technical education must be heard as well. The old idea of a university—a mere college with the appendages of law, medicine, and theology, is fast passing away. Theology is resorting to the Seminaries, medicine to the great cities, law to the capital. It is from the fields of science, philosophy, literature, and history, that the university of the future must supply the world with fresh and living thought.

We do not want the German university, in which no religion is taught, nor the English university, in which but one sect is countenanced; but the true American university is a happy compromise between the two—it is one in which all the churches are represented, all tolerated, and the truest and broadest religion upheld. The churches would do better to follow the youth to the university, surround them by pure and noble influences, and instead of laboring to destroy, strive to exalt and sanctify its influence. When this noble

design shall be fully realized, we will then enjoy the largest freedom with only the strong compulsion of love, which shall make our people one. The splendid memories that cling about those clustered edifices at Chapel Hill, telling as they do of the munificence of the past, and the recent favors of a generous public, have inspired us with the hope that we are fast approaching this ideal. God grant that these hopes may not prove mere visions, and that no new darkness may cloud the brightness of our future!

Folk's Law School, Cilley, N. C.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

TO G. W. C.

Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
Through the bright morning air, we slowly
strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown
piles,
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with
blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
Of verdure and of light;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air,

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
For us, dear friend—but not the Poet's lay.
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,
Whose perfume lives to-day.

—C. P. Crunch, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A HISTORY OF BIBLE TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

A CLASS EXERCISE.

Of all the books printed in English the Bible has come the nearest to crossing every threshold. Irrespective of person and of opinion, it has knocked at the door, and, if refused, has continued to knock till admission was granted. For centuries it had to wage war, not only against the ignorance of the common people, but also against the King himself. But as has been true of it in every case where it has attained a foothold, it has grown in popularity and influence, surmounting obstacles and civilizing, till its enemies have lain prostrate at its feet. Nor has it stopped here—but having conquered and civilized the heathen Saxons on their own soil, it caused them to go out and plant new colonies and to send the gospel to other lands.

When the Saxon was converted to Christianity he had no literature and no government. The gospel brought out his latent energies and put him on the road to the development of a literature that is the Aaron's rod of the literary world, and to the establishment of a government on whose dominions the sun never sets, and another which promises to surpass that of Utopia itself.

Many departments of literature may outrank the Bible as to quantity yet there is none which rivals it for

influence. Its superiority lies to a great extent in the fact that it combines the good features of all the departments of literature and invariably leaves out the bad ones. Chaucer may enchant with his rhythm, so could the Psalmist. The artful figures of a Spenser tickle our fancy; the life-like ones of a Shakespeare convey to us a correct idea of human nature in nearly all its phases; but in natural expressiveness and beauty these lag far behind the metaphors of Solomon. Shakespeare and his brother dramatists held an age spell-bound by their portrayal of human nature; but Paul shows a deeper insight into the mysteries of the human mind and the influence of his Epistles grows with time. Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and George Elliot delight and instruct millions of anxious readers, yet they are no rivals to the Bible in this respect. In vain do we scan the pages of secular writers in search of the pathos found in Paul's writings. The Bible, written for every age and every clime, for all classes, is food to the hungry, raiment to the naked, to the weary rest, to the lonely comfort; it elevates, refines and satisfies the longings of the inner man. Its principles gather influence as they pass down the colonnades of the ages.

WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE.

The inhabitants of England were Christians long before there was such a language as English. They had Bibles or parts of the Bible; but the first translation of the Bible into English was by Wycliffe and was finished about 1382. The translator was the best scholar of his age; was pious, benevolent and extremely zealous, and is also said to have had great severity of manners, all of which characteristics are such as to qualify a man for becoming a pioneer in a great religious reformation. His life was marked by many vicissitudes. Now supported, now abandoned, by the influential, he was no less famous in politics than in literature. Driven from his chair at Oxford, he, assisted by pupils and learned friends, began work on his famous translation. The translation was made not from the Greek and Hebrew, but from the Latin Vulgate. Copies were multiplied by transcribers. Notwithstanding the circulation was dependent on manuscript, it was large and had a great influence. For a century and a half it had no competitor. His New Testament was first printed in 1731; the whole Bible in 1850.

The translation was literal and brought out faithfully the thought of the original. The phraseology was plain and handsome.

Warring against the King of England, the Pope and the ignorance of

the age, Wycliffe prepared the way for the only more prominent figure of the reformation than himself, Luther, and has been justly called "the morning star of the reformation." As many of his successors in Bible translation were to do, he suffered prosecution for his work.

TYNDALE'S VERSION.

In the early part of the 16th century, in connection with the general religious reformation, the subject of an English version of the Scriptures was revived. For nearly three-quarters of a century the work was carried on without cessation. The movement began in the reign of Henry VIII, continued through those of Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth and resulted in the Authorized Version under James I. The leading spirit in the agitation was William Tyndale.

Finding the times unpropitious in his own country, Tyndale, determined to carry out the enterprise to which he had consecrated his life, left England in 1523, and devoted his remaining thirteen years to the noble work. He was a sympathizer with the reformation and began his translation in London; he next fled to Hamburg, where he worked a year; thence to Cologne, where the first ten sheets were put to press; thence to Worms, where two editions were published anonymously.

The New Testament appeared in 1525, the Pentateuch in 1530. On

his avowal of the authorship of the edition of 1534, the English Government procured his arrest, had him imprisoned for some time, and finally strangled and burnt at the stake.

His translation consisted of the New Testament, the Pentateuch and historical books of the Old Testament and was made directly from the Greek and Hebrew. He adopted the language of the common people and strenuously avoided the expressions used only by the learned. This feature has to a great extent been kept in our version, and is a leading excellency. By him the so-called Ecclesiastical words were translated; by him the Bible was put into such language as the age demanded. His version has been largely used by all later Protestant translators, and is the real basis of our present version.

COVERDALE'S VERSION.

Miles Coverdale was the first to give to his countrymen a printed copy of the Bible in English. It was made at the suggestion of Cromwell, who then had more than any other Englishman the confidence of Henry VIII, and who had persuaded him that the translation and circulation of the Bible, if done properly, would strengthen, rather than weaken, the King, Henry, who had lately had Tyndale put to death, now aided in the very work for which Tyndale had given up his life.

Coverdale went to the continent, completed the work, dedicated it to

the King, and had it published in 1535. Two years later it was reprinted in England without opposition from the government, though without the express permission. The version is said to have had considerable merit. Part of the ecclesiastical words were retained, part translated. The work was intended to propitiate the King and secure the royal license. The translation was made from the Dutch and the Latin.

The parts of the Psalms used in the Book of Common Prayer were taken from this version. It is said also that much of the rhythm and finely-balanced cadence of the authorized version may be traced to Coverdale. Like his predecessors, Coverdale suffered exile.

MATTHEW'S VERSION.

It is famous as being the first version regularly authorized by the King; it appeared in 1537, two years after Coverdale's.

The real author was John Rogers, one of Tyndale's converts, who was associated with him at the time of his death, and had since finished the translation begun by both.

The printing was begun on the continent, but was soon moved over and put into the hands of the two famous printers, Grafton and White, to be completed. Through Cromwell and Cranmer the printers obtained a monopoly of the right to print for five years, and a royal

order that a Bible be set up in every church. The printers put in the name of Thomas Matthew, probably because they thought Rogers' former association with Tyndale might bring about prejudice against the work.

THE GREAT BIBLE.

It was printed from waste sheets of a revision of Coverdale's version, and first appeared in 1539; it had some features of its own, giving it an original character.

In 1540, without material alteration, it was reprinted, with a prologue by Cranmer, and was called Cranmer's or the Great Bible. It was the authorized version of the English church from 1540 to 1568.

THE GENEVA VERSION.

This was brought out by the English Protestants of Geneva in 1560. The Protestants were mainly Presbyterians and didn't like the Great Bible because of its supposed leaning towards Episcopacy. The translation was carried on as a private enterprise, William Whittington being the main translator.

For the next sixty years it was altogether the most popular version in England. It kept its ground for years after the publication of the King James version.

The translation was comparatively free from big phrases, and suited to popular reading. It was the first English Bible that had the text divided into verses.

THE BISHOP'S BIBLE.

This revision was projected by Arch-bishop Parker and brought to completion in 1568.

The work was apportioned out between fifteen men, eminent for their scholarship in Greek and Hebrew. The majority of the translators were bishops, hence the name of Bishops' Bible. The Arch-bishop himself revised all the work. The revision was made on the basis of Cranmer, and is said to contain some valuable improvements. Yet it made but little headway against the Geneva, and didn't entirely displace Cranmer's.

THE RHEIMS-DONAY VERSION.

The version of the Bible used by the Catholics was made during the reign of Elizabeth by the Catholic refugees at Rheims. The New Testament was printed at Rheims in 1582, the Old at Donay in 1609.

William Allen (Cardinal Allen), was the leader of the expatriated Catholics. His main assistants in the translation were Gregory Martin, Richard Bristow, and Thomas Worthington. Martin is thought to have been the principal translator.

The translation was directly from the Vulgate, and was doubtless much influenced by Wycliff's version. It bears the marks of scholarship, many of the renderings being admirable. It is extremely literal, the Latin order being maintained. The eccle-

siastical words were retained with scrupulous care.

CHALLONER'S REVISION.

About the middle of the last century Bishop Challoner revised this version. He abandoned the extreme literalness, and somewhat modernized the archaic diction. His first edition bears the date 1750. Challoner's is mainly used by the Catholics, it being optional with the bishops of each diocese as to whether he uses Challoner's or the Rheims-Donay version.

KING JAMES'S VERSION.

This most popular version of the Scripture had its birth in the Hampton Court Conference, about the first of the year 1604. Soon after coming to the throne James invited several of the leading members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties to meet in the palace for the purpose of settling the difficulties between the parties. In obedience to the invitation there assembled Archbishop Whitgift of Canterbury, Bishop Bancroft of London, and seven other bishops and deans of the conservative conformists, and four leaders of the Puritans, including the learned Dr. John Reynolds. This was the Hampton Court Conference. Dr. Reynold's suggested a revision of the Scriptures. After a warm discussion participated in by Dr Reynolds, Bishop Bancroft, and the King himself, it was agreed that a revision should be made.

The King proposed to appoint fifty-four translators, to be divided into six companies, of which two were to be stationed at Cambridge, Oxford, and Westminster, each, every company having a certain portion of the Scriptures to translate. In fact only forty-seven translators were chosen. They were the best scholars of their time, and included archbishops, bishops, professors, &c.; they represented both the religious parties. In allotting the work the taste and attainments of each were consulted.

According to the rules, the Bishop's Bible was to be followed as closely as possible, the names of the prophets and the ecclesiastical words were to be retained, and no notes except to explain the original texts were to be added.

The actual translation began in 1607. The revision was completed in three years. During the next three-quarters of a year, a committee composed of two delegates from each company revised the whole work.

The new revision soon superseded all Protestant versions; and has since that time been the favorite among Protestants. It is a model of simplicity and clearness. Catholic and Protestant have alike acknowledged its superiority as a piece of English. In the language of Dr. Schaff, "it is an idiomatic English reproduction of the Hebrew and

Greek Scriptures, and reads like an original work."

THE NEW REVISION.

King James's version has many errors, inaccuracies, and inconsistencies. Owing to the imperfect grammars and lexicons, the niceties and shades of the originals couldn't be brought out. Departures in the use of the articles and the tenses are frequent. Again, a good many of the words have become obsolete. Since the translation older manuscripts have been found and philology has given rules by which they can be tested and corrected. These are some of the reasons that seemed to demand a revision.

The idea of the revision originated in the heart of the Church of England; it was inaugurated by action taken by the Convocation of Canterbury, in February, 1870, and was conducted upon rules drawn up by a joint committee of both houses. Under the rules there were to be only necessary changes of the language, no change in style; the translators were to be divided into two companies, one for the Old and the other for the New Testament, each company to go twice over its work, and no change of the James' version to be adopted on the second round except by a two-thirds vote.

The revision was carried on by

Biblical scholars independently of the State. Work began in June, 1870. Soon steps were taken to secure the co-operation of American scholars; and in October, 1872, two companies were formed here. Both committees contained, all told, one hundred and one members, which number had been reduced, by death and resignation, to seventy-nine active members in 1881. Of these fifty-two were Englishmen and twenty-seven Americans. They were taken from all the leading Protestant denominations. When a certain portion of the Bible was translated by an English committee, it was sent to the corresponding American committee for criticism. When returned, the suggestions were considered.

The revised New Testament came out in 1881; the Old is soon to make its appearance. In the revision, the obsolete words have been removed; the number of italics and interpolations has been greatly diminished; the paragraphs have been reduced to their normal form, although the old numbers of chapters and verses have been placed in the margin for convenience; the articles of the original have been better brought out.

A. D. W.

Chapel Hill, April, 1885.

THE STUDENT IN GRAY.

BY MIGMA.

In the year 18—, I was completing my Sophomore year at the University. With the incoming throng of students, at the beginning of the session, there arrived a young man perhaps 25 years in age. He was of medium height, dark, almost fierce in looks, and always wore a suit of *gray*. A small, silken jet black moustache fringed his lip. His forehead was high, massive and striking. Scarcely ever speaking, he remained in the college almost unknown—certainly with no intimates. There is in my nature a liking for the odd and unequal in all things. Excentricity has for me a peculiar charm.

Similarity of tastes led us somewhat together, and I was struck, almost charmed by something about the man—not that I had the ordinary friendship for him, but I was held, overpowered by some subtle band which he seemed to weave around me.

One evening he invited me to come around to his room (No. 12), saying we would have friends and refreshments. I went at the appointed hour, 12 o'clock. No friends came, but soon my companion grew restless—closed the carefully folded door which I now first noticed to be held by three strong locks. Something in his manner, I could not say

what, caused me to grow restless. I looked around. The windows were heavily curtained—a thick carpet adorned the floor, and the fire light gleamed over it in mellow splendor. A curious bureau at one side of the room, richly inlaid with silver in antique figures, struck my attention. The strange fascination which imbued its owner seemed to be in a measure imparted to this bureau. It held my attention as if it had a mysterious secret to impart.

"Come," said my companion, "let's have a good smoke, and I wish to tell you a story—but first light your cigar and let's be comfortable."

I looked at the clock. It was 20 minutes to 1. I heard the receding footsteps of a skylarking party ascending the steps. An indefinable dread seized me, and I could scarcely refrain from calling out, but, forcing myself to be quiet, I took the proffered cigar and leaned back, and my companion began.

"I am the only survivor of a rich family. My home, an almost regal dwelling, is built in sight of the rolling Mississippi, a few miles above New Orleans. In my veins flow the mingled blood of the Indian, French and Spanish races. My family have all gone and left me the inheritor of a princely fortune—

but stay! I have or rather HAD a cousin—a beautiful girl, and thereon hangs my story.

My family has always been subject to periods of—I will not say insanity—but to a kind of toppling over of the best powers of the mind, and the surrender of the whole man to the darker passions of his being—it is even on record that my great-grand-father, being in one of these stages, slew his best friend—for what, he could not tell—but the foul fiends siezed his soul and controlled him as a puppet. Dark suspicion, hideous malignity, demoniacal, hatred and kindred evil spells shook his soul as the winds sway the reed. Such, I say, is the characteristic of my family—or at least part, for these strange influences held not my father nor his father, and it was thought I would escape, but Omnipotence ordained otherwise.

When my father died my cousin was left alone with me as my only relation. She had always seemed a sister to me—but this was not to last long. The sudden death of my father had a strange effect on me—for some days I was the same—but then—O, then! I shudder as I think of it. Grief came and settled upon my soul like a black veil; my mind seemed almost overthrown, and goaded to madness by new sensations. In my cousin I saw the would-be destroyer of my life. In every morsel of food placed before me I

saw written in glowing letters—Poison!! eat not or thou shalt die! I cursed my very soul, drove off the servants and ground my teeth for very rage!

I was no longer myself. Even in my fair cousin's eyes I saw the flickering lights of the fiends. Death, death, death everywhere seemed lying in wait for me, and I believed my cousin to be some strange mistress of hades who sent the dark minions of death at my heels. One day I was busy in my room—no one outside knew what I was doing—but I KNEW—I was busy—busy taking brick from the side of the massive ancient chimney, till I had space enough for me to lie comfortably within its walls. I carefully hid the brick, covered the aperture with a curtain, mixed mortar in my chamber, set and waited night-fall.

Soon the dusk of evening draped the hills. I was glad—light suited not my spirit.

I rang a bell and requested my cousin to come and sit with me, saying that I was unwell. She entered my room. I stepped behind her, closed and locked the door, and then I said—“sit down sweet mistress of hades and converse with your victim.” She shuddered (I thought it was from guilt) and sat down.

Then I suddenly seized her, gagged and tied her in the chair, and shouted for having triumphed. I took this sharp glittering knife—

opened an artery and let the blood flow into a large vessel that I had convenient—so that no blood spots would besprinkle the floor.

Slowly the life current flowed away, and when I felt the heart no longer palpitate, I shouted and laughed, and answered back the mockeries of the demons in the air. I then cut off her right hand, placed her in the aperture in the chimney—walled it up—and my WORK WAS DONE. I took what money I had, placed it together with the hand and knife in my portmanteau, locked the door and came to Chapel Hill—no one knows where I am."

"Here is the hand," he said, opening the curious bureau I had before noticed, "and here is the knife."

He flung the girl's hand upon the floor. It seemed to my eyes to

writhe and twist and clutch at the empty air; the firelight streamed over it in lurid horror. I tried to scream—my lips refused to move—my tongue was dry and seemed to cleave to my mouth.

"See! see!! there's her hand, and here's the knife. Sit still, sit still! you shall not betray me! This knife is trusty—it shall drink deep of your life's blood," and his fiendish laughter seemed to mock me in my agony.

He approached me, with that long glittering, gleaming knife, and I saw his eyes reflect the gleaming of the blade, as with a sudden bound he sprang towards me, uttering a fiendish shriek, and raised the knife above my head!

My cigar was gone out, and fancy had been weaving gossamer webs in the air.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

MISS MARY N. MURFREE AND HER HISTORY.

As one of our Southern writers, Miss M. is taking a high stand, and we think our readers will be interested in a personal description. A review of one of her latest works will be found in another column..

The following account of the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc., is abridged

from an article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

Miss Murfree is described by a friend as wonderfully attractive in conversation. Paralysis in childhood caused lameness of such a character that she could not participate in any of the wild sports of children, while a reading habit was developed; and having all of a

child's need of amusement, she invented a kind of play all her own. Her fondness for works of fiction was marked; she read with much seriousness and afterward played out the story in her imagination, with mother, father, and all the household invested with the characteristics of the *personnel* of the romance. This pastime strengthened an originally vivid imagination, and her observation grew wonderfully acute. There was much to see in the Tennessee country in which she spent a greater portion of her life, and all those quickly drawn suggestions that compose her early stories and later novels are from the life. She was born near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, but shortly afterward the family removed to Nashville. In 1873 they returned to Murfreesboro, where they lived until three or four years ago, when they came to St. Louis. William L. Murfree, father of the young author, was a successful lawyer prior to the war, and owned a large amount of property. His wife, Priscilla Dickinson, was the daughter of Colonel Dickinson, whose residence near Murfreesboro was in its day one of the most notable of the region. It was from this locality that Miss Murfree drew the scenes of "Where the Battle was Fought." Miss Dickinson was an heiress to a considerable fortune, which, with that of Mr. Murfree, diminished terribly "after the war." It was on

account of these misfortunes that the family went to live on the old Dickinson plantation. They were to stay there only a short time, but did stay years. Life in such a place is very barren of amusement, and it was out of that barrenness that the first of the stories now known under the collective title of "In the Tennessee Mountains" was evolved: "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove."

It had been the custom during the summer months, when living on the lowlands of Tennessee is not especially conducive to health, for the family to go into the mountains of East Tennessee; and it was in some fifteen summers of such opportunity for the study of the peculiar types found there that the material afterward utilized was unconsciously gathered. None of it was used, however, until about six years ago, when Miss Murfree undertook to write a story with the intention of offering it for publication. "The Dancin' Party" was the outcome of this endeavor, and was read to the family for criticism when completed. The praise they accorded determined her to offer it to "The Atlantic," in which magazine the story, or rather study, was published. "A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement," "The Star in the Valley," "The Romance of Sunrise Rock," "Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting," "Over on the T'other Mounting," and "The 'Harnt' that walks Chil-

howee," followed in the same magazine; the last, a ghost story of peculiar power, being possibly the most successful. The quaint titles of most of these stories aided not a little in the impression created.

In addition to the work upon which Miss Murfree's reputation is based, she has contributed to "*The Youth's Companion*" a number of charming stories for boys, with whom she has a wonderful amount of sympathy. "The Prophet of The Great Smoky Mountains," a serial, is now running in "The Atlantic." "Down the Ravine," a serial, is now an attraction of "Wide Awake."

Mr. William L. Murfree, Jr., brother of the lady, says of her work: "She has studiously avoided drawing portraits, though it has been said 'Where the Battle was Fought' contains several that have been recognized. So unwilling has she been to seem to have done this, that in her description of the old mansion much of the unreal has been infused. Her pictures of people are of types, not individuals; and where it is thought an individual has been drawn, it is because that person possesses, in large degree, the peculiarities of his class. Mr. Aldrich and her publishers knew that 'Craddock' was an assumed name, but never doubted that M. N. Murfree—thus she signed her letters—was a man.

The *nom de plume*, her style of writing and chirography, all contributed to this impression. The name was assumed for a cloak in case of failure, and accident led to its choice. Those portions of her writing which are called peculiarly masculine are not in any sense affectations. It was never doubted she was a man, and hence there was no reason for the adoption of disguise in writing. Each portion of her work was read to the family before being sent away, and, it may be, sometimes criticised as to some detail; she is too positive and painstaking to need or allow interference in the plan or arrangement of her material."

Miss Murfree is about five feet four inches in height, of slight form. Her conversation is animated. Her reading has not been confined to any especial field, though her *penchant* is for history and the most ambitious of fiction.

Miss Murfree's father, in addition to legal writing, has written articles published in "*The Century*." "Adrift in Pensacola Bay," a story, was printed recently in "*Lippincott's Magazine*," and "How Uncle Gabe Saved the Levee," which appeared several years ago, will be remembered by readers of "*Scribner's Magazine*." Her brother was for three years editor of "*The Central Law Journal*."

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

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Business Manager,
 CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Nov., 1885.

EUREKA.

We beg leave to inform our indifferent friends that we have failed hopelessly in securing the services of any publishing house in America that will do our work for us gratis. A sad thing it is; but it must be so, and there is no appeal from the inevitable!

We have inherited from our parents of the long ago a predilection for charitable institutions, and we have now, under serious and solemn deliberation, the best manner of coming to the rescue of all those magazines and journals whose sub-

scribers have money for every other purpose than that of paying subscription.

The headquarters of this association for the relief of editors shall be known as the Journalist's Arcadia, a place where it will cost nothing to publish a Magazine—where printing is but play and pastime.

Farewell, unhappy, troublesome times! Hail, thou blessed millenium! come thou glorious period of plenty—where subscription shall be but a name and money shall be held only as a relic of the barbaric past!

The writer has not unfrequently dreamed of fame, and now at last behold!—the pioneer of this grand movement which is destined to revolutionize—the idea is overwhelming—impossible dictum!

But, dear reader, be so kind as to remember that this thing is, as yet, in its incipency, and just at present we are greatly in need of money; and if you are in arrears you will make us happy, and doubtless ease your own conscience by “paying up.”

“Finally, we would extend our sympathy to the man who reads his neighbor's Magazine.

OUR LIBRARIES.

There is, on the one hand, a sort of instinctive prejudice against all new movements, as well as, on the other, an anxiety for change for the

mere sake of change. The simple fact of novelty should not be considered in the council of reason, and the policy of "letting good enough alone" is always safe and never too conservative.

The question of moving our libraries into the University library building has been agitated for some time, and, notwithstanding its recent defeat, its supporters are determined to continue agitating it until the prejudices(!) of the opposition are broken down. On the side favoring the movement are argued convenience and economy(?)—to the latter of which the nature of the motion gives some apparent force. But economy and convenience are cold and barren terms to the hearts of those who feel that by moving our libraries we sacrifice our interests as individual and separate organizations—that we surrender the legacy which has been handed down to us despite the ravages of a civil war—*our* legacy—ours, not to deliver up, but "ours to enjoy and ours to protect"; that we show a lack of the respect and tender feeling due to those loyal men of days gone by who labored for the societies when they did not do so for the University, "not that they loved the University less, but the societies more"!

However, there are other considerations worthy of note. The University library building is not as large as Memorial Hall, and we have

no Vanderbilts backing our finances.

Are the friends of the scheme dissatisfied with the existing relations between the societies themselves, and between the societies and their respective libraries? Has some one discovered another mark of stupidity in our unfortunate (!) predecessors—unfortunate not to have lived in this wonderful age of progress and of change, of novelties and of movements?

It might be suggestive, and certainly not unfair, to ask the reader to picture to his "mind's eye" the condition of our societies and the state of our libraries in twenty-five years after some such change has been effected. "Respite ad finem."

A FAIR SHOWING.

Is everybody satisfied with the present arrangement for the exercises of commencement day? Is it entirely unobjectionable that a few should be selected from the Senior class to deliver orations on that occasion? Is the orator's medal given to the best speaker in the Senior class, or to the best out of the number which the Faculty may select from the class? Is this commencement custom perpetuated for the benefit of those who have already established a reputation before the people of the State, or is it for the benefit of those just entering the field

of strife? These questions are not unworthy of note. The wisdom of "cutting down" the number of speakers is not denied. Perhaps it is necessary—a "necessary evil."

SUGGESTION vs. HELP.

To live is to strive—to fight against misfortune—to battle against storm and tempest—to steer clear of the wiles and stratagems laid by foes and friends—to stand up manfully against the enemies that lurk along the path of mortal pilgrimage. A troublous world, indeed, this, were there not friends by our side with sympathizing hearts and willing hands. But how many of these *friends* seem to be utterly powerless in every way except to give advice and make suggestions! Let no one depreciate the worth of well-timed, well-meant advice. Its value cannot be denied. But it must be remembered that advice alone is of little moment to the discontented, unhappy man—the man who is in trouble. There are too many of those who stand aloof, clothed in the mantle of their self-wisdom, and warn—"you'd better do this," "better not do that;" of those who wait till the end has come and say with a prophetic air—"I told you so," "I knew how it would be." Glad tidings do you bear to the sick man when you *advise* him "to get well"—to the bankrupt, when you *suggest* that "'tis an

unpleasant thing to be in debt." A happy message, indeed, to the drowning man, were you to suggest that he "keep his head above the water and pull for the shore." A celestial balm it would be to the agonizing soul of the luckless being who is slowly but steadily sinking to an irrevitable doom in the devouring quicksands, if you should call out—"friend, you had better strike for solid ground!"

What we need is more active help and not so much advise and so many suggestions.

CRITICISM vs. FAULT-FINDING.

Nothing is more wholesome for men and institutions of public interest than criticism—a fair and unbiased consideration of their faults as well as a just commendation of their merits. Of all the detestable weaknesses to which unfortunate man is heir, none is more detestable, none more pusillanimous than the weakness manifested in this emotion of finding fault. There are men who would not be content to dwell in Paradise—no opening for the exercise of their talents!

If there is any one institution in our State which deserves the special friendship of all her sons, that institution is her University. If not friendship, give her *justice*, at least. Let us do everything in a fair spirit.

If you have an innate fondness for dwelling on the faults(?) of your surroundings, for heaven's sake keep it under control—don't let it be seen by the world. Away with these puerile, groundless attacks on the institution of our fathers! Earnest men are laboring in her interest, and earnest men will succeed despite the whinings and railings of those who rejoice in being inimical to the interests of everybody except themselves. Cast out these evil spirits—envy, covetousness, jealousy, and let peace and content and unity dwell in the hearts of all!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MICHIGAN: BY HON. T. M. COOLEY, LL. D.—His latest volume in the American Series of Commonwealths, edited by Horace E. Scudder, fully comes up to the standard set by Virginia and others of the series.

Mr. Cooley takes us from the beginning of settlements in a wild Western State and leads us up to the present, all the while presenting to our view the changes in manners, customs and general condition of the people. He not only gives historical facts in order, but illustrates at every step the condition of finance, the press, religion and education.

His description of the free school system and the founding of the State University is of peculiar interest, and his whole story is told in a clear,

systematic, yet thoroughly easy and entertaining manner. Price \$1.25. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

* *

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS: BY CHAS. EGBERT CRADDOCK. — A most charming story and true to life. Miss Murfree tells the story of love in the mountains and makes her main characters—Dorinda Cayce and Dick Tyler, pass through some interesting experience. Her description of the manners and language of the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina mountain folk is, according to the editors personal knowledge, correct and life like. She introduces many beautiful descriptions that are really artistic bits of word painting. Price \$1.25. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

MUSIC.

Long, long ago the "concord of sweet sounds"
Delighted man. The spirit blest
Of melody divine, balm to his wounds
Had been, and to his soul sweet rest.

The loss of Eden and the dreadful doom
Dwelt fresh upon the life of men—
The harp of Lamach and of Zillah's son
Rang o'er the new-born wood and glen.

Olympus trembled when heaven's mighty sin
Bent forth his brow. A fear profound
Fell man. But the weird notes of Orpheus' lyre
Fell heav'n and earth and hades bound.

O Music, how divine thou art! How deep
The feeling, how sublime the thought
Thou dost inspire! Thou canst make men to
weep—
Weep bitter tears. Or, as if nought

Had been their life-long portion but content—
The cup of joy and peace to quaff—
As if no care with canking sorrow blent
Had dimmed their cheeks,—thou makest them
laugh.

College Record.

Hurrah for the two out of twenty in the South building, owing for last term's subscription to the MAGAZINE who have paid up.

* * *

The first issue of the MAGAZINE for this term came in late, but was hailed with unusual enthusiasm. When the announcement was made that it had arrived, there was such a rush by the crowd to get a copy that the Editors were compelled to smuggle off the package to a private room, and lock themselves in to escape the press of the anxious mob. The throng followed and howled around the door and windows like hungry wolves. In order to quiet it we cast a copy from the window into the crowd. That made them worse. The copy was torn into small fragments in their desperate struggle to see who should first have the honor of reading it. Most of this crowd were those who owe about two years subscription.

* * *

The boxing gloves have come. Now is an opportunity to develop your muscle, and your pugilistic qualities. A sparring match will take place every evening in room No. 22, just over Dixon's. All wishing to enter the evening contests must hand in their names in advance. Admission free. The oc-

cupants of room do not hold themselves responsible for damages in the room below from the accidental falling of plastering. The development of the body and the cultivation of the noble and elevating art of eye-bruising, nose-dislocating and rib-breaking must not be neglected because of the probability of a little plastering falling in the room below. What can that do? The very worst it can do is to fracture somebody's skull; but what does a skull or two amount to?

* * *

Hold me by the coat tail while I dive after that oyster.—*Cherokee Siftings*.

* * *

Young lady to Haywood—who had just knocked: "Come in. Is that you Frank?" Haywood felt bad!

* * *

Past graduate to young lady: "Do you know the best way to warm apples when they are cold and hurt your teeth?" Young lady—"Yes, eat them."

* * *

PIGS VS. PEOPLE.—We are strong advocates of the stock law. It is important that the streets should be kept clear of hogs. One of our innocent and unsuspecting Sophs took fright at some swine a few nights

ago, and might have done an injury to himself but for two of his friends being present, who caught him before he had run more than a quarter of a mile. We protest against the citizens turning out upon the public highway animals of such appearance and manners as to prevent the tired student from taking his healthful evening walks.

* * *

If the least man at the University can devour five plates of oysters and call for more, what can a "long lank and breezy man do ?

* * *

The South Building claims the two champion vocalists of the University. They surpass the most accomplished and highly cultivated operatic warblers; for they can sing a good long piece without even the shadow of a tune to it.

* * *

A certain Senior in the Psychology class has propounded successively the following questions: How can a fellow know when he has gained a woman's heart? He was informed that by asking he should know. A few days afterwards, "Can a man reason a woman into loving him?" "No more than a goat," was the verdict of class and professor. A few days later, "Now Dr. if a man's will is free, why is it he cannot help loving a woman, though she sit down upon him?" (figuratively he meant.) If he does not dismiss the subject of

love under the head of moral responsibility, we expect to hear him inquire if it would be a sin to commit painless suicide to escape a troubled life; and in the meantime the class will do itself an injustice in dwelling so long upon one topic at the neglect of other important subjects.

* * *

A frequent visitor on Psychology class remarks, "Dr. has lectured on love every time I have attended recitations recently." A reckless punster replies, "He has been doing this for *Weeks*."

* * *

Mr. Thomas Dixon, the brilliant young orator, and legislator from Cleveland, gave an elocutionary recital in the Chapel Tuesday night, the 6th. The object of his work was to assist in raising funds for erecting a monument over the resting place of the lately deceased R. A. Shotwell. Mr. Dixon's reputation, and his worthy cause, secured him a splendid audience. All were delighted with the talent which he displayed. We are indebted to him for a most satisfactory interpretation of the real meaning of Poe's *Raven*, and the explanation of the circumstances, and the peculiar character of the man which led to the production of this weird and mysterious, yet fascinating poem. His recitals of "How Ruby Played," and of some scenes from *Richard III* were superb.

Considerable interest has been manifested by the advocates of both sides of a question recently introduced into the Societies as to the propriety of uniting the Phi and Di society Libraries with the University Library in the University Library building.* We lack space to discuss fully in this issue the inducements and objections to such a movement, but will give our views in the next. It seems that it is enough to show that a consolidation would lighten the expense on each Society, and admit us five times during the week instead of only twice to a much larger selection of books, more systematically arranged, to induce any one to favor the motion, yet many are ready to admit all this, and still oppose the motion "just because they don't like it."

* * *

It was our pleasure to attend a series of lectures delivered by Rev. Dr. Hughes in the Episcopal church, on The Six Days Creation of the World.

The object of the series was to show that there is no conflict between the biblical description of the creation of the world and that of true geology. His lectures were intensely interesting and instructive in as much as they not only removed almost every shadow of contradiction from between the two accounts, but also showed an almost perfect harmony.

It seems unfortunate that there are not more scientific minds in the ministry who might sustain the truths of the Bible by scientific proofs. It is true that faith must save the world, but whence that faith, if common sense combined with science proves to us that the Bible makes a single absurd statement? We cannot hope to understand the great "Book of Mysteries" entirely, but in the plain and simple statements of facts, in the first chapter of Genesis, we should be able to grasp the meaning, and if it is true it should agree with the results of truly scientific investigations. We have two histories of the dark and forgotten past. One is the Bible; and the other is the hand-writing of God upon the rocks of earth whose words are as true as nature's laws, and by it all written history can be verified or condemned by a correct interpretation of its language. Hence it is a matter of much importance whether these two histories are in harmony with each other. It is impossible to give even a full outline of these lectures, but we will mention a few of the most important points. Dr. Hughes stated that the six days mentioned in that beautiful narrative in the first chapter of Genesis, were not six days of twenty-four hours each—not six of man's days, but were six periods of almost inconceivable duration—six of God's days. The word *day* is used in the Bible

to mean almost any length of time, as it is at the present. For example: we speak of anything as occurring *in our day*, or before or after our *day*, thus using the term "day" for an indefinitely long duration of time. Dr. Hughes states that all geologists agree that the earth was for a long time a molten mass, and through a tremendous lapse of ages it has cooled down till it has formed a crust on its surface. As proof of this we know, or rather conclude from the rate of increase of temperature, as we approach the centre of the earth, that at the distance of thirty or forty miles under the surface of the earth it is still a fiery mass of liquid. Again, we find that the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial diameter, showing that once the earth was in a liquid state and received this spheroidal form from its dicimal motion on its axis—as a proof of the existence of a hot mass in the earth's center, we have warm springs, which, of course, indicate a warmer region at the sources from which they flow, and what else but a heated, seething globe of fire within our earth would have raised the Alps or the Andes or supplied Vesuvius or Cotapaxi—or caused the rising and sinking of islands? Every investigation goes to prove that the earth was once a liquid burning mass, and has been for countless ages gradually cooling. In the ice bound regions of the North,

elephant's fossils have been found, showing that this region was once warm enough for their existence. There is a similarity in all the planets in this respect. Jupiter's diameter is about eleven times as great as the earth's; but its days are only about ten hours long, thus, it has a much greater centrifugal force than the earth, so, taking it as true, that all the planets were once in a liquid state, astronomers concluded that Jupiter must be much more spheroidal in form than the earth. By investigation they found it so.

The sun, which is considered by some as the mother of all other planets which revolve about it as a common centre, is admitted to be a globe of fire. Its small specific gravity shows the pressure of heat. Its radiation and light are conclusive proofs of its being fire. The spots are believed to be portions of the sun cooling off. The sun, we conclude, represents exactly the state in which the earth used to be, and concerning that time of the earth's existence geological research can give us no other information.

Dr. Hughes began with the first day of creation, which is mentioned in the Bible, and showed that it corresponds with the Archaic era in geology. Geology does not profess to know what was done during this era or the first two days of creation, but the Bible states the work that was accomplished, and knowing the

state of the earth, we can easily explain the process on scientific principles.

This was "in the beginning" when "God created heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." The earth was in a gaseous and liquid state, not in a fixed and definite shape, but subject to all the agitations that such immense heat was capable of producing. Hence it is spoken of as "without form." By "void" is meant destitute of life, which is incompatible with the gaseous state. It is also written that "darkness was upon the face of the deep." It is believed by all scientists that the sun and other luminary bodies existed even before the earth. Granting that this was so, "darkness was upon the face of the deep" because the light from other planets could not penetrate the vapors of evaporated waters, and gases from volatile substances which then enveloped the earth.

Belonging to the same era is the second day. Then God said "let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters, and God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. What was the firmament? God called it heaven, but the meaning of heaven is ambiguous. Here *heaven* means the *air* or *atmosphere*. Hence, the waters below the

firmament were those upon the earth, and the waters above the firmament were those which were in the sky. How were these great bodies of water divided? The sun's atmosphere consists of volatilized elements which we could scarcely melt, and, of course, is in an intense state of excitement from its great heat. A flame has been observed to shoot out from the sun 8,000 miles in ten minutes, showing how agitated must be its atmosphere. It has already been stated that the condition of our planet had been similar to that of the sun. So great was the agitation of the atmosphere that there could not be any separation of the elements. There was in the Archaic era much more carbon dioxide than at the present day, and it being heavier than vapor and air, settled at the bottom on the face of the earth as it became cooler, and the atmosphere became less disturbed. Hence, the carbon dioxide lay between the condensed waters on the earth and the uncondensed and lighter vapor above and was the firmament.

The third day is the beginning of the second geological era known as the Palaeozoic, and comprises the Silurian and Devonian ages. At the beginning of this day God said, "let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear." It seems that the writer of this passage must have known thousands of years

before our day that the whole earth was for a long time covered with water. Geology agrees with this statement of the Bible. It attributes the appearance of land to the extreme latter part of the Archaic era, while the Bible places it at the beginning of the next era.

America first began to rise above the water about Labrador, and Europe began about Norway and Sweeden. This division of the land and waters is spoken of in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, in which it is written of the waters, "Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth," and it is a notable and interesting fact that the continents and the waters have never changed places. On this same day God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself," and it is written that the command was fulfilled in the precise order in which it was made. Geology states that tender herbage, and perhaps grass, and the fruit trees came during the Devonian and Silurian ages.

Hardly a species in one thousand of all the plants have been preserved, hence we can tell little or nothing about the age of their origin by geological investigation. It is determined, however, the fruit trees made their appearance during the Devonian age, which argues with the bibli-

cal record. Then Dr. Hughes takes up the fourth day, which corresponds with the latter part of the Palaeozoic era, and the carboniferous age. On this day "God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night." Of course the lights referred to are the sun and moon. We have admitted that the sun and probably the moon was in existence before this day, hence it seems inconsistent that it should be stated that God made them on this day.

The work of the fourth day has nothing to do with the creation of these luminary bodies. They may have existed even before the first day. The apparent inconsistency arises from our misconception of the proper meaning of the word "made." This word is used in the Scripture, as well as at the present day, to mean *prepare for use*. For instance, we say that we *make* clothes when we only mean that we *prepare them for use*. In many instances the word has been translated from the Hebrew as meaning *to dress*.

Now how were the sun and moon prepared for use? By the condensation of the vapor and gases which had during the extremely hot condition of the earth shut off every ray of light from the luminaries. During this age the trees grew very large and thick. The immense forests aided in taking the moisture out of the atmosphere and deposited

it through their roots into the ground. It was during this day that much of this rank vegetation sank beneath the waters and became covered with earth and formed nine-tenths of all the coal which now exists.

The fifth day corresponds exactly with the Mesozoic era or Reptilian age. Then God said "let the waters bring forth the moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven, and God created great whales, &c." This was strictly the reptilian age. It may be supposed that fish were created during this day because the word "whale" is mentioned in the text. These water creatures were to be reptiles. The text does not say so, but the marginal translation does. The word which was translated "whale" really means *dragon*, *serpent*, or *crocodile*. There are several marginal translations along here that show that the translators were puzzled as to the correct meaning of some of the words.

Geology agrees with the Bible in its record. It states that during this age the reptiles first appeared and appeared abundantly, and that they came from the water. It also states that the fowls occurred after the reptiles, and that they came forth from the waters, for it states that flying fowls were at first flying reptiles. Many fossils have been found

of fowls, very much resembling reptiles, of that age. It is notable that the Geological and Biblical account agree in every respect concerning this day of creation.

The sixth day of creation corresponds with the Cenozoic era or age of mammals. The Bible states that on this day "God said let the earth bring forth the living creatures after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth." "And God made the beasts of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind.

We notice here that unlike the other of God's creations, the fulfillment of his command is described as taking place in an order different from that in which he gave it. He calls for the beasts of the earth last in order, but in the fulfillment of his demand they came first in order. We conclude from this departure from the rule that there was no order in the creation of these animals. These are the lower order of animals, and are divided into three classes, viz: Cattle, creeping things, and beasts. The word translated "cattle" includes large quadrupeds and domestic animals in general. By "creeping things" is meant snakes. The word from which "beast" was translated means wild animal.

To crown all His works of millions and millions of years and make a grand finale of his creation, "God

created man in his own image." Geology agrees with the account of the sixth day's creation in that there was no order in the creation of the lower mammals, and that the mammals were domestic animals, wild animals, and snakes. It also asserts that man is of very recent origin. The age of the human race is a matter undecided.

Dr. Hughes discussed fully the antiquity of man, and showed the fallacies of several theories tending to fix the origin of man at a date as far back as a hundred thousand years. We know that man is of recent origin, but we have never found sufficient geological evidence to fix upon this antiquity.

We have tried to present some of the leading thoughts which we gathered from Dr. Hughes' lectures. We were struck with the harmony which exists between the intelligent interpretation of the Bible text and of geology throughout the whole description of the creation. Moses must have been either inspired or a scientist far, far ahead of his day. The book of Genesis is entirely too exact to be a myth.

* * *

On the first Saturday night in each month a public lecture is delivered in the Chapel, either by one of the Faculty or by some one outside whom they choose for the occasion. The students, town and community, knowing Dr. Battle would deliver a

lecture at the last appointed time, thronged the Chapel and composed an unusually large audience. His lecture was full of the most valuable information, and was flavored with the Doctor's characteristic wit and jokes. It is needless to say that a lecture from a man of such close observation, such power of memory and practical sense was highly appreciated.

President Battle began his lecture by describing the form of government anterior to the Revolution—a copy of the English. The Governor was a petty king, having power to pardon, to veto acts of Assembly, to appoint officers—including judicial officers—to prorogue and dissolve the Assembly. The council of State appointed by the crown on the recommendation of the Governor was analogous to the House of Peers, the Assembly to the House of Commons. Owing to the fear of Executive power the constitution of 1776 was framed on the principle of ^{memorizing} ~~memorizing~~ the executive and magnifying the legislative. The General Assembly elected the Governor for one year and controlled his salary; gave him as advisers a Council of State, of their own choice; could control his pardoning power; elected all officers of the militia, and also the secretary of State, Treasurer, Comptroller, Justices of the Peace, &c. They also elected the Judges and controlled their salaries, and could turn

them out of office by abolishing the court. They had unlimited power of taxation subjects and amounts, and unlimited power of incurring debts. That these tremendous powers were not productive of great evils arose from the conservative character of the two houses. The Senate consisted of one from each county, a land holder, chosen by land holders. The House of Commons of two from each county, a land holder chosen by free men.

By drawing a North and South line along the Western part of Wake, President Battle showed that in 1776 the counties East of that line were twenty-seven in number, and West of that line only eight. So that Eastern land holders had more than a two-thirds vote in each house. When new counties were created care was taken to form nearly as many Eastern as Western.

The executive preserved its dignity by social blandishment and personal influence, so that, as a rule, every Governor up to 1835 elected annually continued in office for the three years allowed by the Constitution. The exceptions being where he was changed to an office considered by him as more eligible. Treasurer Haywood held his post for thirty-three. Secretary of State White for thirty-two, and his successor, Hill, for forty-eight years. The Judiciary preserved its dignity by wise and honest decisions. The

Judges were the first in the Union in claiming the right, in the case of Bayard vs. Singleton in 1787 of annulling an act of the Assembly because in conflict with the constitution, a power possessed by no court in the world except in the United States, freely recognized now but at one time regarded as a usurpation on the rights of the legislature. Such was the conservative character of the General Assembly of North Carolina that they acquiesced in the action of our Judges, while in Ohio the Judges were impeached, (though not convicted) for similar decisions, and in Rhode Island they failed of re-election. The general assembly having to face elections, and being as a rule honest, exercised their almost despotic powers with great conservatism. They were economical to the extent of stinginess, confining the taxes to few subjects, and limiting them to six cents on the hundred dollars value, so that the people were measurably quiet, although land was taxed by the acre, instead of according to value, for forty years. But the success of the Erie canal in 1817—1825, and the Railroad fever beginning about 1830, led to the demand by the Western counties for greater legislative power. President Battle then showed how this demand culminated in the convention of 1835, and the compromises then adopted.

The number of Senators was fixed

at fifty, distributed according to taxation, so that they represented property mainly, elected by land holders.

The house was fixed at one hundred and twenty distributed, after allotting one to each county, according to population, estimating, however, as a part of the population, three-fifths of the slaves. The General Assembly thus constituted had unlimited power of increasing debt, but their power of taxation, while unlimited as to land and all other subjects, except slaves, was confined as to the latter.

Slaves could not be taxed as property, but only as persons, and the tax on each slave between twelve and fifty years of age must be the same as on each white man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five.

Passing rapidly over the abolition of the freehold requirement for voters for the Senate in 1854, and the taxation of slaves according to their value as ordained by the convention of 1861, President Battle explained the theories of restoring the State to its relations with the Union, adopted by President Johnson and then by Congress.

The constitution of 1868 being in the main a copy of the constitution of a State far distant from us was in many features found not suited to our needs. It was amended in several particulars by legislative enactment and still more materially by a convention called in 1875.

This amended constitution was ratified by the people in 1876, one hundred years after the first. The chief difference between the two constitutions were pointed out, for example, the Senate is founded on population only, the House after giving one member to each county, likewise on population. The General Assembly is commanded to do some things and forbidden to do others; its attention is directed to other subjects with liberty to act on them or not in its discretion. Its power of taxation is regulated and limited; its power of incurring debts is restrained. The per diem and mileage, and the number of days for which the members may draw pay are alike prescribed.

The Governor and other chief executive officers owe their offices to the people and their salaries cannot be increased or diminished during their continuance in office.

The Judges are elected by the people and are similarly made independent of legislative caprice. The Supreme Court has its jurisdiction defined in the constitution, and can thus watch over and protect the constitution. Since 1868 scores of acts of Assembly have been nullified by this Court, and the Assembly dare not resist and have not even complained.

President Battle, after mentioning many other points of difference between the two constitutions explained

the reasons thereof. Up to 1868 no change has been made that the majority of any of our Assemblies has been bribed, as was done in Georgia in the case of the Yazooland fraud, but we have repeatedly seen moneys appropriated, debts incurred and officers elected by "log rolling." But the great cause of those treating the legislature as if its members may become either grossly ignorant or corrupt is of course universal suffrage.

We have a large mass of ignorant and propertyless voters. They cannot be trusted to act wisely and honestly always in the selection of their agents, and hence the powers of these agents must be restrained, and the three departments, legislative, executive and judicial, balanced against each other. A single provision has nullified this scrupulous care to keep the executive department independent of the legislative. The House of Representatives can refer articles of impeachment. The Senate is the court for the trial. The impeachment of the Governor now suspends him from office. A majority of the house can thus suspend this high officer, and a majority of the Senate, by delaying the trial, can continue the suspension.

Each action was once proposed, but the proposal met with no favor, and it is to be hoped that the conservative temper of our people will save us from this evil. In view of the wild socialistic and nihilistic

theories of the day, the history of the constitutional protection of property against the propertyless and of the poor man against the rich is very interesting.

The history was given of the checks and safe-guards from the first constitution, when the General Assembly consisted of land-holders, so apportioned as to give over a two-thirds majority to Eastern slave owners, through the compromises of 1835, and subsequent changes to the present time, when the free man under fifty years is tied to three hundred dollars worth of property, to be taxed the same and that not over two dollars.

In conclusion, attention was called to the fact that Great Britain, so rapidly advancing towards universal suffrage, has no such safe-guards as we have. The provisions of magna charta, the petition of rights, its declaration of rights, &c., are only acts of parliament; with these they are beyond the power of the General Assembly, and "Parliament" has come practically to mean the House of Commons only. The constitution of the United States and of the States are the most perfect schemes ever devised for the protection of life, liberty and property against the tyranny of the executive and the wild actions of the ignorant populace.

The young men were exhorted to prize this great heritage, to guard it well, and transmit it to their successors unimpaired. Many points of the lecture have been necessarily omitted.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

DIALECTIC HALL, U. N. C.,

October 31, 1885.

WHEREAS, God, in his all-wise Providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst our distinguished and highly esteemed fellow-member, Dr. W. C. Kerr:

Resolved, That we humbly submit to the will of the Father of all, even in this great affliction.

Resolved, That the cause of education has sustained a loss in the death of Dr. Kerr which cannot easily be repaired: the loss of a man whose zeal never slackened, and whose diligence did not relax even after a fatal disease had fixed upon him: who devoted his varied attainments and best faculties to the advancement of science and the good of his fellow-men.

Resolved, That this faint evidence of our high appreciation of the worth of Dr. Kerr be sent to the bereaved family to convey to them our sympathy and condolence, to remind them that though he is taken from them he leaves to them an imperishable heritage in his good fame and distinguished usefulness, and to show them that he has won the love and respect of the students of the University, and the people of North Carolina.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to *The News and Observer*, *The Durham Recorder*, and

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with request to publish.

R. N. HACKETT,
D. T. WILSON,
N. H. D. WILSON, JR. } *Com.*

DIALECTIC HALL, U. N. C.,

Nov. 13, 1885.

WHEREAS, God, in his all-wise providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst one of our most distinguished and honorable fellow-members, Hon. A. A. McKoy, and to show our appreciation of his many virtues, and to express our sorrow at his untimely death:

Resolved, That by the death of this eminent Judge and highly esteemed gentleman, the Dialectic Society, of which he was a member, and the State of North Carolina, have another illustrious son numbered among their honored dead.

Resolved, That to his bereaved family we take this means of expressing our grief and sympathy, and further more feel assured that his life will prove a consolation to them in their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to *The Raleigh News and Observer*, *Wilmington Star*, *Clinton Caucasian*, and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish.

D. T. WILSON,
H. L. GREENE,
E. P. WITHERS, } *Com.*

Personal.

—Since the last number of THE MAGAZINE was issued, this department has changed hands. Mr. Hester has turned his face toward the setting sun, and has carried out in a practical manner the advice of Horace Greely when he said, "go west, young man, go west." When a raw recruit comes into the editorial chair, it is usual for him to make his bow to the public, strive to win their favor, and, before they are made, offer excuses for mistakes which are said to be of the "head and not of the heart." Hoping that the reader will kindly take note of these remarks, and lend us his kind sympathy, we finish our bow and proceed to work.

—We were pleased to see Alton McIver, class of '81, on the Hill a few days ago. He is looking fat and hearty, and is engaged in merchandising at Jonesboro, N. C.

—H. M. Rowe, who was in College last year, paid us a short visit recently. He is now a student of Trinity College "preparing" for the University classes.

—Messrs. O. C. Bynum and W. E. Edmondson were elected delegates from the chapter of the *Sigma Alpha Epsilon* Fraternity here, and attended a convention of the different chapters held at Nashville, Tenn., a

few weeks ago. They were absent eight days and report a very pleasant trip.

—Prof. Winston made a trip to Trinity College recently, and delivered a lecture on the domestic customs of the Romans. He reported a very pleasant time, and says that Horace Williams and Gus. Long, both of whom are University boys, are the strong men in the faculty.

—What was the matter with our President the night of his lecture on the Constitution of 1776 and 1876? He talked an hour and got off only three jokes. Was he sick? Such a small number of jokes is very unusual.

—A. S. Grandy, class '82, is a clerk in one of the government departments at Washington city. He went there to take a course in law, fell in love with the place and secured a position. Henry G. Osborne, Di essay medalist '84, is there also.

—A. J. Harris, class '84, known in College by the classic name of "Ajax," studied law last year at Dick and Dillard's law school in Greensboro, received his license to practice in October, and has settled in Henderson. A recent number of *The Gold Leaf*, published in that place, referred to him in a very complimentary manner.

—Nothing is so charming and cheerful as to go into the Chapel in the morning when the thermometer is at 30° and see the new *cold* stove and half a dozen shivering boys trying to keep it warm. But this stove was put up for "special occasions," as if we were not as apt to freeze on one occasion as on another. Please have compassion and give us more fire or less "prayers."

—The winter has come, and with it a demand for wood and coal. It is also the season when boarding houses break. One of the Sophs finding that he can secure neither wood or grub without pecuniary outlay, proposes to *hibernate*. He has visited the professor of natural history and received the necessary instruction.

—The Phi Society recently presented its valuable collection of minerals to the University museum, thinking that they belonged there rather than in the library of a literary society. A sword surrendered at Yorktown was placed in the cabinet of curiosities which is now being made up by the faculty.

—Julian Wood, class '84, spent the sessions of 1884-'85 at Johns Hopkins University, taking a special course in history. He went to Europe last summer, and is now taking a course of law at the University of Virginia.

—Scene in the Astronomy class: Prof. G.—Mr. McM., how long would it take you to count ninety-two millions and a half?

Mr. McM. About half a day, I reckon.

—Scene in the English Literature class: Prof. H. (reading),

"He might return to yasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never view, &c."

Mr. J., for what is *Tartar* a shortened form?

Mr. J. (with a smile), for *hell*, sir.

—M. C. Millender of Johnston county, who was at one time a professor at the Bingham School, is now a student in medicine at the University of Virginia. So are T. J. Hoskins and S. H. Cannady. They are all University boys.

—We recently noticed the marriage of Mr. Norman L. Shaw, editor of *The Albemarle Enquirer*, of Edenton, to Miss —, of Warrenton. Mr. Shaw is one of our old Alumni and we congratulate him on his change in life for the better.

—Y. D. Moore and S. P. Wilson left the University last June to tramp the country as book agents. They soon grew tired of that business, and now have a flourishing school in the west.

—We were pleased to see C. R. Thomas, Jr., class of '70, on the Hill recently. He is now a lawyer in Beaufort, N. C.

—During the past summer Mr. C. Taylor Grandy, one of our former editors, had charge of *The Falcon*, of Elizabeth City, and performed the duties of his office well.

—Some of the Class of 1885, where they are and what they are doing:—

J. A. Bryan is president of an Academy at Gastonia. He has laid aside politics and quill driving, and is devoting himself to his favorite studies—English and speech making. He recently purchased a full set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and has gone to work in earnest.

H. A. Latham, former editor of *THE MAGAZINE*, merchant to the University, &c., is now general agent for the publishing house of John S. Wily & Co., with a salary of \$1,200 a year. He takes a few rubber stamps along to fill in the odds and ends.

Marion Butler has a flourishing School at Clinton, Sampson county.

W. D. Pollock is the cashier of Loftin's bank in Kinston.

J. R. Mouroe is teaching in one of the excellent preparatory schools of Wilmington. He is contemplating matrimony.

Sol. Weill is teaching Greek here, and rumor says he is a successful teacher too.

Ernest Mangum is taking a port graduate course in college and is devoting himself to higher English.

St. Leon Scull is a country pedagogue in Rowan county.

Julian Mann is teaching in Fairfield, Hyde county.

Jene Felix West is at the University of Virginia. He is taking a two years course of law in one. He says the boys wear beavers and long tail coats, and carry canes. Lord deliver us from the dudes.

C. R. Thomas, Jr., class '80, was on the Hill recently, visiting his brothers. He is now practicing law in Beaufort, N. C., and is doing well, we hear.

Rev. J. U. Newman is professor of English literature in Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. He has charge of a church in the town also.

Alex. Feild is teaching in the Horner School at Oxford.

We hope to complete this list in our next number.



Among Our Exchanges.

The College Message, a monthly journal, devoted to the interest of Greensboro Female College, falls on our table this month for the first time. Knowing something of the energy and talent among the young ladies of the Institution, we predict for *The Message* much success.

* *

We extend our sympathy to *The Wake Forest Student*, upon the severe illness of its poet. We hope he will be better ere he sings again. Cupid shot him, and here is his wail:—

“Darling, tell me how I have won
Such bitter woe ere I’ve begun
To sip from Love’s enchanted spring
The hidden sweets which poets sing?”

* *

The “Belva Lockwood brigade” has evidently made a charge on the *Randolph Macon Monthly*, from the spirited discussion of “woman’s rights” in its last issue. Don’t be alarmed gentlemen, the women will not take you!

* *

The Wabash has united with *The Lariat*, and announces to its readers that its name must be spelled now with capital letters, and that it can never die. Oh that your prophecy be true, dear *Wabash*! If so, a success unparalleled in the history of our country awaits other American journalist, and many a lean and lank editor

will yet wax fat, and wear good clothes as other people.

* *

The Student is the name of a sprightly little monthly that comes to us from Pennsylvania. It is published in the interest of the Society of Friends, and like everything those good people undertake, it is a success. Its editorials are plain, forcible and to the point—it is in fact our idea of what a journal devoted to the interest of education ought to be. Among the best articles of this month we notice “the christian teaching of the classic,” showing the benefit, from a moral stand-point, to be derived from the classics. “How to study history” also furnishes some valuable information to the readers.

* *

A person with a flat nose, receding forehead or probably a knot on the side of his head has never impressed us as anything unusual until we read carefully *The Phrenological Journal*, published by Messrs. Fowler, Wells & Co., of New York. The *Journal* is a first-class Magazine, and the November issue contains some excellent articles, among which we notice the following:—The writer of the production, “an American Botany Bay,” reviews the present mode of punishment for criminals,

and after objecting to them all, concludes with a suggestion of transporting all criminals to Alaska. As a matter of course perfection is never attained in any human undertaking. So we cannot expect such a result in our system of punishment. When the pillory was common among most of the States, the great cry was, that it was a shame to public decency. The penitentiary was substituted in its stead, and now many sympathetic (!) writers grow eloquent in their abuse of this system, because the convicts have to work a little harder than the average tramp. Yes, we agree with the author of "An American Botany Bay," that the present system is defective, and with him we favor transportation, but not to Alaska—let us transport graver offences to a territory of higher temperature, and let the convict of petty offences receive reward at the whipping post.

* *

The Southern Bivouac for October contains some excellent articles. Among them we noticed "Antebellum Charleston." "The Beginning of the Klu Klux Klan." "The Pocahontas of the South," with several other articles that are exceedingly interesting.

No one who has any interest in the part played by the South in the history of the late war between the States should fail to read it. It is both a literary and historical maga-

zine, published monthly by B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky. Price \$2 per annum.

* *

The November number of *Electra* is quite up to the standard, and it is a Magazine that will always be of special interest to students.

The range of subjects discussed is wide and liberal, while its list of contributors is as notable as those of many of its contemporaries. Special rates made to schools and colleges. Address Annie E. Wilson & Issabella M. Layburn, Louisville, Ky.

* *

Cannon Farrar opens the November issue of the *Brooklyn Magazine* with a decidedly notable and eloquent paper on the question "Should America have a West-Minster Abbey?" In no previous production from the pen of this gifted and distinguished English preacher has his love for and admiration of America, our institutions and great men ever been so eloquently made manifest as in this paper.

A commendable taste and wisdom has been shown by the Magazine in procuring the services of such men. By a praiseworthy display of enterprise and literary excellence, it has achieved a deserved success in a short time, and of which its conductors should feel proud.

* *

The *Library Magazine* for November fully carries out its promise to

furnish a repertory of the best periodical writing of the current month or two. This number contains about half a score of the most carefully conceived and best written papers in the English Reviews. Among them there is a thoughtful essay by Bishop of Carlisle entitled "Thoughts about life," being really a review of Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Biology*. The article on the "New Star in the Andromeda Nebula," by Richard A. Proctor, is worth more than the space it occupies, and might be of special interest

to some of the students of the "Island universe?"

Shakesperiana for October contains the following articles: "Councils and Comedians," Hamlet and Montague;" "Annals of the Career of John Day," and "Shakespeare Societies in America. Their methods and their work."

In addition to these articles there are a great many notes and queries and some miscellaneous matter. This Magazine is one of the best of its kind, and is indispensable to the student of Shakespeare.



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No. 3

THE TRANSLATION.

"He was not, for God took him."

His thronging years marched to the gates of bliss in stately tread;
The garnered fruit of age upon the air a mellow sweetness shed;
Even as in Eastern shrines, within the alabaster vase,
Soft shines the perfumed lamp, his heaven-fraught heart glowed through his face.
But on one day he was not in the market-place,
Where oft, in thunder-tones, his warning voice rang clear
Of love of God and coming doom: nor in the dear
And happy home could he who was its joy be found.
A dreadful blank was in the world; no sound
From heaven gave sign. Where is he? cried the wondering child.
O, where is he? the mother prayed in anguish wild.
The hoary sinner feared that silence of the world,
As if at last God's curse would surely now be hurled—
But all believed that he who walked in love
Of God and men must be with God above,
(For such a winged soul was no mere breath);
And faith and hope like his would break the spell of death.
"God took him! He was speeding through the pathless air,
And whirled aloft by viewless power in angels' care,
With breathless ecstasy he rode upon the wind,
And left the dwindling world, a speck, behind.
He urged his flight past star and sun,
Past myriad orbs whose rays have just begun
To touch our earth. A blissful trance shut all the gates of sense,
And oped the secret soul to heavenly influence.
And as a drowning man, whose thoughts come thick and fast,
Within the ebbing seconds ere he dies, will crowd his past;
As in a supreme night of joy or woe,
The tides of being over life's low levels flow

And what we have been is no more : we rise and go,
 Transformed, to see diviner splendors in the sky,
 Or else, our hearts being dead, to find that all things die;
 So in that upward rush, the powers of endless life,
 With which, e'en here, his soul was charged and rife,
 Bore sudden fruit, and he awoke from trance to find
 The serpent slough of sin cast quite behind,
 And in the flush of that one spiritual hour,
 Full ripened grace burst into glory's flower.

University of N. C.

H.

HORACE, JUVENAL AND SWIFT.

A COMPARISON OF THEIR SATIRES.

Satire is the tongue's most powerful weapon. Its purpose is to reform morals by denouncing vice. It ridicules and destroys. So far as it merely pulls down all preexisting ideals of good, it is an evil; but when it points out a nobler course, gives us a higher ideal and raises our hopes and our desires, it becomes a blessing. Satire is of two kinds. In one the writer looks on vice with a contemptuous smile, furnishes amusement for the reader, shoots folly as it flies, and his purpose is accomplished. The other is stern and unrelenting. Its purpose is thorough and complete reform. The writer pours down on the heads of his victims an overwhelming and irresistible storm of abuse. There is no palliation of vice and crime. With a sneer

they are held up to contempt and ridicule in all their hideous deformity.

Horace is an Epicurean. Life is a comedy. He is a jolly, good-natured fellow, takes life easy, enjoys himself and wishes others to be like him. He gives you a sharp rebuke, and apologizes for it. He writes you a sermon on temperance, and drinks like a toper. Life is a passing dream, his object is pleasure, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," is his motto. Juvenal is of the strictest sect of the Stoics. Life is a stern reality—a tragedy in the truest sense. His charges are vigorous and to the point. He means what he says. He sometimes tries to laugh; but it is rather a sneer. He is too mad, too much in earnest to smile. His object is reform. Swift is a misanthrope. The

world is entirely bad. There is nothing good. Man is worse than the brute with its delicate instincts and semi-reason. He wrote to gratify his own hatred of the human race.

Horace writes on the vices and follies of men. He is a philosopher, and makes use of his philosophy. He points others onward and upward in a course of virtue, but cannot lead the way. "Begin to be virtuous," he pleads; "an act is half done when well begun. Dare to be wise. He who puts off the hour for living well is like the rustic waiting by the river side until the water flows by; but it flows on, and will flow on forever." He laughs at himself as well as at others. "Am I free when I am ruled by my own evil passions?" He alone is free who rules himself. "Is he good who does right from fear of punishment?" Love of right must inspire hatred of sin. This is said with a smile and a bow. You admire the man and the artist more than the moralizer.

Juvenal writes on the wickedness of Rome and the vanity of human wishes. The vices of Nero and Domitian are depicted with a fearless pen. "What fools these mortals be," he ejaculates. Hear him preach: "You pray for wealth; poison is never drunk from earthen ware. The garret is never invaded by a soldier. The

poor man laughs in the robber's face. Democritus wept over the follies of men; what would he have done had he seen a Roman triumph? Sejanus was the second man in the empire. He fell, and from his statues are made pots, kettles and pans. Had the goddess of Fortune smiled more propitiously on him, the populace would have hailed him as Cæsar. They now care only for bread and the circus. You pray for the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes. Had Cicero written only bad poetry, he might have despised the sword of Anthony. It was a bad day for Demosthenes when his father took him from the forge and sent him to school. Many thirst for military fame. Weigh Hannibal. He leaps over the Pyrenees and rushes through the Alps—to please school-boys and 'be a theme for Freshman orators.' The world is too narrow for the young man from Pella. Six feet of earth will satisfy him when he enters Babylon. Death alone shows how small are the little bodies of men. Give long life, oh Jupiter, is the universal cry. And why? To be blind and deaf, toothless and helpless, childish and childless, to experience the sorrows of Priam and Hecuba, of Cræsus and Marius. Kind Campania gave Pompey the fever, which he ought to have desired. The state prayed for his recovery,

and his head was cut off in Egypt. The mother asks beauty for her child—that she may suffer as Virginia and Lucretia. Beauty and chastity seldom dwell together.” Then he sums up the whole matter in a few words: “Let the gods decide what is best for us. Man is dearer to them than to himself. Pray for a sound mind in a sound body, a spirit brave and free from the terror of death, one that reckons life’s end among the blessings of nature, that can bear toil and prefers hardships to pleasures. Thou hast no divinity, O Fortune, if we be wise; we make thee a goddess and put thee in the skies.”

Swift writes against the human race. A hatred of the detestable Yahoo can be seen in all his works. There is no grace nor comeliness, virtue nor honor in man. All is black with vice and crime. His reason is used only to increase his vices or minister to his appetites. From him the brute is evolved—Darwinism is reversed. The highest honors are the rewards of bribery and corruption. Wars are waged for mere differences in opinion, for lust and ambition. Every occupation of life is satirized. Not even his own family escapes his malignant attacks.

Horace satirizes types, is too polite to take individuals, is fond of making little allusions to himself, and his biography might be written from his poems. He has

broad human sympathies and vigorous common sense. His satires are as true to-day as when first written. His manner is superior to the matter. His language is marked by current coins of thought, well rounded expressions and flowing periods. He is the rhetorician and the artist.

Juvenal satirizes types in the individual. He is a reformer and a missionary; a deep, passionate preacher. He foams at the mouth and declaims against the vices of Rome. He never mentions himself, and rarely smiles. He has not the elegance and refinements of Horace. His language is abrupt, terse, and pointed—more forcible than elegant—his logic more weighty than pleasant. He is too mad to think of his style, he plunges in *medias res* and bursts out with an irresistible torrent of invective and abuse, overwhelming every form of depravity and vice.

Swift is a combination of the other two. He has some of the elegance and polish of Horace, the bluntness and logic of Juvenal. He has satirized types and individuals too. He has a clear head, a cold heart, no admiration of noble qualities, a ready wit, a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a great command of language. He looks at you with a microscope, then with a telescope, and finally sets up an

old gray horse as your critic. He is mild and polite. He now tickles your fancy, and the next moment overwhelms you with ridicule and contempt.

Horace was successful in his object. The strain of bitterness is relieved by little gleams of human nature here and there. His philosophy is practical. Juvenal writes for reform; his success is small.

Philosophy moderates the bitterness of his satire. Swift has no philosophy. He was eminently successful in his object. There is nothing to mollify the intensity of his satire; it is all bitterness and hatred. All affected with Yahooism must keep out of the sight of this king among satirists.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

The ancient Germans were the forefathers of those nations whom we call Teutonic, the last great wave of the Aryan race, the race of progress, which has overrun Western Europe. Germany and England belong to the Teutonic race. The elements of our own civilization are Teutonic. From ancient Germany came the swarms of barbarians which occasionally overwhelmed Southern Europe. From these inroads, but more from the wars which were carried on against them, they became subjects of great interest to the Romans. With a view to satisfying this interest Tacitus wrote the "Germania," a work which discloses the Germans to us in their native country and original barbarism. Tacitus enjoyed peculiar advantages for the study of the Germans. His narrative is vivid

and apparently truthful, though sometimes tinged with bitterness and possible exaggeration when he contrasts the corruption of his own age and people with the primitive purity of the Germans. Many of the inconsistencies noticeable in his account, however, arise unavoidably from his taking in at one glance so many tribes differing in institutions and degrees of civilization.

Ancient Germany stretched from the Arctic and the Baltic to the Rhine and the Danube; on the east its boundaries were marked by the fears of the neighboring people. The region thus laid off was bleak and untilled. Boundless forests and extensive swamps covered it. This inhospitable country nourished a vigorous and hardy people—giants in the eyes of the degenerate Romans. Their unity

of race was marked by their common speech and by the physical characteristics which prevailed in all; fierce blue eyes, red hair, and huge tough bodies, proof against the rigors of their climate.

In the interior of Germany the skin of some wild animal served to protect the rude inhabitants; on the banks of the Rhine they were already learning the use of cloaks. The women were distinguished by a garment of linen. Their houses were constructed of rough timber, without regard to beauty. Agriculture among them was of the simplest description. A little wheat was the only crop required of the soil; nor did they endeavor to overcome by art the natural deficiencies of their country. Their chief riches consisted in herds of small cattle. The use of gold and silver, without which there can be no extended commerce, was wholly unknown among them, except where it had been introduced by the Romans. Iron, the foundation of the arts and manufactures, was very scarce, so that there was hardly enough for what was to them its noblest use, the making of weapons for their incessant wars.

War was the principle employment and chief glory of the Germans. Bravery was the most exalted virtue; want of courage the vilest crime. 'Twas sluggish in their eyes to acquire by honest

sweat what one might gain by bloodshed. The coward met with sure and ignominious death. Even in the assemblies the freemen sat down armed. To leave the shield on the field of battle was a mark of the greatest infamy, and those so disgraced often put a voluntary end to their miseries by the rope. On the other hand, glory in war opened the way to the leadership and gave them ready hearing in the assembly. When there were no wars at home the noble youths often sought glory among distant nations. Like the North American Indians, the warrior left the cares of the household and the field to the women, the old and the infirm. To while away the dull seasons of peace they resorted to deep drinking and business-like gambling, often staking their own liberty on the final throw of the dice. This vice, however, served to bring into bold relief a noble quality—that of truthfulness. The defeated one did not murmur at the decree of fortune, but to redeem his rashly plighted word, yielded himself to voluntary slavery. Hospitality was with them, as with all savages, a crowning virtue. Like all savages, too, they were very superstitious. The neighing of a horse decided the event of wars; a change of the moon the fate of nations.

Their fidelity to the marriage vows and their respect for women,

marked a noble characteristic of the people, placing them in their rude state far above the licentious Romans. The chiefs alone were allowed more wives than one, and they only for the alliances which they thus cemented. The women were the companions of their husbands, and shared with them every hardship and toil. Praise from their lips was the sweetest prize; on their account was danger most feared. They were believed to possess a sacred influence and divine foresight; their counsels were sought and their advice obeyed. There was no surveillance over the women; they lived guarded by modesty alone. No allurements were held out to vice; it was not called the way of the world to seduce and be seduced.

Wandering at pleasure over boundless forests, making war at will, love of liberty was with them a ruling passion. Not even by the leader could a freeman be punished; this was permitted to the priest alone, as the direct minister of God. In rights all the freemen were equals; each had his own home, each had a place in the assembly of the tribe. To them the land was allotted yearly in divisions suited to the dignity of each, while a large tract remained over as a common pasture. Besides freemen, there were among them nobles, freedmen and *servi*. Tacitus, in several places, men-

tions the nobility, but it is difficult to ascertain its exact position and privileges. It seems to have been hereditary, and to give the possessor certain advantages, as the right of speaking in the assembly; beyond this, nothing can be gathered. The freedmen were looked down on with contempt, and were without influence in home or state. The *servi* approached the condition of serfs. They were bound to the soil, and their only service consisted in paying a certain amount of cattle and clothing.

The tribal organization consisted of an assembly of the people, which discussed wars and alliances and administered justice; and in chiefs, leaders, priests, and, in some states, kings. The chiefs were elected in the assemblies of the freemen. They were supported by corn or cattle from the state. Their duty consisted in administering the laws throughout the tribes, and in adjusting difficulties. To assist in this each one was attended by a hundred followers to counsel him and enforce his decisions. They claimed a hearing in the assembly, and discussed beforehand the measures which were submitted to it. They also assisted at the taking of auspices. Their privileges consisted in a superior dignity and the right to maintain the following (*comitatus*). This *comitatus*

consisted of a band of warriors, often of noble birth, who attached themselves to the chief and fought for him, while he in return was expected to furnish them with equipments and maintenance. The leaders were chosen for the sake of their military reputation, and ruled rather by example than authority. To the priests was given the punishment of the warriors. They carried to the field of battle the symbols taken from the sacred groves, attended to the taking of auspices, and announced silence in the assembly. Kingly rule seems rather to have been the exception. The king was chosen from the nobility. It was a position of dignity rather than power.

The army was composed of cavalry and infantry, though the chief strength lay in the infantry, which consisted in one hundred warriors from each canton or *pagus*. The company consisted not of a chance gathering of the people, but families and kinsmen fought together, so that the trust of the soldiers, the shame of the deserters, was increased.

The tribes were divided into *pagi* and communities, or *vici*. The *pagi* seem to have been divisions of the people, each furnishing its quota of the troops. The communities consisted of rudely built houses, each surrounded by a considerable space,

as Tacitus supposes, as a protection against fire; more probably it was the freeman's homestead.

The simple religion of the Germans was in marked contrast to the complex systems of Greece and Rome. "They worshipped," said Tacitus, "that secret influence seen by the eye of reverence alone." It was inconsistent in their eyes with the dignity of divine beings to represent them by images. Themselves the impersonation of freedom, it seemed to them impious to confine the deity within walls.

These are some of the most striking points, in the characters and institutions of the Germans, as related by Tacitus. The lessons that we can draw from them are many and interesting. They picture our forefathers in their original state. They show how little they were then advanced beyond savages in the arts of life. Their virtues and vices are in many instances the virtues and vices of savages. We see the institutions, common to all Aryan people, of the king with limited power, the council of chiefs discussing the measures to be put to the general assembly of the freemen. Here is the basis of the Feudal system in the chief and *comitatus* bound to one another by mutual benefits and services, and in the freeman cultivating his land by serfs. Here, we find, are

the germs of the mark system in the village communities surrounded by their homesteads, and the common territory portioned out among the freemen.

But, further, we trace in this sketch qualities and powers that must place this race at the head of men. It is like looking at the first rough outlines of a master painting, destined on its completion to be a wonder to the world. We wonder at the courage and fidelity of the Germans. We admire, even in this rough state, the same reverence for woman, which afterwards forms the one bright feature in the universal darkness of the middle ages, and which raised her from a slave of passion to be the equal companion and gentle soother of man's rougher

nature. At that time, as throughout all the subsequent ages, the Teutons were guided by the idealism and reverence which culminated in the protestant reformation. But our greatest debt to these barbarians is liberty—liberty in a far wider sense than it was before known to the world. The Greek and the Roman belonged to the state; they were citizens. The German was an individual; he was his own master; he was responsible to no one; he punished his own wrongs; he thought, he acted as he willed. Thus it is to him that we owe one of the most precious privileges of our modern life, freedom of thought and action.

LUCIUS P. MCGEHEE.

LET OUR INDUSTRIES BE ENCOURAGED.

Prominent among the events of history are the rise and fall of nations. For ages past man's greatest effort has been to devise a form of government that would stand the tests of time.

When it has seemed that his labors would be crowned with success, when heaven has bestowed her richest blessings upon her people, when peace and happiness spread abroad over his land, and the future gleamed before him

with brightest prospects, it has appeared, after all, that destiny opened a secret way for the destroyer. Man's fondest hopes have faded. Man's prided plans of government have fallen.

Such failures have indeed been fatal, but from them mankind has learned important lessons. Experience has taught that rules and regulations are mere instruments of man's power; that national prosperity does not depend upon

land alone, but, that a people's industries enter as an important factor in preserving their welfare. When all interest in these is lost, when the intelligent citizens of a country willingly refuse to recognize the importance of honest labor, and scorn to be numbered among the sons of toil; when every class deserts the industries of their land to seek some petty prominence in public affairs; the prosperity of that people has reached its culmination, and ruin awaits with eager eyes the rapid approach of a doomed victim.

The nations of the old world have contributed their sad experience as terrible warnings to other lands. Greece could once boast of her rapid progress. Patriotism once filled the hearts of her people. But, in the midst of her prosperity, the eagerness for power seized upon her population. Her fertile fields and fruitful vineyards were forsaken. Labor lost all honor. Slave and master, poet and painter, sculptor and scholar, desecrating their occupations, joined in the race for political prominence, and Greece fell by the hands of her own countrymen.

The power of Rome was once felt throughout the known world. Her people struggled faithfully for her welfare. All of her industries were encouraged. High honor was shown to her labor. Then it was that the sun of

Rome's prosperity shone with unequaled brightness; then, too, Romans had just cause for being proud of their land. But here, when success was crowning their efforts, the desire to rule entered every rank. The minds of the people were turned toward the affairs of government. Labor lost its importance. Roman industries sunk into insignificance. Contentions arose in every quarter. And the fate of that nation is now sealed in the tomb of her former glory.

Within the past century America has reared a new nation into magnificent proportions. History can show no parallel to our beloved country in its rapid progress and essential excellence. Civilization has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection. No land has ever possessed richer or more abundant resources. No people has ever enjoyed such blessings of liberty. Patriotism never prompted a people to greater deeds of heroism. Nature never favored a land with greater opulence. And shall not this continue? Shall all that causes Americans' hearts to burn with national pride fade away and be forgotten? The shadows are falling fast; the gloom is surely gathering. Our labor is losing its importance. Our industries are being sadly neglected.

The North is being filled with

the oppressed from every land. They appeal to the sympathies of our people in behalf of their starving wives and children. They flock to our shores in search of work and are welcomed to every advantage that our land can afford. But unfortunately for America's welfare, they come totally ignorant of all her industries. They have entered the service of the railroads, workshops, factories, mines and quarries of the North; in fact, they are represented in every industry that America can offer. And what is the result? Here may be seen the fatal effects of inexperience. The prospects of the North are being blighted in every department of business. Railroad companies are becoming insolvent, factories are being closed, mining suspended, and trade now trembles under the general incubus. Ask the intelligent business men of that section the causes of their failure. Their answers have already been heard. Their railroad interests demand experience, their factories demand experience, their mining demands experience, all their industries demand experience, and this their laborers have not acquired.

But where are those to be found who, by their incompetency, have wrecked the interests of our land? Are they endeavoring to prepare themselves for better service? Are they seeking to fulfil

the requirements of American industries? Are they striving to advance the prosperity of their adopted houses? Or, fired by political aspirations, are they not struggling for special prominence in our public affairs? Listen to the clamor resounding throughout the North for your answer. Hear there the clashing conflict of labor and capital, and behold the thousands that annually desert their occupations to join in political ranks.

But the neglect of American industries is by no means confined to the North. The South, too, feels the great need of industrial improvement. The disposition of her people, her pleasant climate, her vast resources of wealth, command the admiration of the civilized world. The fertility of her soil is unsurpassed. She is most abundantly supplied with valuable minerals. Her forests are extensive and unequalled in value. We are indeed rich, blessed with every advantage that a people can possess. But do we properly appreciate our advantages? Have Southern sons been awakened to their own interests? Have they been taught to appreciate the importance of honest labor? Have our industries received the attention which they justly demand?

Here, where nature has so generously scattered her more valuable gifts in profusion, where the

earth yields more abundantly, what would not labor, energy and enterprise accomplish, if properly directed? The peaceful labor of experienced, industrious and enterprising millions applied wisely and faithfully to the development of our home resources, with the view of making them most available, is our only true dependence, our only hope of success.

Our mines are not sufficiently worked, our forests still wave in useless luxuriance, our fertile fields are not thoroughly tilled, all of our industries are far less productive than they should be. And where are those upon whom our prosperity must depend? Too many of our Southern sons are devoting their lives to unproductive occupations. Our schools and colleges furnish annually an enormous supply of professional politicians. The minds of our people are being absorbed in public affairs. The prosperity of our country demands a change, our national safety demands a change, and who is there to respond to the call?

Our "Rip Van Winkle of the Union," refreshed by his quiet sleep, has, at last, arisen, and steps forth upon the scene of action, filled with renewed energy. North Carolina has resolved that new interest shall be infused into her industries. No longer shall our sons complain of inexperience. No longer shall the time and talents of so many of them be wasted away in political struggles. The "Old North State" has touched the keynote of a nation's success.

Let North and South, let every section of our country follow in her footsteps. Let Americans all quell the rising storm of political discord, beat down that demon of unutterable despair, arm our laborers with experience, train the muscle and the mind, place our industries upon an independent plane, and over a land of peace and plenty, liberty and love, progress and prosperity, our country's flag shall forever float—the symbol of genuine progress and national triumph.

W. S. DUNSTON.

SOUTHERN CHARACTERISTICS.

BY J. F. WEST.

The patriotism of one of America's greatest statesmen has been crystalized into that electric sentence: "Liberty and Union now and forever one and inseparable." Though we are not natives of Massachusetts, yet to-day each heart-beat echoes in unison with the words of her most eloquent son. Notwithstanding the late civil strife, we are still true to the stars and stripes. And no people in all this broad land can rightfully charge us with a want of patriotism, or of fidelity to the American Union. We believe that *sectionalism* in its tyrannical type is buried with the tragic past, and above its mouldering form has been erected a monument to American liberty more lasting than marble. But *sectional pride* still lives. Yet, in speaking of Southern goodness and greatness, we would not pluck one laurel from the wreath that graces the brow of the North. All honor to that section of this Union, whose Franklin first caught the fiery steeds of the skies, and whose Morse made them subservient to the will of man; whose Edison gave wings to the human voice, and whose Hamilton laid the corner-stone of our National

Banking System. Yes, we are Americans all, but we were Southerners before we were Americans.

The character of a people is affected in no small degree by the influences by which they are surrounded, and hence by the occupation they follow. The people of the South have been, and are still to a great extent, an agricultural people. We have but few crowded cities, with their horrifying contrasts of pale poverty and pompous wealth. Our middle class is large, and the simple every-day blessings are enjoyed by nearly every citizen. The original occupation of man—the cultivation of the soil—seems to be most consistent with the formation of pure, strong, noble, independent character. Born and reared principally in the rural districts, as free as the air they breathe, the people of the South seem to imbibe a spirit of independence and individuality which follows them through life.

History shows that the greater number of men who have left their impress upon the world were men who were reared in rural purity and simplicity, freedom and happiness. As a result of these facts, we are to-day secure from

many of the besetting sins of the North. We should feel grateful that we are removed as far in fact as in space from its "isms" and "schisms." We know but little about the socialists, the communists, and the dynamiters. And we pray that we may ever remain free from that fiendish class, the dynamiters; and that their only advocate in the Congress of this nation may soon be consigned to the shades of political oblivion.

Reared under these beneficent influences, the South may be said to be a race of rulers. For seventy long years, though in the minority, she guided the destiny of the American Republic. This was done despite the boasted wealth and intelligence of the North. What other people in all the past has run such a race of goodness and greatness? During these seventy years no nation of the earth surpassed the United States in the enjoyment of liberty, prosperity and happiness. Who but a people of marked characteristics could have achieved such feats? What integrity, what firmness, what ability to govern does this reign imply!

History proclaims to the world that the South has been outstripped by no people in the production of great men. Doubt you, my hearers? go enquire of the silent tomb at Mount Vernon; go read the history of this Republic

in the days of its childhood. 'Go ask who made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, though less pecuniarily interested than their New England brethren'; 'go ask whose Madison drew up the Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charter of America'; 'go ask whose Henry condensed the Revolution into that electric sentence—'Liberty, or Death'; 'go ask whose Jefferson wrote the Constitution and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder'; 'go ask whose Henry Lee moved that the Colonies be Free and Independent States'; go ask what people made the *first* Declaration of Independence; and whose Calhoun and Clay hurled their shafts of eloquence in defense of that great principle which though dead yet lives. For the day we ignore utterly the rights belonging to the States will be a sad day for the American Republic.

Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the Southern people is their devotion to their native land. The bosom of every true son of the South, be he great or small, rich or poor, burns with purest patriotism. History affords no better illustration of this than the life of the peerless Lee. When, after much discussion and hesitation, Virginia's Convention declared that she should cast her lot with the Gulf States and fight the

American Union, Gen. Lee was serving in the United States Army under Gen. Scott, Commander-in-Chief. His pure character and ability to command had already won for him the warmest affections of Gen. Scott. And he would have recommended the young warrior for the highest position in the service. But feeling that he must tread the path of duty, though it bristle with bayonets, Lee turned his back upon all these honors, resigned the position he held, and came to his native State. In his letter of resignation he says, "Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword." His attachment to the flag for which he had fought so bravely upon the hills of Mexico was strong. But his love for his native State was still stronger. By birth a Virginian, he determined, if need be, to die in her defense. Some writer has said that if the South Carolinians were to become satisfied that the New Jerusalem were outside of their State, they would not wish to go there. While this statement is false, yet it suggests an honorable truth. For we believe that if there be one State in all the South more loved than another, by its own people, that State is South Carolina. And never will her sons grow indifferent to her interests so long as the memory of Calhoun remains embalmed in their hearts.

Nor have the people of the whole South any less cause to love their land. It is, indeed, as all the world acknowledges it to be, a great and goodly land. Its people have made it great in its productions, great in its political history, great in war, and great in peace. In its bosom sleep the ashes of soldiers as brave as ever followed Cæsar to victory; orators whose eloquence was never surpassed; military leaders, the peers of Marlboro, Wellington or Napoleon.

The South has ever shown two characteristics which may be regarded as indicative of the true Anglo-Saxon—respect for authority and resistance to its abuse. Her people were ever loyal to the General Government until they became convinced that they were oppressed by it—that they were being deprived of Constitutional rights. Then they seceded. We will not stop here to discuss the rights of secession. But we do affirm that their unprecedented courage and undying tenacity proves to the world that they were fighting for what they believed to be right. Convinced that either home and liberty, or their life was to be destroyed, they preferred to "die upon the field of glory." For four long and gloomy years they fought a trained army of three times their number and often hurled them back in defeat. Hope gone, homes

desolated and hearts rended, they were overpowered and compelled to surrender. - They were *never conquered*. As few people are, they were great even in the hour of defeat. Money, property and friends swept away by the flood-tide of war, they began at once to restore their former prosperity, and submitted to the insults and injuries of a victorious foe with even God-like heroism. The carpet bag rule and negro governments which they endured were sufficient to try men's souls. And the fortitude which they displayed in these hours of adversity has no parallel in the annals of history.

Defeated in what they believed

to be right, the South again declared her allegiance to the Union. For several years, as Mr. Watter-son expresses it, she had no seat in Congress. For twenty years she occupied a back seat and held but few of the offices of this great nation. Her voice was hushed by the hand of oppression. But during these twenty years of misrepresentation and almost obscurity the buoyant, brave men of the South were sowing the seed of perennial hope; and after so long a seed time the 4th of November last brought the "rich harvest of a rapturous triumph." Thank God, the Union lives and the South is free!

MISS MARY RUFFIN SMITH; BEQUEST.

The above named lady lately died near Chapel Hill, leaving a handsome bequest to the University, viz: 1440 acres of good land in Chatham county. The tract is well known as the "Jones Grove" tract, situate eight miles from Chapel Hill, on the Pittsboro road, originally 1740 acres, 300 being devised to three of the former slaves of the testator. The Trustees of the University can hold the land or sell and reinvest the proceeds. The income only is to be used for the education at the University of

such students as may be nominated by the Faculty. The land is out on lease during the present year and the rents will be available next Fall. The Trustees will probably determine at an early day whether to hold the land or sell and reinvest.

It is interesting that Tignal Jones, the great grandfather of Miss Smith, in 1792, offered 500 acres of this land for the site of the University, but the more liberal combined offer of the owners of the Chapel Hill lands, amounting to nearly 900 acres in one

body, and 400 in another, was preferred.

It is supposed that this tract would bring, if put on the market, some \$16,000 or \$18,000. There is a large amount of valuable timber on it, and it is advised by some wise men of the neighborhood to have this converted into lumber before selling the land. They believe that \$8,000 or \$10,000 more would be realized by this course.

The land was bequeathed by Francis Jones, a Revolutionary hero, who died in Hillsboro about 45 years ago, to his grandson, Francis Jones Smith, M. D. Dr. Smith died a few years ago, unmarried, leaving no will, and Miss Smith, being his only heir at law, inherited the estate. She directs that the fund shall be known as the "Francis Jones Smith Bequest." She was a woman of rare intellectual ability, remarkably well cultivated, of uncommon piety and benevolence. She had no near kin and being of singularly independent judgment, concluded of her own head, after dividing 425 acres of land and about \$2,000 in money, among five of her former slaves, to bestow the residue to charity.

We have explained the nature of her benefaction to the University—to education. The residue of her property, with the exception named above, she bequeathed

to the Episcopal Church of North Carolina, that is, to the Western Diocese, under Bishop Lyman, which is called the Diocese of North Carolina, that part under Bishop Watson being called the Diocese of Eastern Carolina. She gives no specific directions as to what shall be done with this part, leaving the whole matter of its management and disposition to the Convention of the Diocese. This property consists of New Home, or Price's Creek tract, which after cutting off 125 acres, embraces 1275 acres, one of the best plantations of its size in the State, worth nearly \$20,000. The Episcopal Church is made residuary legatee, and from the residuum will probably be realized enough to make the bequest about \$25,000. We get these points from President Battle, who is the executor of the will.

When we think of the good, which in all human probability will be done by these benefactions, generations after generations made wiser and better and stronger by their aid, we realize the power for good or evil possessed by those to whom God has given "talents," whether tangible or intangible gifts. This reserved, modest, quiet, Christian woman has devised and inaugurated charities which will confer blessings for centuries. And although unostentatious and shrinking

from the public gaze she has erected for herself a monument which will cause her name to live among men long after costly mausoleum will have disintegrated into sand, and high sounding epitaphs will have become

undecipherable. We are forcibly reminded of another Mary, of whom the Savior of mankind said: "Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HORACE.

As a poet Horace enjoyed a happiness of expression and a kindly sympathy with every phase of nature which alone would have given to his writings a universal interest. But in these expressions he has set the gems of a philosophy as lasting as beautiful. At the time in which Horace wrote, the Stoic and Epicurean were the philosophies which influenced the minds of men. The Stoic pertained to mental, the Epicurean to physical pleasures. And each indulged in its peculiar pursuit of happiness to the sacrifice of the other's principle of happiness. They were two extremes; one preyed on the mind, the other on the body.

Horace's philosophy is a combination of the mild indulgences of both of the old philosophies. It was a happy mean between two extremes. It pertained to both physical and mental pleasures.

The chief elements of his philosophy were moderation and contentment. Perhaps Horace's belief in Fatalism was the origin of the element of contentment in his philosophy. There is little doubt that this is what prompts him to warn men not to care so much for the future. "Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et cum, foro dierum cumque dabit lucro appone," he says. His teaching was to enjoy the present, make the best of what you have, and *Permitte divis cetera.*"

Such a belief as this would naturally suggest to the mind that contentment was much more in harmony with it than a restless nature would be. Hence contentment is a great element of his philosophy. Be satisfied with what you have, do whatever contributes to your pleasure, but do not sacrifice physical to mental pleasures, is the main of his philosophy.

Knowing the difficulty of being content, he places next to it moderation. "*Acquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem, non secus in bonis,*" he enjoins upon us. By a blending of these two, his philosophy glows in a very agreeable and acceptable light. The beauty and force of his expression adds agreeableness and consequence to his philosophy. "*Carpe diem,*" he says in his characteristic felicity of conciseness.

Not selfish contentment alone would he have you possess, but also cheerfulness, that you may be a pleasure to others. "*Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est oderit curare et amora luto temperet rim.*"

The practicality of Horace's

philosophy and its near relation to the characters of men have made for it a deserved perpetuity. Almost humorously, yet how truthfully, he attacks the rash desires of men: "*Rebus augustis animosus atque fortis appare, sapienter idem contrahes vento minimum secundo turgida vela.*" It is an antidote for the poisons of avarice and desire which corrupt men, and it comes in pleasing potions: "*Desiderantum quod satis est neque tumultuosum sollicitat mare.*"

His sympathetic and common-sense philosophy, told in words of everlasting life, claim for Horace as a poet and philosopher all the fame that has been bestowed upon him.

J. C. JOHNSON.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE Y. M. C. A.—During the past session the work in the Y. M. C. A. was very satisfactory. The members took more interest in it, and performed their duties more faithfully. Religious questions were more freely discussed, and it has become the rule rather than the exception for some one to make remarks. The result was that more good was done. All of those converted at the revival last fall attended it regularly. The membership is about thirty-five. They have ceased to receive associate members, as they are found to do more harm than good. The average attendance is very large.

The officers are elected twice a year. For the last session they were: N. H. D. Wilson, Jr., President; Jos. A. Morris, Vice-President; S. B. Weeks, Cor. Secretary; St. Clair Hester, Rec. Sec. (and after his departure J. L. Foster served); Hayne Davis, Treasurer.

For the present session they are: N. H. D. Wilson, President; Jos. A. Morris, Vice-President; D. T. Wilson, Cor. Sec.; Geo. S. Wills, Rec. Sec.; Hayne Davis, Treasurer.

A few things are still wanting, and they should be supplied by all means. The faculty recognize the association as a part of the

University, and put it down in the catalogue as such. Since this is so, they ought to fit up the hall more comfortably. A new carpet is very much needed; so are benches, lamps, and a stove. The room is now very uncomfortable in cold weather. Something was done toward fitting it up last summer, but the good work was stopped too soon. The members cannot do this even if they felt it to be their duty. Let the faculty make these improvements, and they will be as bread cast upon the waters, and will return before many days.

* *

THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—Some of the students noting and deploring the fact that much whiskey is drunk by a certain class of students, and wishing to use their influence against it, have organized a temperance association. They expect to do the most of their work among the new students, and prevent them from taking the first glass. They meet the first Thursday night in each month in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The pledge is to abstain from all wine, beer, whiskey, or other intoxicating liquors during the session. It does not hold during the holidays. The penalty for

breaking the pledge is unqualified expulsion. It now has fifty-five members, and seems to be in a growing condition.

The officers are elected twice a year, and the first ones were as follows: S. B. Weeks, President; J. W. Alexander, Vice-President; C. F. Smith, Secretary. For the second term the same were elected, except that D. T. Wilson was made Vice-President.

* *

The tree of the class of '86 has been planted on the southeast corner of monument square. It is a fine young oak, and has received the special care of Prof. Holmes. The planting committee were Messrs. Wilson, Weeks and Battle.

* *

Herbert B. Battle, of the Experiment Station, Raleigh, was recently married to Miss Alice Wilson, of Morganton. They spent a few days on the Hill, and held a very elegant reception at Dr. Battle's. About the same time Miss Lizzie Manning, daughter of Hon. John Manning, was married to Mr. Weldon W. Huske, of Fayetteville, N. C.

* *

There was a very pleasant social given at Prof. Gore's the night before thanksgiving. The candy was fine, and pulled well. The company was large and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

Sore eyes and glasses have been all the rage for three months. Several students have been compelled to go home because unable to work.

* *

HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS.—The examinations came and finally went; but they dragged slowly by. The battle was long and severe. All fought, some fled, and many were the slain. But nothing lasts forever, not even examination days. The morning of Dec. 23rd dawned bright and clear, and the air was rent with the shouts of blithesome Freshmen, gay and festive Sophs, steady Juniors, and dignified Seniors, who were to bid the Hill farewell for a time and greet the loved ones at home. After the excitement of handshaking had passed, we settled down and thought how we were to enjoy ourselves. Those who went home perhaps did not envy those who were to remain. But never has there been such a quiet, enjoyable Christmas spent here. The weather was very fine, seeming more like spring than winter. There was no ice or sleet or snow, and just enough cold to make it pleasant. The turkeys were numerous and fat; the cakes and confectioneries plentiful and delicious; the presents fine and appropriate; the boys gallant and courteous, and the girls more lovely and charming than usual. Much

of the time was spent in feasting and mirth. The first thing on the programme was a bonfire in Battle Park, gotten up under the supervision of our President. Then the boys not caring to be left behind, got up one of their own. Brush wood, small trees, kerosene barrels and dry boxes were piled high on the base-ball ground, saturated with oil and ignited. While the flames were at their highest, the fire-works began to be seen, and the rockets and Roman-candles were very beautiful. Many ladies visited both, and pronounced them successes.

After the marriage, which was the great event, there was a sociable at Prof. Manning's, a "storm" party, as it was called. The number of visitors was not too large for comfort, and the time was spent very pleasantly in chatting and playing games. Tete-a-tetes were by no means uncommon, and were perhaps sought after more than anything else. The old, old story was told over again, and was as sweet as when it first fell on the listening ears of Eve.

The Baptist Sunday-school gave an entertainment for the little ones. Short speeches were made by Mr. Edmund Alexander, Prof. Thos. Hume, and Prof. Gore. The hearts of the pupils were made glad by the candies, fruits, and toys lavished upon them, nor were the teachers entirely for-

gotten. The church was well filled with visitors, and they were satisfied with seeing the children enjoy themselves.

The colored people thought they must be up and doing, so they had a parade of the "Good Samaritans" with a brass band accompaniment. At night they had a festival for church purposes.

To prevent monotony the programme was varied, and a masquerade party was held at Mrs. Thompson's on the last night of the old year. The ladies wore sheets enveloping the body, pillow-slips covering the face and tied in a knot on top of the head, and white stockings over their shoes. The gentlemen were dressed in the same grotesque fashion. It was impossible to tell the sex. Mistakes were numerous and amusing. We know of one young lady who knelt for half an hour at the feet of another striving to win the girl's heart by impersonating a certain gentleman. The second young lady was of course deceived, and won by the charming addresses of her would-be lover.

A mock-court also helped to banish dull care from our presence. Dr. Battle presided. Rice was sheriff; Dockery, clerk; Riddle, assisted by Edmund Alexander and W. Reece, appeared for the State; Weill and C. Johnston for the defendants. R. L. Cooper and G. B. Patterson were tried for

making various outrageous and hideous noises with a brass band on the night of Dec. 31. A plea of not guilty was entered. The witnesses were examined: Prof. Gore on the theory of music; Dr. Klutz, as a medical expert, on the effects of unusual noise on the human system; Prof. Atkinson on the effects of a serenade when a man is popping the question, on the removal of an opossum from the Zoological Garden of the University, and on the presentation of a certain bill for cooking the same. The lawyers then made their speeches. The defendants admitted that the prisoners were with the band, but claimed that their intentions were to please the ladies and not to make a disturbance. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The prisoners were sentenced to pay a fine of one penny and costs. All these young disciples of Themis did well, and the audience was pleased with their efforts.

The village was favored with quite a number of lady visitors also. Among them were Misses Grace Mangum and Sallie Lunsford visiting the Misses Mangum, Miss Annie Williams at Dr. Manning's, Miss Nina Jones at Mrs. Anderson's, Miss Nora Phillips at Dr. Phillips'. Miss Fannie Cunningham was also at home from Peace Institute, and was visited by Miss Hooker of Greene county.

These young ladies, with those who live here, form a company who, in beauty and intelligence, are hard to beat. Those who went home may well envy us instead of thinking they are envied.

But now the holidays are ended. The session has re-opened. Work is upon us, so with tenderness we bid these joyful times adieu, and enter with renewed hopes and efforts on the great battle of life.

* *

AN EXAMINATION PAPER.—The following is a copy of the examination on English language and literature, given to the Senior Class, Dec. 12, 1885. It represents both in quality and quantity the work done during the first three months of the session. It was finished by a majority of the class in four hours and will compare very favorably, we think, with other institutions.

(I) What particulars enter into the internal evidence for the date of plays? In what period is Love's Labor Lost? Apply metrical tests to it. How is the main purpose of the drama worked out? In what group is Mid-Summer Night's Dream? Why is Richard III in the Marlowe-Shakespeare group? Discuss the difficulty in applying the metrical tests to it. Where do Julius Cæsar and The Tempest belong? What descriptive name has The Tempest group and why?

(II) Henry 4, Part 2, A. 4, S. 3, V. 184. "God knows my son, &c." Explain this passage. Discuss the development of Prince Hal's character in H. 4, P. 2, and Henry 5, and give its principal traits. How are dramatic difficulties overcome in H. 5. Discuss the claim to the French crown in A. 1, Sc. 1, 42. Criticise the humor of the subordinate characters. What internal evidence of the date of this play?

(III) Compare Shakespeare's Richard 3rd with history, with Milton's conception of Satan. What was Richmond's relation to the succession to the crown? His moral relation to the action of the drama?

(IV) Give the sources of the plot of "As You Like It," and show Shakespeare's method of using them. Contrast Touchstone and Jacques. What view of human life given in this play? Explain italicised words below: A. 2, Sc. 6, V. 46. The *Needless* stream. Sc. 7, V. 110. Whistles in *his* sound. (History of form *his*. Compare King James Bible.) A. 3, S. 2, V. 289. *Right painted cloth*. A. 3, S. 3. *Feature? Honest?* A. 4, S. 1. *A humorous sadness. Censure? Modern?* Compare A. 2, S. 7, and give meaning of *modern instances*. Explain grammar in A. 3, S. 5, V. 93. *I were better.* Compare "*I had better.*" Scan A. 4, S. 3, V. 85.

Other examples of distributed accent. Criticise seeming errors or inconsistencies.

(V) Define the periods of Milton's career and the circumstances of the composition of *Paradise Lost*. What passages in B. 1, relate to his Italian experiences? In what does its epic character consist? Criticise lines 14-16, "That with no middle flight." Examples of imitation of other epics, of the use of mythology and Scripture, of simile, antithesis, oxymoron. Analyze certain examples of his method of impressing imagination. His theory of the origin of idolatry in B. 1? Describe the metre with Milton's reasons for using it. Scan V. 558 and explain. Criticise the 1st foot in vv. 21, 45, 372. Scan v. 66. Nature of the poetical effect in v. 177? Compare vv. 710-730 with the Roman Pantheon. Show by examples his peculiar use of classical derivatives.

(VI) What agencies determine the literature of a nation? Describe the earliest historic inhabitants of Britain and their relation to our race and language. Define the position of English in the Indo-European family. How does our language differ now from its earliest form? Characteristics of Saxon literature? What were the religious ideas and social customs of our ancestors?

THE GYMNASTIC CONTESTS.—

On Thanksgiving Day it was appointed that the gymnasium contest should take place in the new gymnasium building and out on the gymnasium grounds. The day was very unfavorable. The wind blew very hard and was extremely cold, so that fewer ladies were present than we hoped to see. This no doubt was a disappointment to some of the contestants, most of whom had rigged themselves in nicely fitting gymnastic suits.

In spite of disagreeable weather a large crowd assembled to witness what proved to be one of the most entertaining occasions of the year. The acting was surprisingly good. Professor Venable announced the contests and contestants. There having been five judges, McDonald, Alexander, H. W. Jackson, Howell and Schenck, selected to decide as to the best in each contest, Messrs. John Atkinson and Ernest P. Mangum were read out for the contest on the horizontal bar. The championship was awarded to Mr. Atkinson.

The second was on the parallel bars by Jno. Atkinson and Smith. Atkinson was judged the winner.

The third was on the ladders. Atkinson, Smith, Mangum and Patrick entered for the contest. Mangum was the successful one.

Fourth was a contest between Hedrick and Woodson, in wield-

ing Indian clubs. The championship was awarded to Hedrick.

The fifth was a contest on swings. The contestants were Atkinson, Cox, Mangum, Woodson, Bourne and Smith. In this there were some wonderful feats performed. Bourne was awarded the honor of having done the best.

The rest of the programme was to take place out on the grounds. A half a mile race was first run by Hedrick and Patrick. Hedrick did not reserve himself enough for the final part of the race, and being fatigued entangled himself with his own feet in some way, and took a headlong fall in the arena. The by-standers were gallant, and assisted him in regaining his feet, and suffered him to regain his breath, and applied to his bruised limbs some St. Jacob's Oil, thus restoring him to a good running condition for another dash. Patrick, of course, was winner.

The next was the "fools' race," in which Baker the giant, Cooper the runt of College, and "Buck" Tucker, dressed in tights, saw fit to enter. Tucker came out considerably ahead.

Next came "the tug-of-war" between Jackson H., Alexander, Green, Parker J., Erwin, Bethel Cornelius, Rice and Taylor on one side, and Patrick, Faust, Manning, P. B. Hord, Patterson, Southerland, Bright and Stowe on the

other. The first named side was successful.

The next contest was a jumping match between Patrick and Smith. Running and jumping, Patrick beat by making four feet four inches in height—a very small distance over Smith.

The last contest was one-tenth mile dash by Hedrick and Patrick.

Patrick made it in 22 seconds, Hedrick in 21.

The crowd dispersed well pleased, and surprised that within such a short time for practice we should have such accomplished athletes among us. More importance will be attached to the contests which will occur next term.

PERSONALS.

—"Gulick" got 100 on algebra.

—"Jodie" Morris got 100 on physiology.

—"Bonus" plead insanity on trigonometry and got 49.

—Toms spent the holidays with L. Grandy, at Oxford.

—The session closed December 23rd, and reopened January 6th.

—Sophomoric learning is displayed on every occasion. In French he translates *puisqu'il n'a plus un sou*, thus: Since he had not a sow in his pen.

—The latest returns from government headquarters give the following as the appointments near the court of the M'n'g'ms: "L. B.," Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; "Nath," President Consul.

—"Tammany" has "busted." "United we stand, divided we fall."

—Prof. Winston spent the Christmas with his mother, in Bertie county.

—J. P. Crump, of Danville, Va., paid us a short visit during examination time.

—"A tonic is good after dinner," remarked the professor of English, and then he put up a *Mil tonic* examination.

—Dr. William Lynch has purchased the place recently occupied by Dr. Purefoy, and will reside there. Rumor says he will soon be offered up on Hymen's altar.

Mrs. Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Raleigh, the daughter of President Battle, was visiting here during the holidays; and so were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Battle, of Raleigh.

—Since hazing has been finally put down by the expulsion of the leaders in it, the Freshmen are beginning to think that their position is courted by the envious Soph, and that in these latter days to be a Freshman is greater than to be a king. "Oh the times! O the manners!"

—The "Heathen" is the nominee of the Old East for borer's medal. He goes into the business with a vim, and has every chance of winning if he continues to strive "upward and onward" in his chosen profession.

—Professor of Latin, on examination: "If Horace had been a preacher, what would have been his text?" Senior, standing the examination—"His text would have been taken from Timothy, *tenth* chapter and sixteenth verse.

—The University Joke Book for 1886 is now out. As usual, it contains many jokes rich, rare and racy. By applying early at the President's office it can be had without charge. The demand is great, and the supply is limited.

—One morning Prof. Henry came into the chapel with a very broad smile on his face. We could not imagine the cause. Finally some one informed us that his better half had reached the Hill, and the mystery was solved. They are living at the Wheat place, perhaps better known as

the residence of the late James Wills. Similar good luck happened to Dr. Hume not long after. He and his family are stopping at Mrs. Martin's. They will not go to house keeping before next summer.

—Jack Grimes, a deserter from the ranks of the class of '86, is now farming at his home in Pitt county. He went to Bryant & Stratton's Business College in Baltimore last spring. He has finished his course, and has now settled down for life.

—Rev. R. B. John, class '80, has been returned by the Conference to the Methodist church here. He is a man of much promise. We have listened to some of his recent sermons with much pleasure. This is his third year in the ministry. He seems to be devoted to his work, and we predict for him a brilliant future.

—Since his resignation, Prof. Hooper has moved to his own home on Rosemary street, one block west of Dr. Mangum. We miss his kind face very much at prayers. He was one of the most punctual men ever connected with the University. The house vacated by him is now occupied by Rev. B. R. Hall, who is to preach on the Haw River circuit.

—B. F. White, class '84, is taking a post-graduate course in en-

gineering at the Cornell University. Our own post-graduate course has been extended so much during the past year that it is now unnecessary for our alumni to go out of the State to get advanced training. Let us build up our Alma Mater first.

—Rev. A. R. Morgan, who was in college in 1881-'84, is now principal of the La Grange Collegiate Institute, Lenoir county.

—George B. King is editor of *Eastern Reflector*, of Greenville, N. C., we understand. He has quit the law and gone into something more remunerative (?)

—Henry E. Thompson, class '83, is principal of Cameron Academy, in Moore county. He was known in college as the man who counted by the rules of metaphysics, and of course was irresistible in his wooings.

—James A. Bryan, class '85, made us a flying visit during Christmas week. His school at Gastonia is flourishing, 107 being enrolled. "Jeems" has all of his boys "solid."

—Clem. Wright has bid the Hill a long and lasting farewell. When last heard from he had purchased a full set of reference books, and was preparing for a special course of study in Shakespeare. The enthusiasm of our new professor is beginning to bear fruit.

—Sam Osborne, class '84, has gone to the West. He has settled at Little Rock, Ark, has obtained his law license, and will clear or convict as he is paid.

—Numa Fletcher Heitman, class '83, has gone to live in Kansas. He read law two years at the University of Virginia, and took a high stand in his class. He is a man of great energy, and will undoubtedly make a success. A visit to the Hill last summer convinced us there was some great attraction here for him, and we think he is very sensible in making such a choice among so many fair ones.

—The editor recently received a very pleasant letter from William D. Barnes, of the class of '52 and one of the editors of the first volume of the MAGAZINE. He left his native State soon after graduation, and went to Florida. He was Presidential Elector in 1856, and served four years in the Confederate army, reaching the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Since the war he has filled various positions in his adopted State, being at one time President of the State Senate. In 1881 he was elected Comptroller, and is now serving his second term. He is tired of politics and public life, and at the expiration of his term of office will become an "honest granger," and leave the affairs of State to other minds.

—Professor Gore is now Secretary of the Faculty.

—A. W. Long, class '85, professor of English language and literature in Trinity College, N. C., spent the holidays at home. He is looking well, and reports that the past session was a very flourishing one. They enrolled 113 students against 76 for the previous year, and the prospects are still growing brighter.

—Our Baptist brethren are unfortunate. Their pastor, Rev. M. D. Jeffries, left them last summer and went to Louisville, Ky. They then called Rev. E. M. Poteat. He was recently elected assistant Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College, and has accepted. Again they are left as sheep without a shepherd. Dr. Hume is now acting as their pastor.

—MR. AND MRS. JAMES LEE LOVE were married Dec. 23, 1885, at 3½ o'clock p. m. The bride, *nee* Miss June J. Spencer, is a daughter of Mrs. Cornelia P. Spencer, and a niece of Dr. Charles Phillips. The groom is the newly-

elected professor of mathematics in the University. The ceremony was performed at the Presbyterian church, in the presence of a large number of spectators, by the Rev. Mr. Wilhelm. It was beautiful and impressive.

Miss Nora Phillips, of Washington, D. C., and Professor Atkinson, of the University, acted as the waiters. The ushers were Messrs. Frank Parker, John W. Alexander, W. J. Battle and E. P. Mangum. The church was handsomely decorated.

The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a set of elegant castors, presented by the classes of the groom. After the ceremony was ended, the happy pair took the train for Northern Alabama, where they will visit the bride's uncle. They will return by way of Gastonia, and visit the relatives of the groom. This scores one for the summer of 1883, and the "Meeting of the Waters;" for *then* they met, and *there* he told her the story of his love.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The Normal Echo, organ of the Southern Normal, Lexington, N. C., is one of the best papers of the kind that visits us. Its main feature is its educational editorials, which are of interest to all and of peculiar benefit to teachers. The first article of the last number—Voltaire—is very good.

* *

The Lantern takes rank among the best of our College exchanges. It evinces in all its departments, and especially in its editorials, a certain sprightliness and "go-aheadativeness" which well corresponds to the progressive spirit of the State of whose University it is the organ.

* *

The Pennsylvania College Monthly is before us, and presents a neat appearance, as usual.

* *

The National Illustrated Magazine, published at Washington, D. C., contains many interesting sketches of prominent characters of the day.

* *

It is with regret that we note the suspension of the *N. C. Educational Journal*. The *Journal* has for years wielded a great influence in the educational affairs of the State, and its suspension creates

a loss which will be much felt by our teachers. We hope it will soon be revived. Trinity College is now left entirely without an organ, and its students should establish a paper devoted to the interests of their institution.

* *

The Christmas number of *Town Topics* makes its appearance clothed in holiday attire. This is one of the leading society journals of the country. It also devotes some space to literature and the arts.

* *

The Christmas number of the *North Carolina Teacher* is fully up to the standard. We know of no one who is doing more to advance the cause of education in the State, and who deserves the patronage of the people more than brother Harrell. THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE extends to the *Teacher* its sincere congratulations, and wishes it a long life of success and usefulness.

* *

The Occident, from the far off University of California, continues to make its regular appearance. If there was nothing else commendable in it, the regularity with which it makes its visits would be sufficient to insure a warm reception.

We gladly give place to the following from *The Virginia University Magazine*, as it expresses our own opinion in stronger terms perhaps than we could express them ourselves: "Barely one-third of the students have subscribed and an inappreciably small number have contributed, although all have read and criticised. Thus the editors are forced to labor with but little of that encouragement which robs toil of half its pain. Our parting malediction is upon the head of the man who wont subscribe to the *Magazine*, the man who sneaks into the room of a friend and steals that which his selfishness does not permit him to buy, the man who rails at that which his comprehension has not the breadth to embrace, the man who sneers at the result of his own breach of duty, the man who is devoid of every principle of patriotism to the institution of which he is a member."

* *

The Brooklyn Magazine takes another stride forward in a successful career with its January issue, and more firmly establishes its well earned and deserved reputation. After a well edited sym-

posium discussion of the annexation of New York and Brooklyn, by five of the most prominent citizens of the latter city, and essay of timely and interesting contributions is pointed, including the continuation of a delightful little story by Rev. Robert Collyer; two more chapters of Mrs. Admiral Dahlgreen's beautiful Southern novel; a gossipy paper on Mary Anderson by Mrs. Lisle Lester; an article on "The Glad New Year," from Miss Agnes Carr Sage, and other poems and papers from Donald G. Mitchell, George H. Boker, George Birdseye, General J. Meredith Read, Mrs. N. A. Monfort, and other famous writers. Besides one of the best contributions by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, on "How to Make a Home Happy," which we have yet read from the pen of this gifted old lady. In addition there are some twenty-five pages of excellent miscellaneous matter which serves as a fitting conclusion to a number that is indeed a marvel of cheapness for 10 cents, or a Magazine that gives twelve such interesting books for only one dollar per year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Master of L'Entrange, by Eugene Hall, is an excellent novel. The Philadelphia *Daily Evening Bulletin*, in speaking of it says:

The Master of L'Entrange, by Eugene Hall is a startling and powerful book, possessing sustained and absorbing interest and originality that cannot be questioned, and an irresistible charm. It deals with a love fraught with peril for both lover and the woman he adores. The theme and scene are American, while the characters are such as might be met with at any time in real life. The plot is involved and complicated, constantly presenting new phases that enchain as well as thrill the reader. The mysterious and supernatural are largely drawn upon and used with much effect. The love scenes are intense and strong. Guy L'Entrange and

Genevieve La Bue are the hero and heroine, and their adventures and experiences are in the highest degree romantic. Little Jules is an exceptionally bright and interesting child. There are several exceedingly sprightly young ladies whose words and deeds brighten the pages of the novel wherever they appear. *The Master of L'Entrange* should be read by all who relish a really excellent novel. It will be published in one large duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, or \$1.25, bound in morocco cloth, and will be found for sale by all booksellers, by all news agents, and on all railroad trains everywhere, or copies of it will be sent to any one at once, post-paid, on remitting the price in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PAREPA-ROSA.

The graceful and touching poem given below is contributed from the private treasures of a friend of its distinguished author, ex Governor William E. Cameron. The charming *cantatrice*, Parepa-Rosa, the great painter of animals, Landseer, and the brilliant and every way admirable scientist, Agassiz, died within a few days of each other. This interesting coincidence in the fall of stars is used with rare felicity. Alfred de Mussett has not surpassed it. Our readers know that everything relating to Agassiz has a special interest now in connection with the fascinating biography just published by his wife.

But now Art's foremost son lay dead,
But now the Oak of Science fell,
Now Music mourns her Priestess fled,
And tuneless peals the tolling bell.

The artist, dying, left his life
In colors warm on canvas writ ;
We have the fruit of Landseer's strife,
His setting sun all time hath lit.

And he, the simple great, the Sage,
 Who child-like learned and God-like taught,
 Bequeathed to us the wondrous page
 That tells what Agassiz had wrought.

So when our poets die, the earth
 Doth of their souls the essence keep,
 And often 'tis their real birth—
 This dying that their lovers weep;

But oh, sweet Singer! in thy flight
 The charm is lost, the music fled:
 When trills the bird no more at night
 No answer comes,—the echo's dead.

And so some untouched chords must sleep,—
 The chords that knew thy magic call,—
 Until the sky and earth and deep
 Chant solemn chorus o'er us all.

SHYLOCK AND BARBARAS.

I shall attempt to give a comparison of Shylock of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Barbaras of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." How interesting and profitable a study of Shakespeare and Marlowe together should be will be seen when we remember that at one time in the development of our literature Christopher Marlowe was the foremost dramatist of England, that it was he who first broke away from the conventionality of writing in

rhyme and wrote in blank verse, and that his works themselves rank second only to those of Shakespeare. The second of these facts is one of the most important in English literature, for if he had not broken away from the trammels of convention who knows whether or not Shakespeare would not have followed in the tracks of the older dramatists. If he had then we would never have had a Shakespeare, that is a Shakespeare as he is now known, for his genius

would have been cramped and prevented from showing itself by the fetters of rhyme. Thus Marlowe was the forerunner of Shakespeare and prepared a path for him. Many other facts connected with Marlowe, especially his treatment of character, go to make a study of him in connection with Shakespeare not only interesting but of the greatest importance to one who wishes to become familiar with our Elizabethan Age of literature.

In comparing Shylock and Barabas I do not mean to convey the impression that there is any great similarity between the characters. On the other hand there is a very great difference and it is this difference that the object of this essay is to bring out rather than to bring out any similarity. In following the development of the characters of these two Jews by these two great authors we can best arrive at their comparative worth and see how much the great Shakespeare excelled the great Marlowe.

Taking up Shylock first we find that being the principal character in the play he is so intimately connected with its accidents that we can hardly understand his character unless we have a knowledge of these accidents. It would not then be inappropriate for me to give right here the principal events of the play.

The story of the play is this.

Antonio is a rich merchant whose friend Bassanio is in love with a wealthy and accomplished heiress. Lacking the means "to hold a rival place" he repairs to Antonio, whose funds being at sea, borrows the necessary amount from a rich Jew, who being his enemy cunningly gets him to sign a bond agreeing on its forfeiture to allow him to cut a pound of flesh from over his heart. Bassanio succeeds in his love adventure, but just as he has sworn the sweet oath he learns that Antonio has forfeited his bond. He immediately hastens away determined to save his friend's life. Portia, Bassanio's bride, gets instruction from a learned lawyer and disguising in a judges garments goes to Venice to preside over the trial. The Jew sticks to the letter of the law and demands his bond. After she has failed to draw him from his purpose on the score of justice and mercy she too takes advantage of the law, gives decision in favor of Antonio, and dispossesses the Jew of his property. The play closes by all except the Jew going to Portia's house where they find Lorenzo who has run away with the Jew's daughter. There Portia announces the return of Antonio's ships and informs the run-away lovers of their good fortune.

The character of Shylock is truly a master-piece. It is so natural, so true to life, that we

forget that it is a production of art. He stands a monument to the genius of the man who created him.

His two leading characteristics are avarice and revenge. But we must remember before we condemn him for his avarice that it was not considered morally wrong by the Jews to take usury from the Gentiles. It was also no doubt prompted to a great extent by the hate he bore the christians. Whether his hate was without excuse we must also defer to say until we have considered whether a man persecuted, scorned, and constantly in danger of losing his life would have left within him much of "the milk of human kindness" towards his persecutors. Underneath his Jewish gaberdine we catch glimpses of a great soul, but it had been goaded into malignity by his enemies. To stimulate his revenge there was besides his avarice and revenge, patriotism. He looked upon insults offered to him as insults offered to his "holy nation" and upon insults offered to the Jews as insults offered to him. The loss of his daughter, the ring that Leah his wife left him, and of his precious ducats had also been caused by one of these christians. Hardly any wonder then that in the trial he sticks to the letter of the law. He must be revenged and nothing can dissuade him from it. Stimu-

lated by his desire of revenge all his faculties are aroused and he gives back argument for argument and taunt for taunt. At last when the letter of the law has been turned against *him* he turns away a poor heart-broken Jew. He had to be broken, he could never be conquered.

The same remark that was applied to Shylock as being so intimately connected with the accidents of the Merchant of Venice as to render his character unintelligible without a knowledge of those accidents applies to the character which I now take up—Barbaras, with double force and for this reason. Marlowe had a peculiar way of making a play and to this peculiarity has been given the name of *Marlowesque*. It consists in taking one character and making it supreme over all the rest in point of interest, power, and force. If we examine the "Jew of Malta" we find that it particularly illustrates this peculiarity of Marlowe's dramas. We will find that the Jew is the main character and that every accident of the play is for the special purpose of his development.

A synopsis of the principal events of the play may be given as follows: Barbaras is a rich Jew of Malta. The annual tribute that the governor of Malta pays to the Turks has not been paid in ten years and is suddenly demanded

To raise the money the governor makes all the Jews pay down half of their effects but is especially hard on Barbaras whom he leaves nearly destitute and turns his house into a convent. The Jew seeks revenge which causes him to cause the death of the governor's son, to poison nearly the whole convent, to kill one monk, and to have another falsely hung for the murder. He then turns the Turks into the town, but soon plots against them and is killed by the trap he set for the death of others.

The immense wealth of Barbaras and his avarice are shown in the first act of the play which opens by showing him counting his treasures and indulging in bursts of indignation because his wealth is in such a bulky form as silver. He says he would be content if he had it in wedges of gold one of which would be valuable enough to support a man his lifetime. His watchfulness and avarice are shown by his hiding a considerable portion of his wealth as soon as he hears that the Turks demand the tribute. Further on he calls his gold his life and divides titles of endearment equally between it and his daughter. To acquire wealth and to do evil are the main ends of existence with him, and when the power to do the first is taken away from him he lives only to satisfy the latter propensity.

As to the revenge element of Barbaras' character if he had stopped in its satisfaction with the governor he could be excused. From this man he had suffered great wrong and the wrong came from a member of a people he despised. And in the mind of Barbaras the taking away of worldly possessions was the greatest injury one man could do another, in proof of which we find him saying to the governor :

"Why I esteem the injury far less

To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the causers of their misery.

You have my wealth, the labor of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope."

You see then he had some cause to cherish revenge towards the governor of Malta. But it did not stop here. He causes the death of two perfectly innocent young men, he kills one monk and causes another to be unjustly hung, and poisons a whole convent, with the exception of two of its inmates, one of which was his daughter; and to cap the climax of fiendishness he plots the death of the Turks who have just made him governor of the town. But these are not all the offenses of Barbaras. Previous to the offence given to him by the governor we find him engaged in the most brutal and uncalled for crimes. Another point in his character which goes to prove him a natural born wretch is, that unlike most

Jews he has no very strong love for the Jewish nation. It is true we find him soliloquizing how much the lot of the Jew is to be preferred to that of the Christians, but these sentiments find their origin, not because of any great love of his for the Jews, but in the fact that he himself is a Jew. In the presence of the Jews he treats them with seeming respect and love, but when out of their presence he heaps upon them epithets of contempt. He makes the impression that he takes great concern in their state but says aside that he will look only unto himself.

But what shall we say of the two characters when brought into comparison? It is here that we see the supremacy of Shakespeare's sense of propriety, his sense of the fitness of things, or, in other words, it is here that we see the supremacy of his genius.

In the first place both Shylock and Barbaras are made very wealthy. But Shakespeare, with that sense of propriety which seems to be ever present with him, makes Shylock only rich enough to fill the bill of the traditional rich Jew of the Middle Ages, and there leaves him. Barbaras, on the other hand, is made so immensely wealthy that he becomes unnatural.

In the next place, we do not find that patriotic love of the

"Holy Jewish Nation" in Barbaras like we do in Shylock. Shylock is ever recurring to his race with pride and delight, and swears by "father Abraham." He is devoted to his daughter, and when he hears that she has run away with a Christian, we have a very different scene from that in which Barbaras hears that his daughter has gone into a convent. Shylock is distracted; Barbaras curses Abigail and commences to plot the death of her and the whole convent. Shylock also loves the Jews around him, and calls Tubal "good Tubal." Barbaras is centered all in self, and speaks of his Jewish friends with contempt. Thus one of the most redeeming features of the Jewish character is conspicuously present in Shylock, while in Barbaras it is conspicuously absent.

But perhaps the greatest particular in which Shylock and Barbaras differ is in what you might call the diabolical element of their characters. It is true that Shylock appears very cruel in demanding his bond. But he can be excused. In the first place, he was brought up in the spirit of Judaism, which does not teach its followers to have charity to those who are not Jews. In the next place, he had been cruelly wronged. He had been thwarted in his schemes, spat upon, scoffed at, and his own daughter had married

a Christian and stolen his precious ducats. As I said before, his was a great soul that had been goaded into malignity. And while some of these excuses apply to Barbaras, yet we see on a further examination of his character, that he was a natural born demon. Even before he had been wronged by the governor, he had been accustomed, to use his own language, to

—"walk abroad a-nights

And kill sick people groaning under walls ;
Sometimes to go about and poison wells,"

&c., &c.

Thus throughout Shylock's character there is something grand, lofty, that commands our respect ; in Barbaras we find hardly anything but what is repulsive.

In these two characters we can best see the comparative worth of the two authors. Shakespeare aimed at something higher ; Marlowe pandered to the prejudices of the rabble, and "thereby hangs a tale" that is well worth the careful study of the sensational writer. The result was that Shylock lived on, and to-day is justly esteemed one of the very finest productions in dramatic literature ; while Barbaras, although in many respects he is of the greatest interest, has long since been consigned to the shelf 'where moth doth corrupt and thieves *never* break through and steal."

R. L. UZZELL.

November, 1885.

ORATORS AND ORATORY.

Why is it that some nations have outstripped others in the race toward social, political and religious perfection? Why was it that Greece, Rome and England in succession attained the proudest eminence among other nations, and have attracted the admiration of all men and of all times? Why is it that our own country separated as it was from civilized Europe by a desert of waters has built for herself a nationality as

strong as adamant and a character as bright as Sirius? A large portion of the world's success has been due to the cultivation and use of oratory. It has carved the fortune and fame of all republican forms of government and has been the main factor in the overthrow of despotic and monarchical rule. That note of liberty which Demosthenes breathed forth on the plains of Attica comes ringing through the dark centuries on the

silver tongues of Cicero, Pitt and Henry Clay. By the magic wand of eloquence, despotism has been changed into democracy and the fetters of slavery have been broken. The great questions that involve a nation's destiny must first be explained to the people. The two agents needed are the press and rostrum. We do not undervalue the press, since it is a great factor in a country's civilization, but oratory wields a more potent influence. It rolls back the veil of ignorance and impresses stern facts upon the minds of men. It urges a people to defend their institutions and cherish the noble deeds of their ancestors; it thrills their minds with magic words of wisdom and warning. It is as when

"Orpheus tuned his matchless lyre,
To make the sweetest symphony;
While earthward bent the heavenly choir
To catch such harmony."

In olden times the strains of the orator were one of the sweetest charms of Arthenian society. Let us imagine that we are entering the gates of that city in the time of its power and glory. Behold! Socrates is pitted against the famous Atheist from Ionia, and has brought him to a contradiction of terms. Listen, behind you hear the clapping of hands, Pericles is mounting the rostrum! Hear Demosthenes with his trumpet tongued appeals to Athe-

nian pride and honor. The thoughts that fell from the lips of those great men live to-day upon the pages of literature. Oratory has been the handmaid of both civil and religious liberty. The fire and wisdom of a Socrates were blended in the early christian orators. We read of St. Paul, reasoning on "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." He thunders before Agrippa for justice! He tells on all of his missionary journeys of the beauties of christianity, and on Mars hill points out the unknown God to the heathen. By that same eloquence the temples of the living God have been reared upon the fragments of heathen empires. Yes, even the ruins of the "Marble city of Augustus" shines with reflected light from the star of Bethlehem. Gregory goes forth from the "city of Muses," the earliest orator and poet of christianity. Basil stamped upon the minds of Cesarea's populace, the undying theories of a Socrates. But the palm of eloquence among the early pulpit orators must be assigned to Chrysostom. The walls of the great Cathedral of St. Sophia resounded with his defense of the new faith, and all the ancient religions withered before his irresistible logic. Carthage with all its wickedness, produced Augustine, whose eloquence shaped and guided the convictions of

Luther. See Luther, the father of the Reformation, laboring and suffering for the cause of truth, speaking to a people and by the fire of his invective rousing them to throw off the shackles of Roman Catholicism. See Calvin, fighting against the spirit of his age and convulsing nations to their centre with words of truth and warning.

Let us turn now to the home of Cicero. We hear him with his bitter sarcasm driving Cataline from the crowded forum; Mark Anthony rousing the populace to a sense of their duty. History tells, that at one time England's lower classes were the most barbarous and most ignorant of any in Europe, but oratory elevated their minds and caused them to emerge from barbarism. Pitt by his moving eloquence became the first man in England. Says Macauley: "His trophies were in all four quarters of the globe. His name was mentioned with awe in every place from Moscow to Lisbon." Yet no orator in England defended what is now admitted to have been the constitutional cause with more ardor than did Chat-ham. At his death the voice of even just and temperate censure was mute. Well may the monument that has been erected to his memory, bear the inscription. "No one has left a more stainless and, none a more splendid name."

Who can say what the history

of Europe would be to-day if Fox and Grattan had never shaken the British senate with their eloquence. What could be more knightly than Cobden and Bright standing as bulwarks against aristocratic prejudice, and fighting almost alone the great battle of Free-trade. It was by their untiring efforts that bread was made cheap to England's toiling millions, and happiness rested upon the hearth-stones of its suffering.

That sublime note of liberty which moved the hearts of men in past ages was first sounded on America's shore by Patrick Henry. Think of John Adams and Otis pouring forth their burning eloquence on the Boston Commons against British injustice and tyranny! Behold Webster upholding the Constitution in its grandeur! We see Prentiss's glowing tribute to La Fayette rousing patriotic feeling in the breasts of grateful Americans.

But in eulogizing the orators of other States, we cannot forget South Carolina's favorite son—that great orator and champion of States-rights, John C. Calhoun. As a true South Carolinian, and as one proud of the noble deeds of her sons, I desire to place one more laurel upon his well-decked brow. His name comes to us garlanded with Carolina's flowers and wet with Carolina's tears. As the monuments that have

been erected to his memory lift their marble shafts heavenward, they can but do honor to his great name, lofty eloquence, and virtues.

We cannot pause without speaking of him who, with feeble health but true patriotism, called upon his country to witness his loyalty to the Constitution. But when the crisis came, he cast his fortune with the people of his home. The call of the South was to him as the voice of duty. The spirit of Alexander H. Stephens is gone, but his fame still lives.

In later days we hear the voice of a Bayard, the Curran and Burke of America, pleading for honest politicians.

That chivalric defence of Southern integrity delivered by Senator Ransom makes him very dear to the people of the South. We still hear those ringing words, "When did the South become degenerate?"

The mention of the names of Bishops Otey and Pierce, tells us that the South has boasted of pulpit orators who dealt stalwart blows against the tides of infidelity.

The thoughts that fell from the lips of Rev. Dr. Hawthorne on the commencement occasion of 1884 should always be fresh in our memories. The tremendous power of oratory cannot be estimated. The history of every age and

country teems with good that has been wrought with this magical power.

We have seen that it was the master-piece of the nations of antiquity, that it was not Attica's troops that directed her destinies, but the words and gestures of a few men who had the skill to direct the energies of a people as though they were one person: that in the Dark Ages, the earnest tones of one man, roused the people "to engage in the crusades, drove back the victorious crescent, overthrew feudalism," emancipated the serfs, and changed the moral face of Europe. A few centuries later the voice of a solitary monk "shook the *vatican*, and emancipated half of Europe from the dominion of Papal Rome."

Great changes have been wrought in England's political system by the indomitable energy of her orators. Gambetta's heart stirring appeals for liberty urged thousands of Frenchmen to throw off the yoke of tyranny and shape their government after that of America.

The hero, who has served his country gains a high and lasting fame, but what is that to compare with the good that has been accomplished by the truths that have fallen from the tongues of truthful orators. "Look" says Tacitus "through the circle of the

fine arts, survey the whole compass of the sciences and tell me in what branch can the professors

acquire a name to vie with the celebrity of a great and powerful orator."

B.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT SHOULD NOT BE ABOLISHED.

A CLASS EXERCISE.

We are accustomed to speak of the times in which we live as extraordinary and doubtless we say so with reason, viewing the rapid strides which have been made in the sets of civilization, the developments of science and the general diffusion of gospel principles. Yet every intelligent observer of the events of the last few years must acknowledge that there has been a gradual, yet powerful tendency to lower the authority of law and to deny and annul its sanctions and the mightiest billow which dashes against the bulwarks of government and the safe-guards of society, is the wilful taking of human life.

"What can withstand its terrible force?" the people cry. We answer,—“Only a stricter interpretation of the law of Capital Punishment, so that every man who stands fairly convicted of murder may meet the just deserts appointed by eternal justice.”

Let then this punishment be

restricted to murder and made so direct and certain that every hardened villian is assured that by taking the life of another he kills himself.

The old Jewish law, which would not convict on inconclusive circumstantial evidence, but required guilt to be established by the concurrent testimony of two or more witnesses, is a worthy guide for us in many respects. These and the other precautions of our courts should satisfy those who claim that the gallows should be torn down because innocent men have suffered upon it. Such a case is indeed deplorable and ought to have no recurrence; but must we on this account pull down our prisons and set all criminal laws at nought? The right to life and the “pursuit of happiness” is the inherent privilege of every free man, rich or poor, learned or simple; “a principle which” says the eloquent Sheridan, “neither the rudeness of ignorance can

stifle nor the enervation of refinement extinguish." It matters not whether one holds a position in the highest offices of public trust or herds his sheep upon the distant hill, he pays his tribute to the support of a true and honest government and should be allowed to rest securely in its protecting shadow. But our opponents say this applies also to the criminal, and that the State which can not give life to the lowest creature, should not deprive any human being of this precious and sacred gift. Is it not a custom considered beneficial also in animal and vegetable life to root out and destroy whatever by nature or aftergrowth is noxious and hurtful to the general welfare? By what law of nature or humanity can he claim this privilege of life who has defaced and destroyed the image of God and sent a soul without a moments warning into a dread eternity, into the presence of the Judge of quick and dead?

But the more lenient class shudder at such barbarity and direct our sympathies to the ruined family, the dreary dungeon, the treacherous scaffold, the awful death struggle. Alas! let them visit the home of the victim, see the pale widow, the hungry little ones, and ask who will comfort them when the storms howl and the winter winds blow cold. This position is by no means incom-

patible with the present enlightenment and progress of christian truth, when we remember that good legislation has always affixed the penalty in proportion to the degree of knowledge under which an offense was committed. However hard it may be in a case of life and death to sit upon a jury and render a verdict of "Guilty," we believe that there are still among us, men who, despite the difficult task, are prepared to uphold the direct authority of the law.

The only substitute offered is *imprisonment for life* and if this be accepted what guarantee have we that it will be fully carried out? While life lasts the convict thinks only of his chances for escape. In a few years the State Executive may grant his pardon and he is turned loose to again work his inhuman will upon society. This, moreover, is injurious to the people at large, for unless there are momentous reasons for the pardon, his subjects must despise the sovereign at heart and foreigners will do so openly. If, however, the man ends his life in his cell, he has but little conscience, his former habits of procrastination are there confirmed and he makes no preparation for the end. But let him know that at a certain hour the law demands his life, that he is fast approaching the threshold of eternity and if this does

not arouse his drowsy conscience, it must sleep on till startled by the horrors of a second death.

In the primitive state of social organization, retaliation was the common method of punishing offenses. Abolish capital punishment, and this is the result of the immediate revolution. Lynch-law rules supreme. The innocent and guilty alike are prey to the passions of the lawless, who satiate themselves with revenge, "the sweetest morsel to the mouth," says Scott, "that e'er was cooked in hell." See what startling figures was the United States record for 1884. Out of 3,377 murders, there only 103 legal executions, and 210 lynchings. What a fearful example the masses have set the lenient courts. Then let the law be strictly but fairly administered, and Americans will abide by the result. This has certainly been the case in England, for Samuel Hand, writing of the state of affairs in the mother-country, says that "in no country, since the reform of its criminal law, does the capital punishment more certainly follow the offense than in England; in no other countries do juries obey the law, and, in clear cases, find the murderer guilty in disregard of all passing public excitement. And in no other country has human life be-

come so safe, so sacred, and so completely protected. It contains a population who are subject to the most violent and brutal passions; immense inequalities of wealth and property afford strong temptations to crime, and yet, by certainty of the death penalty, the crime of deliberate murder is, more perhaps than in any other country, completely prevented."

We need only mention those best of all arguments—those greater than human laws: "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death"; and "If a man come presumptuously upon his neighbor to slay him with guile, thou shalt take him from mine altar, that he may die."

While these and their kind remain for the guidance of man, justice can never be turned backward. But infidels even make war upon the Bible, and if they triumph the arch hypocrite will lift his mask, and the angel of light stand confessed a fiend of darkness. May they never enthroned the "Goddess of Reason" upon the ruins of Jehovah's sanctuaries, and discard the law of God to make room for the code of infidelity.

E. B. C.

THE AGE OF DYNAMITE.

The era in which we live has made giant strides up the path of progress. It has been a wonderful age in many respects. Especially in the present century has the Chemist dazzled the world with the splendors of an undiscovered region. Little thought the Chemist who discovered the art of making Dynamite, that he was producing a substance that would possibly change the future of the world's history, or perplex the wisest and most serious men of modern times. And now in the evening of the nineteenth century, in this time of our country's pride and its power, this time of its peace and its plenty, it is besieged with a problem that has made the crowned-heads of Europe tremble with fear.

The Dynamite fever first raged in Russia, until it spread with fury all over her vast domain. And it finally unsettled her government and removed her Czar. The scourge of Dynamite then began its westward journey, and moved on until it startled England in its attempt to stop the law-making power. It took but a short time for it to span the waves of the Atlantic; and now this deadly pestilence has begun its work of horror in the land of Washington.

In the eagerness of the present century to scale the walls of knowledge, it cared little what it piled up to help it in its march; but it might well have paused when it placed Dynamite in its path. The demands of the present day bid the nineteenth century to stop in its wild career of progress and examine this object of its creation.

The era of Dynamite tells the sad story of the faults and frailties of human governments. Its first use against governments plainly shows that there is some grave trouble somewhere, and the continuation of its use shows the weakness of the governments of men. It proclaims the dissatisfaction of men with their laws and their rulers.

The attention of the world was first called to the workings of this evil in Russia. Those who tampered with it there were called Nihilists, and the world tried to frown them down because of this epithet given to them by their enemies. Nihilism has been greatly misrepresented and defamed. The Nihilists have in their ranks not only those who favor anarchy and misrule, but the best and most law-abiding citizens in their country. History will not be true to

the trust that has been assigned her, if she fails to tell of the justice of the Nihilist's cause in Russia. Their country was one that was bound down by the iron chains of oppression. The increasing strength of civilization that had snapped these chains in other lands, brought no relief there. Everything was ripe for a change; all peaceful methods in favor of change were exhausted, and only secret resistance was left. There was no other way to gain that freedom that the heart of enlightened man sighs for. It is not strange that in such an extremity as this, men turned to Dynamite for help. We must admit that there was some excuse for its use in down-trodden Russia.

The Irish believe that their cause too is the cause of sacred right. While the Goddess of Liberty, with her benign presence, has blessed Ireland more than Russia, yet even at this late day she must weep over unfortunate and struggling Erin. The Irishman's cry is but the universal wail of mankind for freedom. We all know that the Irish policy of the English government has not been a fair one. The dissatisfaction prevalent in Ireland appears to prove this. But I am inclined to believe that the Irish are not law-abiding, and would not be satisfied with any system of laws. The famous island upon which

they live cannot well support them, but they believe that their troubles come from the laws, and not from their loved native land.

Our faithful statesmen in Congress were right in condemning the use of dynamite in Great Britain. For not to condemn it there and everywhere else, is to encourage it in our own land. But while we condemn the act of the Irish, we must confess that it is no great surprise that dynamite has been used against the English government. We may admit that a man's conduct is not altogether unnatural under the circumstances and at the same time condemn his act.

But while there may be some shadow of excuse for the use of dynamite in these countries, there can be no excuse for it in the United States. In this country it is impossible to be oppressed, for every man is a ruler. If faults exist in the government, they have only to be corrected. And corrected how? Not by dynamite, but by ballots—ballots that fall as gently as the brown leaves upon the autumn earth—yet ballots that bring as great changes as the fierce strokes of the swords of Napoleon and his legions. I am glad that it has not been used against our government. This plainly shows the adaptation of our system to all men. But still it has been used in this country for

other purposes. With it the laboring classes of the North try to make their employers pay more wages than they are able, and try to make them lessen the number of working hours. The great Disraeli said that he went to the House of Commons to fight the people's battles. Taking him as my guide, I would crave no greater epitaph than that I did what I could for the masses of the people. In this free land, where the valiant knight of the plow is the equal of the valiant knight of the Senate, it is an honor to eat the bread of honest toil. I am proud to say that I honor the bread-winners. For the toiling thousands who are honestly striving to make the most out of life they can, I have the profoundest respect. But generally those who tamper with dynamite, spend their money for tobacco and grog, waste their time in idleness and folly, and then make war with dynamite upon those who by dint of honest work and hard saving have raised themselves above want.

I am glad to be able to say that so far the South has refused to use dynamite. The North claims to lead in everything, and it is in such as this that she always leads; and if any section has to be fore-

most in such disgraces, I for one am willing for her to forever lead. Only one Southern man of any prominence has dared to raise his puny voice in favor of dynamite; and he misrepresents Virginia in the Senate of the nation.

It is not strange that dynamite is so much feared; for with it the weakest man becomes more powerful than the most august Senate upon earth. It is shocking to think of the destruction that could be inflicted upon humanity with dynamite. But I have no sympathy with the chronic croakers who tell us that dynamite will overthrow our government and finally check the rising tide of civilization. I have no doubt that things worse than these were predicted about gun-powder. I have great faith in the honor of American manhood, and the firmness of American institutions. There is only one way to stop the use of dynamite in secret warfare, and that is by an appeal to the virtue and good sense of the American people—an appeal that is always answered with a sublime amen, whose great voice is heard in all the land and whose grand echo resounds from every mountain top of true civilization.

ST. LEON SCULL.

IRELAND'S ONLY HOPE.

BY LIVINGSTON VANN.

A traveller traversing Ireland sees an anomaly. He sees productive lands poorly cultivated, a temperate climate, a rich agricultural soil crowded with ill-fed laborers that want employment. He sees the inhabitants living in dingy dens of dirt, in straggling, tumble-down huts, in misery and wretchedness. A writer has well said that "the Irish are a people, and the only people, who starve in the midst of plenty." Senator Jones, recently in a speech at Dublin, said that "there is more suffering and sorrow to-day in this loveliest of lands than in any other on the face of God's earth." What is the reason of all this? It is because capital is afraid to invest in a country where property is so insecure on account of dissensions and rebellions. What causes the dissensions and rebellions? The answer is evident—misgovernment.

Dan O'Connell once said that as barbers who are just learning their trade shave beggars for nothing, to get skilled in their business, so young English politicians are put off on Ireland to try their inexperienced hands in experimenting upon her with their vagaries

and theories of government. And poor Ireland, she can and must do nothing but suffer. Every time she winces, shows that she is in pain, and resists, English bayonets are then to coerce her.

As each minister comes into power, he considers the interests of his party of more importance than the welfare of Ireland, and rules her accordingly. The Irish gain little by quietly submitting to tyranny; for it is a fact worthy of note that the British government has never granted a reform to any of its provinces voluntarily. Every reform has been brought about by the voice of the masses, compelling the government to redress grievances.

Many are the causes of Ireland's discontent; but time and space will allow us to mention but her two greatest: the despotic rule of the priest, and the trouble between the tenants and landlords.

The Roman Catholic priesthood, subtle and lynx-eyed, is the colossal curse of Ireland. It has been one of the main causes of all the crimes that have occurred on that unhappy isle, crimes that fright the rest of the world because of their hideousness and

blood-thirstiness. This priesthood keeps alive the hatred the father has for the English, deepens the national prejudices, and keeps the flames of sectional enmity burning brightly and hotly. It trains the mind of the young to but two principles: idolatry of the Virgin, and virulent hatred of the English.

It was this priesthood that drove the landlords into exile, making one of the greatest of Ireland's troubles—Absenteeism. The landlord, away from Ireland, cannot appreciate the feelings, cannot understand the discontent, and, consequently, cannot alleviate the sorrows of his Irish tenantry. This absence is what the priest most desires; for when the landlord is away, he reigns with absolute sway over his superstitious, ignorant countrymen. He is, then, a monarch, unrivalled and unrestrained. If the landlord were permitted by the priesthood to remain in Ireland, he would beget a fellow-feeling for his tenants. As it is now, the landlord is an utter stranger, an enemy, to his tenant. Often it is that we dislike one whom we are not well acquainted with, but as we know him better, traits appear which we never would have discovered as strangers, and draw us as cords of love to him. It is little wonder that the landlord, in order to get free from his tenants, who are al-

ways committing some acts of meanness at the instigation of the priests, seeks peace and comfort in calm old England.

The landlord-tenant question is a vexed one. To get a fair view of it, we must look at the individual Irishman, and consider his woes. The Irish peasant gets about one dollar a week for his work. He has to support his family on this, and pay from three to eight dollars a year for the rent of his little cottage. He generally pays this rent in labor. Often the labor for the whole year's rent is required of him in the spring, and he has to tend his own farm when he can. Many an Irishman works hard the live-long day just for one meal. Even at this low rate many cannot get employment. Thus, idle, unemployed, is it strange that the Irish peasant is miserable? The single animal enjoyment that he has is getting married. This he does when he has scarcely enough money to pay for the marriage license. Very often the old man, his wife, six children, cow, dog, old sow and litter of pigs, and potato hill can be found in one hut!

The peasant has many wrongs. He is obliged to rent his little piece of land, not from the old Irish proprietor, not from the landlord who goes over to England; but from an agent, and often from an agent of an agent.

This agent raises the rent and speculates on the poor tenant. It used to be that if a tenant improved the farm, by repairs and otherwise, that the agent would raise the rent the next year on account of the improvements, and not allow the tenant a thing for them. The tenant then would either have to leave or pay a higher rent, not because of negligence or laziness, but because he improved the place. Sometimes the agent would turn him off anyway, because he could get much higher rent from others who were eager to lease, since the place was so much improved. Considering this, is there any wonder that there were so many arsons at one time in Ireland? This evil was once great. The master-reformer, Gladstone, had a bill passed which compels the land-renter to reimburse the tenant for all the improvements he puts on the place.

Often the tenant is evicted by the landlord after the crop has been planted and is being worked. Evicted, and that without compensation! Should we blame tenants for combining to obtain better wages, to lower the exorbitant rent of land, to boy-cott and prevent others from taking the land from which they were ejected? When a government ceases to give protection to its citizens, they should not be censured if they should combine for

their common protection. The English law plainly does not protect the Irish peasant. Instead of protecting him, it drives him into the wayside ditches to starve, in order that the absent landlord "may rid his farm of human encumbrances put there by the Creator."

In open rebellion there is little hope. The Irishman, poor and unaided, what can he do! Can he fight successfully against the mighty government of Great Britain, which holds many millions at its beck and call? Ireland's best soldiers are in the English army and navy. They have agreeable quarters, good pay, and are not likely to become discontented—to enter rashly upon a forlorn hope. Were the Irish to rise, not the English navy, but a few frigates could soon quell the rebellion. If the whole navy were sent against the rebels, it would only be a matter of a short while before the whole Irish coast would be blockaded, and all the principal places burned to the ground.

But there are two sides to the landlord-tenant question, as there are to every question of interest. The tenant finds improvements on the farm; goes on the farm and works it, and, of course, makes the place more saleable. The landlord wants to make as much as he can out of the capital he has invested in the land. He leases

it to the highest bidder, as he has the perfect right to do; for if the right of open competition be taken away, stagnation and decay is bound to follow. Now, the old tenant comes in and demands pay for the good he has done the farm while he was on it—wants pay for doing his duty. He even goes so far as to contend that since he has paid for the value of the place many times over in paying his yearly rents, it rightly belongs to him.

Politicians, like quack doctors, have a remedy for every disease, and they have a cure for this trouble. They propose that the government shall assess the land, and divide and sell it among the tenants at stipulated prices. In this way the workers of the land would become its owners. This theory seems quite plausible at first glance; but if the government should assess the land high, would not the tenants cry out? if low, would not the landlords be discontented?

Ireland is in distress. She should not submit to tyranny; she cannot shake off the yoke of England. What is to become of her? Should she be coerced? Attempts to reclaim her poor by coercive statutes are unavailing. They do more harm than good. The poor become prejudiced and hate the government that grapples them harshly by their throats

with an iron, unrelenting hand. But kindness and cheering help will avail much. The heart of the poor wretch is like the flower that closes up and draws within itself at the approach of storm and darkness, but opens and expands its petals to the bright and gentle rays of the morning sun. Let words of kindness, sympathy and encouragement be uttered, and then the sunken eyes will beam with gratitude, and the pale, emaciated, wrinkled features will lighten up with bright smiles of hope and joy.

Statesmen have advocated a large appropriation by the government to Ireland for extensive internal improvements. A system of public works will improve the habits and excite the industry of the inhabitants. By opening up the Highlands of Scotland in this manner, they were improved and the interests of that country were advanced. If the splendid country of poor Paddy were opened up, had more canals and railroads, more inland navigation, it could support twice as many people as now live but poorly there. The latent advantages of the isle are great; but they are like valuable metals in the earth—they need to be worked out. Facility of intercourse from place to place, a better inter-province communication will bring out the resources of the country and benefit the inhabi-

tants, by diminishing the price of fuel and potatoes—the necessities of life.

The English government once adopted the plan of giving each poor, discontented peasant money enough to take him to America. It encouraged the pauper with his filth and vices to emigrate to our shores. This policy was highly esteemed by some wise heads; but our government put a quietus on it by refusing to receive any more of the helpless, really needy men, of the offscourings of Europe.

Agitation is Ireland's only hope—a slender one, it is true, but it has benefited her in the past. It emancipated the Catholics in the time of O'Connell, and came near causing the repeal of the union with England. Agitation for Home-Rule under Parnell has accomplished much. The Home Rulers have gained greatly in favor

and influence until now they hold the balance of power between the two great contending parties. Already in the House of Commons often can be heard the expression from one of the ministry "we dare not offend the Irish members." At last, all Irishmen, irrespective of creed—Protestant and Catholic alike,—putting aside their religion differences, are beginning to see that their true interests are one and the same. Both Protestant and Catholic are beginning to labor peacefully and patiently within the pale of the law to bring about one great end—the gaining of a local self-government, "the life-blood of liberty"—like the one that Canada now has. May the end soon be obtained! May the gloom of Erin's suffering and sorrow melt away and leave her united, prosperous and happy!

ESTHER AND VASHTI.

A CLASS EXERCISE.

“An ancient minstrel sagely said,
 ‘Where is the life we lately led’?
 Yet now days, weeks, months, but seem
 The recollection of a dream.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VASHTI—Former queen to Ahashuerus.

ESTHER—Present queen.

SCENE—*Garden in rear of the harem.*

(Enter ESTER walking in the garden, VASHTI seated on a stone at the other end of garden weeping.)

E. The God of Heaven still rules ; his hand is felt
 In affairs of men. The sons of Abraham
 Are not forgotten. Strange and unlooked for
 Are his dealings. Not one promise has failed,
 And he is the God of Israel still. *(Sees Vashti.)*
 How beautiful, yet how fallen ! For her
 I can't refrain from tears. That head once wore
 A royal crown, it wears a willow now.
 Gilded sandals once covered her shapely feet,
 They now are bare and bruised with pavement stones.
 She wears a modern garment where once
 The purple robe bedecked her lovely form.
 Her face is buried in her hands—she weeps.
 Her lovely locks, in which the king had pride,
 Now hang unkept, neglected, by her side.
(Addresses her.)
 Woman, why weepest thou ?

V. To-night I leave the harem. I, who once
 Was queen, cannot remain a slave. I did
 My duty ; for this I suffer. I thought
 My honor too sacred to be violated

By even a royal husband ; for this
Am I degraded. Every face, every spot
Reminds me of my departed grandeur.
Ah, wretched me ! At last I understand
That duty and honor go not hand in hand.

E. In this, dear, can't you see the hand of God
Guiding and protecting his chosen flock ?
The highest duty a woman owes is to
Her husband. She the weaker vessel is.
Who thus in open rebellion stands
Must take her due from powerful hands.

V. 'Tis well for you to talk. You know not
What trouble is. The hand of God ! 'Tis He
Who drives me forth to give another room.
Is that the justice which you laud so high ?
I want it not. I'll keep my honor bright,
And, unconquered, stand for Woman's Right.

E. 'Tis not the first in which our God has shown
His power. For us the first-born sons of Egypt
Lay stiff and cold. Frogs, flies, locusts, lice, blood, blains
Darkness, hail and murrain, ten plagues were sent.
And now the bones of Pharaoh's host gather moss
Buried in the ooze of the salty sea.
The pillars of cloud and fire destroyed the kings
Of the wilderness. And at last they reached
The promised land. And as the Eastern wind
Piles up the falling snow, or on the desert
The dreadful Simoon heaps the drifting sand,
So Jordan's waters above the Jewish host
Rose heap on heap, held back by God's own hand.
And so they passed with every garment dry.
'Twere long indeed to count the mighty deeds
He did for us in Canaan's land. But still,
When Israel sinned, he did not spare the same
Avenging rod. For this we serve to-day
A foreign king. This is the justice

Of which I speak. But does our fathers' God
Forget? Hears he not the groans and prayers
Of his chosen children? See, I, a Jewess,
Am queen of a land where I was captive.
By these his works, I know, I see, I feel
That He alone turns Fortune's wheel.

- V. Perhaps 'tis so. But he has no care for me.
I leave the scene of joy to walk the roads
Of pain. My self-respect is yet preserved,
And this I prize more than crowns or pearls.
Though now maligned, mine honor 's yet to come.
I will die a beggar, who once was queen.
I gladly step from robes and thrones to walk
Barefoot in a dusty road. And he who smooths
These locks in death will never know that they
Once upheld a crown. And if in pity
He should close these drooping lids, he 'll never
Dream that they have drunk the truest love
From monarch's eyes. These lips so thin, so pale,
So cold, will bear no trace of royal kiss.
Farewell, I now depart. Think not of me,
From husband's cruel bondage I am free. • (*Exeunt.*)

It was night. Forth she went from that garden
With heavy heart. Her feet refused to tread
The ground where once she walked as queen.
She heard the royal music; "but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,"
Must break. She sank upon a bed of roses,
And knew no more. Next morn a Persian found
That spirit crushed had gone to seek its God.

EDITORIAL.

To Our Patrons.

No December number of the Magazine appeared and for this reason:—The printers who *then* had the Magazine in hand did not get it out until the 22nd of December. The time was lacking for a December number, and preferring to omit a number rather than have every one come out late, we at once decided to issue the January number. It appeared in new dress last month, and we hope you are pleased.

Will it be Done?

It has been suggested to the Faculty to change the time for prayers from 8 A. M. to 1 or 5 P. M. and make different arrangements for all morning recitations now held from 8 to 9. There are quite a number of men in College who would like to include "prayers" in their course but it is in direct conflict with that "last nap" or breakfast. Others complain that passing from the cold morning air into the superheated atmosphere of the Chapel has so injured their health that attendance there must be discontinued until some change is made. The Magazine staff boasts of two mem-

bers who attend to this important duty and the rest claim that they would be glad to do likewise.

Again it is complained by those who bestir their "drowsy powers" only when the 8 o'clock recitation bell is ringing and then get to the roll-call, that the effort is fatal to brisk thinking and clear answers; consequently they do themselves no credit for the thorough work done late the preceding night. Some of the rising "M. D's" tell us that this early and sudden strain on all the powers is materially damaging and should be avoided. The number of those who suffer from these causes is steadily increasing, and it is expected that the Faculty will soon receive a statement of all these grievances, with a request that they be removed. Will it be done?

The Swain Prize.

We find in one of the issues of the Magazine for 1860, mention made of a prize given under this title, to that student contributing the best literary production during the year. All were permitted to compete, save the Editors, and a special committee was selected to pass upon the merit of each essay. The prize being in money, the

winner could either expend it for a medal or valuable books. Subsequent numbers of the Journal state that the idea was an entire success, and that by the annual awarding of this honor, a much higher standard of literary attainment was reached.

We would favor re-establishing by some means a similar prize, with however the additional restriction that all be excluded from competition who are not subscribers to the Magazine or have accounts standing against them on the books. Were this really the condition of things at present, we are painfully aware of the fact that there would be scarcely any competition, but we speak of it now in order that each one may give it his consideration and see if our ideas are sound. This would be a struggle not of "politics" but "brains," and the successful man would feel that he had gained a victory which was not worse than a defeat.

Where are the Poets?

One conspicuous feature of the Magazine has for a long time been the absence of poetical contributions from students of the institution. We feel that there is no justifiable excuse for it and are interested in seeing that a new effort be made in this direction. It is unnatural to suppose that

among all the men gathered here there is not one who has an aptitude for expressing his thoughts in verse. We do not mean "spring poetry" and "sentimental effusions," for these are common enough and generally considered correspondingly worthless; but germs of real poetry, which may some day grow into pages of beauty and power and give to North Carolina a master of melody and harmony, a greater than Timrod or Father Ryan, from whose heart, "like a spring, gurgling and running down the highways, his poems may fill the world with music." Does any one say that the necessary material is wanting? The campus with all the associations of the past which it recalls and hopes for the future which it inspires and the charming natural scenery about the village are conclusive testimonials against the assertion. So are those finest models of the Classics and English, closely studied in our college course; these giving furthermore the best instruction and filling the most sluggish soul with enthusiasm. What is more fascinating than to follow men whose thoughts rise and fall like the markings of a human life and whose rhyme makes sweet music as it lingers upon the ear? The age of poetry is not gone and we are not attempting to revive a barbaric past! We speak of that

which springs directly from the heart and will be ever new, so long as man has feeling and imagination.

Then pay more attention to this department. If your ideas take a poetical turn, write them down, polish them during your leisure moments, and in all probability, they will grow into a production worthy of yourself and a place in these columns. Who will try?

Clay Eaters.

If we place the slightest confidence in a statement which recently appeared in the *Philadelphia Times* and was copied by the *Courier Journal*, we must be somewhat troubled by the thought that our boys who come from central North Carolina, and especially from back of Salisbury are—or have been—addicted to the habit of eating clay. This is strange information and if you have a roommate or friend from that region, notice and see if he betrays the symptoms given by the *Times*. Is he excessively thin, in fact devoid of flesh, yet puffed out about the eyes? Is he slovenly, unusually lazy and in the habit of always gazing on the ground around him as if to see where the best clay lies? If so he is a victim of the clay—or rather of the arsenic which it is said to contain. We

know some persons from near the region mentioned who are tall and thin and touched with an alarming degree of indolence; so that on first reading the alleged cause we were considerably startled. On examination, however, we find all other assertions, such as regard the nature of the country, condition of the inhabitants, etc., to be undoubtedly false and are therefore inclined to disregard the whole story and go back to our old theories concerning certain peculiar growths in certain districts. But the immediate conclusion of all who read the story will be, we think, that it has no claim to facts.

What we Need.

We have become convinced lately that there is nothing more to the disadvantage of the students of our own and other institutions than the want of adequate and properly selected private libraries. We do not refer to those books commonly used in the college course where the texts (with their attachments) pass from one class to the next lower as soon as the coveted 70 has been reached. We speak of those best models of the different kinds of English style, those criticisms and commentaries which we must have in order to become real masters of our own tongue. And it is a difficulty for

which we see at present no direct remedy. A great many, whose means are limited, feel that they can not afford to purchase these books now, but by use of the Society libraries they hope to get on until they leave college and their expenses are curtailed. Indeed the great cost forces most of us to abandon the idea of obtaining the works we need in anything like full numbers, but some of them are issued in very cheap editions by enterprising Northern houses, and these we should not fail to secure. The Society libraries are very large and for the most part well selected, it is true, but these can be expected to furnish but a few copies of a kind, which can not possibly satisfy the wants of a class. Giving all due credit to the study of other languages, we must still admit that of English to be of the first importance and to demand our closest consideration. Nowhere can we find one or two books which give all the facts we want, extracts from the best representations of the varied kinds of discourse, an idea of what our language has been at different stages of its growth, causes of the foreign influences which have so materially affected it and a host of other things without which we can not claim to be scholars. We should have books which throw the best light upon single lines of investigation or our studies are necessarily crippled.

Many students see that in this direction their libraries are sadly deficient. Those who expect to remain for some time will do well to utilize every opportunity for accumulating the sources of life-long value and for securing sooner, in part at least, what they so much need.

A Proposition.

Our Magazine is rapidly becoming a monthly edition of very second-hand essays and attempted criticisms on classical authors and their writings. Every month two or three and sometimes more long, windy, worthless criticisms (so-called) appear, and with two exceptions (both in the last number) they are mere rehashes of Tacitus, Horace and the rest of the authors *that are taught by the professors of Latin and Greek in college every year*. There is not a student in college who is capable of writing a respectable criticism or *critique* on a distinguished author. And gentlemen! why undertake what you can't handle?

My proposition is this. Give us articles on living questions, write on things that you can master and that will interest your readers. Give us information on the great issues of to-day about which every man can know something and which will interest all. Condense your articles. Make them short, pointed, pithy and

newsy. Give us live articles on living subjects, and if you can't do this by all means give us a *rest*.

"HENRY HOWARD."

(The above was handed in to our table and we publish the views of the writer exactly as expressed by him.—ED.)

The Magazine in History.

To almost every history of our State the University MAGAZINE has contributed materially. The Editor in looking over an old, dog-eared volume of "Revolutionary Incidents" came across many interesting passages clipped from the MAGAZINE. Among them was quite an interesting passage by Dr. Caldwell, on the birth and career of David Fanning, the notorious tory Colonel.

A complete collection of old University MAGAZINES, like the one in Dr. Battle's office, forms a very fair State history. We would like more of our contributions to be subjects connected with *historical* North Carolina.

How would our subscribers like a series of papers, written on the action of Carolina and Carolinians during the "late unpleasantness"? We are making efforts to procure such a contribution, and hope soon to place it before our readers.

Society Catalogues.

Our Literary Societies, seeing the importance of keeping up with the history of their old members, their honors, deaths, and such like, have appointed committees to revise, enlarge, and republish their old catalogues. The last edition was published in 1852. Since then many deaths and other changes have occurred, and many different catalogues have to be compared to make the work accurate. The alumni are scattered all over the United States, and the desired information is hard to obtain. The catalogues cannot be made to do justice to the alumni unless they aid in making them as perfect and accurate as possible.

They will present a variety of information which can hardly be obtained elsewhere. They will be to a great extent a history of North Carolina for the last hundred years. They will show all positions of importance, trust and honor held by their members in civil, military and religious life, and especial care will be taken to give the position of every one who drew a sword in the Confederate cause, however humble that position might have been.

The committeemen are Mr. N. H. D. Wilson, Jr., of the class of '86, for the Di., and Mr. Stephen B. Weeks, also of the class of '86, for the Phi. These gentlemen

have the whole affair in their own hands. They are very enthusiastic, and are striving to make their work a success—an honor to the Societies and the University; but they cannot do this without aid from the alumni. They are young, and are, from the nature of the case, ignorant of most of the older alumni. This fact makes their correspondence the heavier, and then they experience great difficulty in getting the alumni to answer their inquiries. Mr. C. D. is written to, and nothing is heard from him in a month; then, perchance, a letter comes saying that he had misplaced his letter, or it came when he was away, or he had forgotten it, or something of that kind, and he ends by saying that he is unable to give any of the information desired, the time has been so long since he was in college that all his classmates have disappeared from view—have gone to another world, as far as he is concerned. And frequently when they are so placed that they ought to be amply able to give all information asked, they are either too lazy or too indifferent to do anything themselves or help any one else. As a rule they are as brief as possible and generally forget to add even so much as a few words of encouragement which would cost nothing, but would

raise nevertheless the drooping spirits of the committeemen. These remarks do not apply to all the alumni, of course. Some have rendered great aid in the work and seem to be interested in it themselves; but the majority seem to care nothing whatever for it. To this class the writer directs his remarks, and were he able he would add ten times as much weight and force as they now have.

Why do the alumni show such great indifference to the past and present of our University and her literary societies? Their members have filled every office in the American Union with ability and have been shining successes in every rank of life. Never did men fight nobler for any cause than did their members for that of the Confederate States. Shall we forget all this? Shall we let the dead past bury its dead, and shall we not do them at least the simple justice of recording with their names on her roll their rank in the Confederate States army?

In conclusion, we shall say that the alumni are urgently requested to co-operate with the committees in this good work, to answer their inquiries so far as they are able and by all possible means help them in making these registers worthy of the Societies and the University they represent.

COLLEGE RECORD.

After about two weeks' Christmas vacation, which some would pronounce demoralizing to students, we find the full number back at the Hill on time and at earnest hard study. A quieter term has never opened at the University, and better prospects have never been seen for a thoroughly gratifying year's work.

* *

Where there is little being done for improvement there are always many vices prevailing and *vice versa*. And judging by this we need no other proof of the arduous efforts of the students this term than the complete subsidence of all demoralizing disturbances, such as party caucuses, "Salvation Armies" and bursting of "Baby-wakers," and nocturnal "war-dances" and "Freshing." All these nuisances are numbered with the things of the past; and quietude and perseverance and a more sensible and substantial enthusiasm pervades the college atmosphere than usual. The only objections we can have to this quiet condition is one similar to that of the physician to general health or of the lawyer to peacefulness—namely, that we have little matter for our profession as writer of College Record. Most

of our college readers and our alumni turn to this department to find the thrilling and interesting details of crimes committed by our "reckless set" of boys, but we are compelled to disappoint them this time—not a single "blood-curdler" or "hair-raiser" has happened under our observation, and we are happy that we have no such records to write that will "lacerate the public bosom" and provoke the direful hands of our holy and worthy (?) critic to be raised against us.

* *

A SCANDAL.—An insignificant street urchin went up to a dignified Junior the other day and inquired with a curious earnestness "ain't you Mr. Buck—the cussing man"? It has been a much debated question whether the grave and reverend Junior should feel most insulted for being taken for Mr. Buck—or for being called a "cussin man." The Junior complains that both were very hard to bear with unresentful feelings. Now what does this mean? Simply this—alas! Some one in the University actually curses! Who is it? who can so degrade himself and endanger the reputation of the University by openly and audibly using profane language?

From this we can draw two moral lessons. As for the Junior he should see to it that he does not look like anybody else, unless perchance he can resemble a professor, and then that would not do, for he might slander the professor—and to the college to restrain their “cussin” men, for five or six boys can give a whole institution of two hundred students a most deplorable reputation.

* *

The Dialectic Society has elected as its representatives for next commencement: Claudius Dockery, Mangum; Wm. E. Edmonson, Morganton; and S. E. Gidney, Shelby, N. C.

For Marshals were elected:—Wm. H. McDonald, Raleigh; Henry Fries Schaffner, Salem, N. C.; G. W. Bethel, Danville, Va.; and B. Kell, Pineville.

From the Philanthropic Society the following representatives were elected:—J. C. Johnson, Johnson's Mills; A. M. Simmons, Fairfield; and W. S. Wilkinson, Tarboro, N. C.,—and the following Marshals: Chief Marshal, C. F. Smith, Coxville; B. F. Tyson, Greenville; M. H. Palmer, Greenbacks; F. M. Harper, Kinston; and A. Braswell, Whitakers.

* *

We give in brief form the outlines of a very pleasant and instructive lecture delivered in the Chapel the last Saturday night in

January, before a large audience. His subject was:—“Pestalozzi and His Influence.”

Pestalozzi was born at Zurich, Switzerland, Jan. 12, 1746. His family was left in poor circumstances on the death of his father six years afterwards. Pestalozzi was a mental temperament, delicate constitution, and wanting in practical sense—called, by his school mates, “Harry Queer of Follyville.” Was always committing blunders and getting into scrapes.

Was first a clergyman, then a law-student, then a farmer. He offered his farm of 100 acres and his house, near Hapsburg, for the establishment of an “Industrial School for the Poor.” The necessary funds were supplied and school opened in 1775, with Pestalozzi in charge. Suspended in five years. Pestalozzi was left without funds, but had gained a great deal of knowledge about the theory and art of education. The result was his *Leonair and Gertrude*, a popular tale, the central thought of which is that woman is the natural teacher of little children, and that through her, the world must be cured of its great evils. The exaltation of woman to the position of teacher, especially in the United States, has done much to fulfill this prediction.

His next work is at Stanz, in

1798-'9, and then at Burgdorf. At the latter place, the superintendent of the school, becoming jealous, prefers charges against him, and has him removed on the ground of heresy and incompetency. He teaches a short time as assistant in a school of children from 5 to 10 years old; and then joins Hermann Krusi in forming a school. Tobler and Buss soon unite with them, the school is moved to the old castle at Yverdon, where it acquires a national reputation. Pupils attend from France, Germany, Italy, England, and America, as well as from Switzerland. Regular work of the school interrupted whenever visitors came. These things very seriously militated against the efficiency of the work. He taught ideas before words, taught reading by the phonic method, taught language before grammar, and numbers before arithmetic. Had weekly conferences with his teachers, in which the general management of the institution, methods of teaching, etc., were discussed. Conclusions were formed too hastily. Internal jealousies broke up the school in 1825, and Pestalozzi went to his old farm, now owned by his grandson, where half a century before he had opened his first school. Died in 1827.

He taught that the laws of edu-

cation are inherent in the child, and must be discovered, not invented; that the mind is self-active; that it is cultivated by exciting this self-activity in a judicious way; that the order of development of the faculties is perception, memory, reasoning; that the course of study must be adapted to this order; that education consists in culture—the power to think and act independently—rather than in knowledge; that the true incentives to study are knowledge and culture; and that the true incentive to good conduct is love.

Some criticisms were offered, as the giving of too much attention to arithmetic and neglecting history; classifying the elements of knowledge into form, number, and language; neglecting knowledge in his zeal for culture; failing to keep posted in what had been done and what was doing in his line.

The speaker then gave his attention to the influence which Pestalozzi has exerted, noticing particularly Germany, France, and the United States. The first to give the Pestalozzian system an impetus in this country was Warren Calhoun. Horace Mann, Henry Bernard, Calvin E. Stowe, and others visited the Pestalozzian schools of Europe, and became

strong advocates of the system. Teachers' Institutes and Normal Schools were inaugurated by these gentlemen, and became active and powerful agents in spreading the principles. Every successful Normal School is now founded upon the doctrines promulgated at Yverdon. The public schools, the evils of which Pestalozzi sought to correct, are completely renovated. They are no longer the terror, but the delight, of children.

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SOME POINTS ON THE THREE GREAT RACES AS GATHERED FROM DR. CRAWFORD'S LECTURES AND CONVERSATION.—We have been highly interested and instructed by Dr. Crawford in regard to "The Three Great Races of the Earth," which he has long and arduously been studying. He speaks from experience and observation as well as theoretically,

The Dr. removes a wrong impression which we have had about the parentage of all humanity. It is not taught in the Bible that we all spring from one earthly parentage—though it teaches us that we are all God's offspring. So we do not necessarily have to defend the belief that every great race, no matter what its color and characteristics, sprang from one man. It does not devolve upon those who believe in the Bible, to account for all this variety in race, color and bodily form upon an as-

sumption that they all have a common earthly ancestor, for such an assumption is groundless. The Bible does not teach it. It is a mistake that the negro is the progeny of Ham. Ham was no more a negro than Shem or Japheth. Dr. Crawford has advanced some new and strikingly reasonable ideas in regard to the chronology of the Biblical History in Genesis. Adam, instead of living 930 years only lived 130 and then after him his family or dynasty continued for 800 years *bearing his name*. In the mean time a line of offspring had come down with the Adamic dynasty from Seth and had borne his name, and when the reign of Adam ended—or "died," then the posterity of Seth takes the place, and so on down to the flood. Thus we have the dynasties of Adam, Seth, Enus, Cainan, Mahalalol, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah and Lamech, making nine in all and the sum of all the ages of the dynasties before the flood was 7737 years instead of 1656 years, according to the general interpretation of the text. In the same way the time is reckoned in the tabulated post-diluvian history in the Bible down to Abraham, where begins detailed history, and the time from the house or dynasty of Adam to Abraham is 10,988 years, and adding this to the established time from Abraham to the present day

we have 14,376 years instead of the little less than 6,000 years, as the term of human existence which has been long accepted without the least misgiving. Dr. Crawford makes this scheme of chronology extremely plain and had we space we would give a broad discussion of the matter as learned from him. He proves that the average life of the individual man before the flood was about 120 years, and afterwards down to Abraham about the same, and that those tremendously long ages were simply the expressions of the length of the reign of each dynasty which is designated by the name of the head of the dynasty.

It is a mistaken idea among many that our civilized nations were once savages. No nation which has had a history from its origin could have ever been savages. The Hebrew was never a savage race. Civilized nations never come from savage ancestors, but to the contrary. Savages are the debris of a once highly civilized people. Savagery is the effect of destruction. Every age is producing savages—the present is producing its crop—the wild and unsophisticated hunter savages of the forest are probably the survival of military nations.

The wandering rabble of our own fallen nation are the head lines, tramps and paupers of our

great cities are the coming savages of this people, and this our own industrial age.

The Kanakas, Malays, and Red Indians, seem to be the debris of three very ancient and highly civilized races. In the case of the Red Indian we learn from the contents of the many mounds which have been excavated that a much higher race once existed here. Who could it have been but the ancestors of those we find here? These savage races are now fast disappearing, are coming in contact with the Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro races. We often hear it suggested that we should set to work and civilize these savages at once. It is a noted fact that they cannot stand sudden civilization, nor will they accept it. We have given a splendid example of our civilizing power and have seen the susceptibility of the savage to moral influences in our dealings with the American Indian! Our success in taming the noble Red man is encouraging! Each great race has its centre. There seems to be a law of polarity which governs the growth of man, animal and vegetation. The Caucasian centre is the Mediterranean Sea. The Mongolian centre is China, and that of the Negro is Equatorial Africa. Every species of animal and every species of plant is different in these different centres. Each race seems to

have been destined by Providence for his own centre, and it is evidently meant that neither race should encroach upon the grounds of the other.

New centres are being formed by continual changes on the earth's surface and by the slow revolution of the earth from North to South. America seems not now to be any great race centre.

We have no certain evidence as to the origin of races. We do not know whether it was by separate creations of a couple for each race, or whether all races sprang from a common couple, and, having scattered out into their respective centres were changed by climatic influences.

Humanity is like Divinity, a trinity in unity. There always are three races going out and three coming in. Each race, besides having its own peculiar centre of habitation and physical appearance, also has its own centre of thought, soul, or its distinguishing characteristic. We compare them: The Caucasian can be aptly compared to an iron ball. Distinguished for hardness. He yields to no other race, you may strike him with a sledge hammer, and he maintains his own individual shape. He rolls right on, crushing everything beneath his weight. He bosses, but is never bossed.

The Mongolian is a solid rub-

ber ball, noted for his elasticity and he yields to pressure very gracefully but as soon as you "let up" on him he resumes exactly his old form. He is "John Chinaman." Yet the Negro is the wax ball; distinguished for his plasticity—always yields—you may put your thumb on him and press, and you will leave your mark upon him until some one else comes along and entirely obliterates your impression by pressing him differently. He was made to be ruled and influenced and fit his form of character to those with whom he comes in contact. Hence his imitative powers.

Also the Caucasian may be termed the oak, with its broad stubborn limbs standing out in full defiance to the winds—the grand monarch of the forest.

The Mongolian is the bamboo which bends low in obedience to every wind, but when it subsides stands erect in its original posture. Then a wind from the opposite direction will bend it just as low again on the other side, and it will again resume its perpendicularity when the wind ceases.

The Negro is the vine which clings to the larger growth for protection and support. It climbs the oak, and then it yields fruit to the world; but when it has to grow alone, trailing on the ground, it is of little use to itself or any one else. Now, knowing the

characteristic traits of these races, we have a ground upon which we should base all our efforts in teaching them. It is an impossibility to make a Caucasian out of a Chinaman. We cannot rob him of his characteristics any more than we can rob him of his color, or the shape of his head and brain. Nor can we change the Negro characteristic by culture. I mean we cannot make an iron character out of a yielding elastic, or a plastic and susceptible character. But it does not require that all these races should have the same characteristic to believe in one God and Christ. So let us have Iron Christians, Rubber Christians, and Wax Christians.

There are other distinguishing traits of character in these three races.

The Mongolian cherishes the Familistic idea. Each family seems to be a kind of government within itself. If one of the family commits a great crime, the whole family must suffer for it. They look more to the family record and ancestral merit than to individual standing.

The Caucasian leaves home and relatives and plunges out into the world to gain individual power and honor. He works for supremacy. The dream of his life is to be a ruler—to whom many are necessitated to bow and do honor and obeisance.

The Negro is Agglutinistic. He forms cliques and bands in every community. Thus we find him divided up into so many little tribes in his own country. They unite themselves in little bands under an acknowledged leader, and are remarkably obedient to his will.

Again: The Mongolian lives in the past. If a man wishes to study antiquity, let him go to China and see it in living, moving form. The Chinaman glories in the deeds of his ancestors, and all he does is to show them respect. He entirely forgets himself in his great reverence and love for those who have gone before him. His ideal is projected into the past, and he is continually trying to push toward that ideal. He is conservative, and loves old customs and antiquated things. No book less than 2,000 years old has any interest for him. He worships the past.

The Negro lives strictly in the present. He never lays up for tomorrow, and seldom grieves or rejoices over the yesterday. He laughs and grows fat over to-day's gratifications without meditating on the past or imagining the future. The present is all to him. There is not on record an instance where the Negroes have spent as much as \$500 for a monument to honor their dead. They prefer to honor their *living boss*.

The Caucasian lives in the fu-

ture. He is imaginative and fanciful. He speculates on the future, and his happiness depends upon his hopes. Anticipation to him is in most instances more pleasant than realization. He forgets the past and despises it. Disregards and tires of the present, but is anxious about the future. He is restless and miserable in the present. But these great differences do not alter the common relation of the great races to God, from whom they all spring. Christ says: "I am he that *was*, and *is*, and *is to come*," thus regarding the past, present, and future.

Again: The Caucasian invents and develops. He wants an improvement on the plow he has to use; a better machine for threshing; and, in fact, he is absorbed in a continual study how to improve something and introduce novelties. The Mongolian receives and preserves. The Chinaman uses the same plow that was in use centuries ago, and would not have the Caucasian improved plow as a substitute if you would give it to him and pay him to use it. His love for the past makes him cling to everything that is associated with it and suggests the idea of antiquity to him.

The Negro neglects and destroys. Of this we need no proof beyond our own observation. He does not accumulate property, but on the other hand actually

destroys it, if in no other way, by bad management and neglect.

Now we speak of the race devotions. The Mongolian is prosy. They never write in poetry. They have no poetry in their soul. The Caucasian loves poetry. It gives play to his imagination and fancy which constitute his chief happiness. The negro adores music. He does not have to cultivate his ear or the talent for it; he is born with it in him.

Again: The Mongolian leaves the whole world and cleaves to his parents. The Caucasian leaves the family circle and cleaves to his wife. The Negro neglects all that he may obey his master.

The virtue of the Caucasian race is bravery and gallantry. His highest ambition is to prove himself a brave and courageous man, and it sweetens his pleasure to do this for the sake of woman, whom he honors so highly. The virtue of the Mongolian is patience and filial affection. That of the Negro race is cheerfulness and kindness. He is the happy race.

Each race has its own peculiar vice. The Mongolian's most characteristic vice is cheating. They have little or no confidence in any one. They consider it wrong to cheat, but claim that a man is a fool not to do so. They are superstitious, and for this reason dread foreigners so.

The vice of the Caucasian race

is robbery. Ever since they have existed they have been robbing other nations and feeding on the spoils.

The great vice of the negro is stealing.

Each of these three races have a natural antipathy for each other. Each race is repulsive to the other in tastes, looks, touch, in odor and aim. This will always render social intercourse and amalgamation impossible—even where the races come under the same form of government. So we need not be so alarmed about America. Rich and aristocratic negroes after awhile will be no more willing for us to come into his house than we would be willing for him to visit us. Rich Englishmen living in China are repulsive to rich Chinamen.

It is a law of nature that the races shall not agree in tastes and temporal and social ideas, but it is by no means meant that they should entertain a different faith and worship a different God. Missionaries make mistakes in supposing that they must first change the Chinese habits and tastes and fashions to suit our notions before they are fit to receive our religion.

There is also a mistaken notion about the plan which is best to pursue in converting these people. Much money has been expended in distributing Bibles among the people. What do they do with

them? They actually use them for fuel with which to cook their rice, and a few other handy purposes, and come back and ask for more.

It is also a wrong idea to build a church among them at foreign expense. You can get an audience very easily by making some extraordinary demonstration. By ringing a bell you may turn the whole crowd on the street into your church but when you get them there you have nothing but a crowd of gaping, curious Chinamen, who do not know what you mean except it is to show off your building. Such a thing as a speech is entirely unknown among Chinamen. Again, people will take no interest in a church or institution of any kind, built by foreign money. We would not—much less the Chinaman, who is coy and suspicious. We can easily get an audience by distributing alms among them, as it has been the custom of many missionaries at a large expense to the denomination which sends them there, but we can not get christians in this way. The tricky and cunning Chinaman measures your character by his own, and considers this kindness of yours as a bribe. He receives the gifts as bribes and returns to you for more and greater ones. When your surplus rice, etc., gives out he stops coming to hear you. The Chinaman does not know how to listen to a sermon. The

most effectual way to impress one with what you have to say is to let him act the eaves-dropper. Direct your conversation to some individual where others will notice you. Thus their curiosity is aroused and they will sometimes slip close to you where they think you will not notice them and there take in every word you say. They have a passion for eaves-dropping and through this trait of their character you can often get them interested. They dread our people. They associate them with the English for whom they have no special love. They have been made to yield to their power and have smelled the powder from their war-guns. We can not blame him for being afraid of us. Our prodigality and luxury frightens him. He hates as much to abandon his familistic ideas and beliefs as we would to surrender our individuality. It is a peculiar fact that he is exactly the reverse to our race—by nature in thought, habit and customs. He lives in the past. We in the future. He prefers to drink warm water to quench his thirst. It is impossible in China to take off the hat in entering a house. He eats his desert first at dinner. They arrange themselves like sardines when more than one sleeps in the same bed at one time, each one's feet at the others head. The nicest present a son can make to

his father is to buy him a coffin, even while he is living. If a young man is valiant and brave and does an heroic act the way he prefers to be honored is not by a reward or by promotion of himself and a title of honor from the ruler, but he asks that one of his dead ancestors be elevated in rank.

The front of the Chinese book is the last page and the reader begins at the right hand corner of the page and reads down. Their needle on the compass points South, at least they believe it does, and instead of saying north-west and southeast they say west-north and east-south. There is always mourning at a Chinese marriage, but at a funeral they have music, feasting and rejoicing. The Chinaman puts his right foot in the stirrup when he goes to mount a horse and rides with his heels in the stirrup.

Instead of saying it is warm a Chinaman would say "it is not cold." They wind their sewing thread opposite to ours; and in a thousand respects they are exactly the reverse of the Caucasian.

We have however one common object in view. Happiness now and happiness to come. Present happiness we gain in different ways, and it is not our duty to try to conform there manner of pursuit of it to our notions. But future happiness is only reached by one road. It is our duty to point

this out. If the Chinaman prefers to keep on his hat in token of respect in entering the church, let him do so. If he feels it his duty to venerate and love the past, let him do so and teach him that Christ is the God of the past as well as of the present and future. Let him arrive at the belief in his own peculiar way, work by his own methods to convince him of his duty to God. Let him remain a full Chinaman but make him a true christian.

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Jan. 23rd the University and town were saddened by the death of Prof. Hooper, an excellent scholar, a kind and faithful Professor, a beloved citizen, and thorough christian. All duties at the University were suspended in respect to him, and the bell tolled a solemn knell as the remains of this noble man were being carried to their long resting place at Raleigh. We publish below resolutions passed by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies, and of the students *en masse* :

DIALECTIC HALL,
Chapel Hill, N. C., Jan. 23, 1886.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit to remove from our midst our honored instructor and fellow-member, Prof. J. DeBerniere Hooper.

Resolved I, That in his death Learning and our Society have suffered a great loss.

Resolved II, That we feel sure that his well-earned reputation and christian character will prove a great consolation to his family in their affliction, and we take this means of showing our grief and sympathy.

Resolved III, That the Dialectic Society Hall be draped for thirty days in token of the grief and respect of its members.

Resolved IV, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also to the Raleigh *News and Observer*, *Charlotte Observer*, *Wilmington Star*, *Statesville Landmark*, *Goldsboro Messenger* and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE with a request to publish.

MAXY L. JOHN,
E. P. WITHERS,
HAYNE DAVIS,
Committee.

HALL OF PHILANTHROPIC SOC'Y,
Jan. 23, 1886.

WHEREAS, the death of Prof. J. DeBerniere Hooper has come to our notice, and since he was in truth a lover of "Virtue, Liberty and Science," a motto we shall ever cherish, the Philanthropic Society out of respect for his memory demands that we depart from the usual order of proceedings by suspending all business for this day; and while we bow with deep humiliation before the will of Him who is too wise to err, and who does all things for

the good of those that love Him, and while we extend our sympathies to our sister Society, of which he had been a member for half a century,

Resolved I, That in him we have lost a kind teacher, who was always ready and willing to help those in need of his aid, and who sympathized with the students in all undertakings tending to the elevation and improvement of the mind.

Resolved II, That the Faculty have lost a co-laborer who was ever anxious to teach both by precept and example all which is best and truest and noblest in human life. That North Carolina has lost one of the finest classical scholars she has ever produced.

Resolved III, That his church has lost a worthy, consistent and devoted christian gentleman, and that his family has sustained a loss irreparable.

Resolved IV, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies and condolence to the bereaved family; that we send a copy of these resolutions to the Dialectic Society and to the *Chronicle* and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish.

S. B. WEEKS,

A. M. SIMMONS,

H. PARKER,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS IN REGARD TO PROF. HOOPER'S DEATH.—Upon hearing of the death of Prof. Hooper, the students of the University assembled and adopted the following testimonial of their feelings:

It is with sincere sorrow that we the students of the University have learned of the death of Prof. J. DeBerniere Hooper. A gloom has been cast over Chapel Hill which is deeply felt. The literary world has lost a scholar of high and varied attainments; the church, a devoted and consistent member; and society a highly esteemed and valuable citizen. Many will express their sorrow for his death, and their sympathy with the bereaved family, but few have a keener sense of his excellence or feel his loss more than we. While we grieve his loss, it gives us a pleasure not easily expressed to know that we have had the benefit of his wise counsel and his gentlemanly and christian deportment. His sacredness of character had in the students its counterpart in a respect amounting almost to veneration. For each he had a kind word and a helping hand. Vanity he spurned, but duty was the watchword of his life. He taught more by example than by precept, for being of an exceedingly modest temperament, he acted rather than preached the great principles of his life. In the

class-room he was always the same kind, forbearing teacher. He was known to be a man of strong feelings, yet he always preserved an even balance.

As we stand here in the shadow of death and reflect upon his life, we feel like pointing to it and say-

ing to all young men in the State :
"Follow that."

P. B. MANNING,
JAS. THOMAS,
HAYWOOD PARKER,
G. B. PATTERSON,
C. DOCKERY,
Committee.

PERSONALS.

—Father W., are you lame yet?

—What has become of the Salvation Army?

—Prof. Love and his accomplished wife are boarding at Mrs. Thompson's.

—For any news wanted apply to the "(mis) Information Bureau," Eure & Toms, Managers.

—Alex Feild, class '85, has ceased to teach at Horner's, Oxford. He is now running a circulating library and reading room there.

—"L. J.," class of '86, received a dun for two years' subscription to the MAGAZINE. It was neatly stowed away inside the cover of his magazine. He didn't wait to look inside, and didn't know the dun was there, but wrapped it up nicely and sent it, dun included, to a young lady at St. Mary's. All ye delinquent subscribers take warning and pay up, as he has since done.

—The editor of this department made a mistake last month in saying "G. B. King had become editor of the *Greenville Reflector*, and had quit law." "Buck" is rapidly on the rise as a lawyer in Pitt and adjoining counties, and from what we know of his abilities, he will keep climbing. He is now sole proprietor and editor of the *Democratic Standard*. In a private letter to one of the editors, he says: "Ever since I obtained my license it has been my chief aim to use the best energies I have in the practice of the profession I have chosen (law), and which I admire beyond all others, and I am pleased to state that my success thus far has been exceedingly gratifying and encouraging."

—J. D. Bardin, Law student '84-'85, has taken unto himself a better half, Miss Eloise Bristol, of

Morganton. May peace, happiness and plenty be his lot. He has hung out his shingle in Wilson and bids fair to make a success in the law.

—W. K. Brown, '83, has left the Centennial Graded School of Raleigh, to become principal of a school in Alabama.

W. D. Pemberton, '81, is attending medical lectures in Baltimore. Max Jackson, '85, is doing the same at the University of New York.

—Prof. Titus, of New York, the dancing master, is in town. The heavy youth of the class of '87 are learning to trip the light fantastic toe in Gymnasium Hall.

—Sol. Weill attended the meeting of the Grand Chapter of the *Zeta Psi* Fraternity at Easton, Pa., in January. He reports a full convention and a pleasant trip.

—St. Clair Hester seems determined to become a second Robinson Crusoe. He left the University to conduct business for a brother in Kansas City, Mo. He then travelled in Colorado for Duke & Co., of Durham, and now he turns up in New Orleans and is the Secretary of a theatrical troupe.

—Prof. Toy has very nicely fitted up Physics Hall, the room over Dr. Battle's office, for the use of his classes. This is a very pleasant change from the one re-

cently occupied—Holmes' Hall. Indeed almost any thing would be preferable to it with its dim light and uncomfortable benches.

-- We were much pleased to see John M. Morris on the Hill a few weeks ago. He spent the session just ended at a Business College in Knoxville, Tenn. He has not changed at all, except that he wears a dude moustache and invisible sidlers. He will now go into the tobacco business at Henderson, N. C. His stay with us was short but pleasant as he made many friends while in college.

—At the recent meeting of the Trustees, it was resolved to put a tablet to the memory of the late Professor Hooper in Memorial Hall. This will be done in consideration of his valuable services to the University, and surely his memory should be cherished by all. One will also be placed to the memory of Miss Mary Ruffin Smith. She is the only woman who ever made a donation to the University, and hers is the largest ever made to the educational fund. May she ever live in the memory of those young men who will be enabled through her act of charity to secure a much coveted education, and may others be inspired by her example to go and do likewise. Let them do it before death, and they can enjoy the sweet fruits of doing well.

—Tubby Keogh spent a few days with us, the first of the session. He is as fat and as chunky as ever.

—E. L. Gilmer, class '86, fought until the victory was in sight, until he was almost in the ark of safety, and then turned and fled. He is now in the Citizens National Bank of Greensboro.

—Wm. B. Shepherd, Law student, '82, is now editor of the *Apalachicola Herald*, Fla. We wish him much success in his new field of labor. The press is doing great good for civilization and freedom in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

—Harry Ransom, '87, has been at Lambsville, Chatham county, for the last few weeks. He has charge of Sam Turrentine's flourishing school during the sickness of the latter.

—The Trustees have created the office of Registrar, and given it to Prof. Gore. He has been acting as such for some time. His duty, besides keeping the register of students, is to aid the President in maintaining order in the campus and buildings on all occasions.

—Horace Williams, class '83, has resigned the professorship of German and Greek in Trinity College and has returned to Yale where he will resume the study of

theology. He is the first, and so far the only one, who has taken A. M. here under the new regime, is a diligent student and we wish him great success in his noble work. He will perhaps connect himself with the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

—A. L. Coble, class '80, has gone to Statesville, and will practice law in that little city. He was Assistant-professor of Mathematics in the University for two years, and took a course in law at the same time, and a little later assisted Prof. Manning in his work. He has great energy, and must only keep on as he has begun to make a success.

—As the spring begins to open and the commencement comes on apace, the Seniors and representatives begin to think of the trials they are to endure, and to make ready for the contest. The elocutionist is then in great demand. Prof. Saunders comes to us this year. He is from Washington and Lee University, and brings the highest recommendations from Gen. G. W. Curtis Lee, the President of that institution. We hear that he is pleasing his classes much, and is making a favorable impression generally. He is a young man and quite handsome, but married.

—Thomas R. Rouse, class '84, is teaching in Kinston College, N. C.

—St. Leon Scull, class '85, taught school last year in Rowan county. He grew tired of pedagogy and has returned to the University to take a course in law.

—The editor acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the Dedication of the Washington National Monument, Feb'y 21, 1885, from Hon. Thomas G. Skinner. The book is handsomely printed, the type being large and clear. It contains a *fac simile* of the invitation ticket, which is a very fine engraving. It has the speeches of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and Hon. John W. Daniels, and various other important things. It is a book of much value, and is worthy of a place in any library. Mr. Skinner is an old University boy, and is now serving his second term in the House of Representatives.

—January 20, Mr. Charles Roberts, of Shelby was married to Miss Fannie Hall, of this place. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. R. Hall. It was a very quiet affair and the bride and groom immediately left for Shelby, their future home. This has been a very auspicious season for marriages. Some one says every girl is taken off as soon as she comes here. At any rate, this is the third

marriage plus a big reception within two months. Never was there such unusual activity in the matrimonial market before, not even "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Who will be the next to offer themselves on the altar of the God of Love? Echo answers "who?"

—Rev. T. P. Crawford, D. D., favored us not long since with a series of lectures on the three great races, the White, Mongolian and Negro. He has been for thirty-four years a missionary to China under the supervision of the Southern Baptist Convention. He speaks three of their dialects and can preach to 150,000,000 Chinamen in their own tongue. Has been in the United States nine months, will remain some three months longer and then return to his work. His purpose in lecturing is to bring into prominence the differences between these three races and to correct some false ideas which are now generally held as to the best manner of converting the heathen. He belongs to the "anti-subsiding" faction "Do not build school houses and establish colleges and thus try to make him an American. He has race peculiarities and will retain them to the last. Preach the gospel first, convert him and trust to the benign influence, which Christianity will have in civilizing him." Dr. Crawford was

born in Kentucky and reared in Tennessee. He is now sixty-five, the best part of his life having been spent in this labor of love. He has lectured at a few places in the north and at many in the south. He shows what progress has been made in recent years and what the outlook now is. He will attend the Baptist Convention in April and then return to China.

—Prof. W. B. Phillips is still at the School of Mines at Freiberg, Saxony. The trustees will furnish him with money to be used in the purchase of specimens and apparatus for his department. Mrs. Phillips will join her husband about March 1st.

—Prof. Atkinson went to Durham a few weeks ago to make some investigations in regard to the cigarette bug. The egg is laid in the leaf and can bear all the steaming necessary in the process of manufacture. When the cigarette is made, the bug bores out and the favorite of the small boy is ruined. The Professor thinks he has found a remedy for the pest. Mr. Carr expressed himself as much pleased with the Professor's methods of investigation.

—In the recent death of Prof. Johannes DeBerniere Hooper the University has sustained a severe loss. He was a pure, noble, christian gentleman. To know him

was to love him. In the classroom he was kind and gentle to his pupils. No harsh word ever fell from his lips as a reproof for a duty neglected; but his reproofs had that fatherly kindness about them which endeared him to all. He was one of the most punctual men ever in the faculty. Even as late as last year he seldom missed morning prayers, often coming when the weather was too inclement for him to be out, never desisting from it until requested by the President to do so. Such was his devotion to duty. Who will take his place in this respect? He was, with two or three exceptions, the last surviving member of the class of 1831. He was professor of Latin in the University for a long time before the war. At the re-opening in 1875 he was teaching in the Wilson Collegiate Institute. He taught Greek and French for ten years and was forced through failing health to resign last September. He has been very feeble since that time but his death was rather unexpected. He leaves us a rich legacy in his example which is worthy of being imitated by the best of us. He was "sustained in his last hours by an unfaltering trust and he went to take his chamber in the silent halls of death like one who wraps the rich drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—President Battle gives us some interesting talks on Bible subjects during his half hour on Sunday mornings. He has been giving short histories of the twelve apostles recently. One feature he brings out is the various forms a

name takes in different countries. This is instructive and entertaining, and helps us on in a study of comparative philology too. We advise all to attend. The time could hardly be spent more profitably.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Comparatively few visitors have come to our table this year to tell us the oft repeated tale of noble resolves, lofty expectations, and flattering promises for the yet new year. As for us, we shall take the world as it comes, and go on "in the even tenor of our way," giving and taking what is meted out to us.

* *

We are glad to again table the *Southern University Monthly*, from down in our Gulf-tempered, sister State, Alabama. It opens with a fairly spirited article, The Excited Nation, which is of interest to such as love to ponder over the rise and fall of the chosen race. With nimble fingers it next plays on the "Harp of Life," till suddenly it discloses new truths on "The Dignity of Labor"; closing where it opened, on the Orient, with the "Seven Wonders of the

World." A characteristic southern periodical, reflecting credit on the editors who get it up so tastily.

* *

Georgetown College, D. C., sends us the *College Journal*. Were we subject to lachrymal effusions, we could not desist from dropping a tear of sympathy for the editors of the *Journal* who seem to receive no exchange unworthy of a taunt from their unwieldy pen. Let us suggest that you look upon common-place proverbs, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," for instance.

* *

Although by no means cumbersome in size, or striking in appearance, there is a general spiciness about the Lewisburg, Pa., *University Mirror* that is agreeable. We might suggest that you give more space to the Literary

Department, but fearing the often just epithet, busy bodies, we refrain. Although not over forcible in the presentation of points, we can but laud the author of "The South Twenty Years Ago, and the South To-day" as expressing the sentiments of many true Southerner's.

* *

The St. Mary's *Sentinel* comes to us somewhat improved by undergoing a series of sarcastic hits by its contemporaries; and in return throws in our teeth that we "would do well to add an exchange column!" Well dear *Sentinel*, we have been accustomed to devote one or two pages to "Among Our Exchanges," and we trust you would not subject us to the necessity of abandoning that title for more monotonous "Exchange Column" just to please your æsthetic tastes; but perchance it was just a *lapsus oculi*, if you will pardon a newly coined expression, and passed over our exchanges unnoticed.

* *

No noticeable characteristics of any particular person's handwriting had ever stricken us forcibly except the generally accepted truth that "all great men write poorly, but all men who write poorly are not necessarily great," until we read an article in the *Phrenological Journal* on "Indications of character in Handwriting"

by George W. James. For example, the letter g: "When the downstroke is long and sloping with a graceful curving return leading on to the next letter, such a form denotes a sweet, sensitive, and tender nature, with easy sequence of ideas. If, on the contrary, it terminates angularly, it indicates penetration." A scientific treatise on "Biometry" and "The Christian Church—Its History and Divisions," deserve mention.

* *

We happen to notice on our table a little sheet which we took at first to be a catalogue of some clothing establishment. But lo! it was the *Niagara Index*, with its usual amount of anathemas hurled at every periodical that *deigned* to give it even a passing notice. The little noisy wayward child sadly needs a cover to hide its nudity, and a "daddy" to spank it into silence, or at least into good behavior.

* *

The Occident is always a welcome guest at our board. In issue of Jan. 22, it has an interesting article on "Slang." Thinking that it would interest our readers we clip the following: "Spoony" came from the noun spoon, and is applied as indicating the symptoms belonging to the realm of courting, rather than the disease itself. The original use of the now vulgar phrase "let her rip,"

is as far from its present meaning as possible. In old churchyards in England on the tomb of some loved one appeared the words, but

written, Let her R. I. P.—“Let her repose in peace.” Perhaps it would have been better if they had not been so sparing of letters.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

We find on our table this week two volumes of Messrs. Harper's neat Handy Series :

A Man of Honor, by J. S. Winter, a light, interesting study of the darker side of Alban Hastings, a trooper of the Black Horse Dragoons, and of the bright side of his comrades, Urquhart and Lord Archie. Two young ladies in the case are rivals in the affections of the hero. He jilts one, courts the other, goes to India, gets wounded and is 'tended by his jilted sweetheart. Upon recovery he throws off all conscience, tells Bessie (to whom he is bound by all honor and illicit love) that he can never marry her, and must return to England. Bessie falls dead at his rough words, and the tragedy is ended. The name, *A Man of Honor*, ironically given, befits him well. Price, 20 cents.

Cabin and Gondola comes to us redolent with the perfume of Florida's flowers and German beer! It is a collection of short sketches, cleverly written by Charlotte Dunning. Sketches of Flor-

ida, Italy, Germany and France amuse as well as instruct. Humor, pathos and fine description are well blended, and the little volume makes a most delightful companion during an idle hour. Price, 20 cents. Read it.

War and Peace, a historic novel, by Count Leo Tolstoi. Concerning this new book the *New York Times* has quite a lengthy article, from which we gain some information :

“Count Leo Tolstoi's six-volume historical romance, ‘*Voina i Mir*,’ (*War and Peace*,) the earlier installments of which were published in Russia as long ago as 1867, has at length found its way across the Atlantic under the double disadvantage of having been translated from Russian into French and from French into English. The version now before us comprises only the first and least successful portion of the work, which, treating as it does of Russia's three successive struggles against Napoleon, naturally deepens in tragic grandeur in proportion as it nears its culminating point, the great national martyrdom of 1812.

"Our author divides with his namesake, Count A. K. Tolstoi, the foremost place in the present school of Russian historical fiction, of which Dmitri Zagoskin was among the first and most successful representatives. His work, however, marks a new phase in its development. Zagoskin and A. K. Tolstoi were avowed and not unworthy imitators of Sir Walter Scott. Leo Tolstoi reminds us more of the earlier style of Lord Lytton.

"Along with Lord Lytton's tendency to philosophize, his Russian disciple has imbibed in all its fullness the great sentimentalist's passion for making everything go wrong. One of the heroes of his present work gambles away a fortune at cards. Another is reduced to ranks for some madcap escapade, and then all but killed in a duel. A third, having married a woman whom he detested, falls in battle just as he has satisfactorily got rid of her. A fourth, betrayed by his wife and cheated by his friends, is finally carried away among the other prisoners of the French army on its retreat from Moscow, and barely escapes with life after enduring unutterable hardships. Nor are the ladies a whit more fortunate than the gentlemen. Jealousies, disappointments, misunderstandings, rejections of the right man in favor of the wrong one, family troubles, domestic bereavements, broken hearts, and sudden deaths encounter us so incessantly that when the great doomsday of 1812 begins to darken over the closing scenes of the story, instead of regarding it as a calamity, we hail

it as a seasonable and very appropriate climax, sent to cut short all these prolix serials of agony, and to make everybody heartily and comfortably miserable at once.

"It would be unfair to Count Tolstoi, however, to regard him merely as one more exponent of that affected Byronism whose two great commandments were (as Macaulay pointedly said) 'to hate your neighbor and love your neighbor's wife.' When he does take the trouble to elaborate either a scene or a character his success is undeniable. The terrible Dolokhoff, gambler, bully, duelist, profligate—with the untamed ferocity of a wild beast underlying the polished cynicism of a man of fashion, yet at the same time 'the tenderest of sons and kindest of brothers' to the poor old mother and deformed sister who were so proud of him—is a creation worthy of Lermontoff himself, and in many points closely akin to the leading figure in the latter's famous novel, 'A Hero of Our Time.' No one can fail to be struck with the vivid sketch of Prince Peter Bezoukhoff, the young millionaire, with his weak good-nature and better self-reproach, his vague but passionate longings for something higher and purer than the endless round of fashionable dissipation, and his ultimate realization of the true significance of life just as he passes into the deepening gloom of apparently certain death. Nor would it be easy to find any battle piece in Russian literature, even among those of Karamzin himself, which can surpass the gloomy grandeur of the terrible description given in

Vol. V. (one of those still untranslated) of the great military butchery at Borodino, where 100,000 men perished in one day for the possession of a tiny hamlet of 23 huts, which any passenger along the Mojaisk highroad might almost pass unnoticed were it not for the striking monument on the ridge just above it."

Cæsar, by Allen & Greenough. This is the title of a neat, well bound volume, just issued from the presses of Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass. A finely engraved bust of Julius Cæsar forms the frontispiece and it contains seven books, two more than generally appear in a text book *De Bello Gallica*. At the head of each chapter is a condensed statement of events described therein, thus: Orgetorix soon afterwards dies (line 2-4). These statements are in English—a great convenience to both teacher and pupil. A short life of Cæsar and a map of Gaul, revised according to the latest investigations, are a credit to the work. The text is, with slight change, that of Nipperdey. Many references to the grammars of Allen & Greenough, Gildersleeve and Harkness afford abundant light on the syntax, while convenient notes give one a clear idea of the manners, morals and arms of the Romans. The "golden mean" seems to have been reached in the notes. They are

not too full as in Anthon, a hindrance rather than a help, nor yet too brief, as in the case of the Chase and Stuart text books. Never have we seen a classical text book with so few blemishes. One of its main features is a carefully arranged description of Roman arms and armor, with handsome illustrations. The work is neatly printed, in good, large type, on excellent paper and contains a first class Cæsarean vocabulary. We cordially recommend this book to all those beginning to read Latin, satisfied that nowhere can a better text book be found. Price \$1.25. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

Original Comic Operas, W. S. Gilbert, containing Mikado, Pirates of Penzance, The Sorcerer, H. M. S. Pinafore and others. We are sure that our readers who have heard so much of the talented composer of Pinafore would like some of his best plays for reference. Mr. Gilbert's plays have met with peculiar favor from the American people and a perusal of this small volume proves that it is deserved. Mikado, the play about which there has recently been so much trouble in the courts, is alone worth the price of the volume—20 cts. Harper & Bros., New York.

THE
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THE HOUR'S NEED.

The importance of the industries and their promoters has too long been disregarded. The historian has paid more attention to the foibles, follies, vices and even to the crimes of men, than to those things which constitute the elements of human happiness and human progress in civilization. The deeds of the warrior who rode forth to pillage and to destroy have been blazoned to the world in history and monument and song,—while the *true heroes* in the cause of humanity, the patient inventors, the great captains of industry, the promoters of the acts of peace, together with all their labors, have been too often ignored and suffered to sink into unjust oblivion. But, fortunately for our age, this old condition of things is passing away, and new thoughts and feelings are arousing the great heart of humanity, as a just sense of appreciation and reward rises over the horizon of a progressive present. Men have begun to perceive that he who invents a machine which lessens human toil and increases human comfort is a greater benefactor to his race than he who simply inherits a crown or receives the applause of the world for splendid military achievements; that he is more truly great who has won a name from the temple of merit than he whose

only claim to prominence or a title comes through the sepulchres of his ancestors. Yes we have begun to perceive that the arts of peace are the true sources of individual prosperity and national strength. We open our eyes in wonder at the varying and multiplying uses of simple vegetable productions, at the developing of the industries, at the new sources of invention, beauty and art, at the accumulation and power of private and national wealth, until we stand astonished at their magnitude and effects upon the commerce and happiness of the world.

The healing hand of civilization is doing its work. The sciences and industries, as if by magic, have sent an electric thrill through the mighty agencies of universal advancement. We live in a fast age; we attempt to think of the Declaration of Independence, and we are almost lost in the twilight of history; we attempt to think of yesterday, and it seems almost an age removed. We are rushing on, with ever increasing speed, on the high road of new wonders to unparelled greatness—unable to brood over the past—scarcely heeding the present—everything lies in the future. We are leading the vanguard of progress in sight of another century's milestone. In aiding us as a nation to reach this position, perhaps no one agency has been more marked

and potent in its effects than the *manufacture of cotton*. To it and the inventors of its machinery is due the glory of one of the grandest peace victories of the 19th century. To-day it stands out prominently among the century's achievements emitting bright rays of national greatness and individual comfort upon a proud and happy people—in striking contrast to the dark clouds of ignorance and lethargy that hung alike over the tottering thrones and the toiling and benighted millions of yesterday.

It is this cotton industry that has made England what she is to-day. Spain was the first European country to adopt it, and during the 15th century she led Europe in commerce, the sciences and arts; just so she led all the nations in power.

At that time England was not recognized as one of the leading powers of the world; comparatively she was insignificant. It was not until the latter part of the 18th century that England's industrial genius awoke; and then it was that she began to make herself felt among the nationalities of the earth—at one stride distancing all competitors. It was the manufacture of cotton, the result of the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton and Cartwright, that awoke her from her lethargy, gave a new

impetus to her commerce, and poured a steady stream of wealth into her coffers; that trained her sailors, improved and enlarged her fleet, and started the wheels of progress that bore creation's rust. This is what made England prosperous in peace and invincible in war. In peace she has had a monopoly of the commerce of the world; in war she uses her immense wealth to subsidize the land force of other nations, and with well trained sailors and a powerful fleet she can meet and scatter a second armada upon the sea. Then to these humble inventors is due the greatness of England. They are England's *true heroes* both in peace and in war.

It was not Lord Nelson that defeated the French at Trafalgar. But it was Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton and Cartwright, who gave Nelson the power, means and skill which no other admiral had ever had. It was they who, with an unseen hand, directed England's well-aimed blows, and threw consternation into the opposing fleet.

It was not Wellington who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. It was only the result of England's inventions, her improvements in manufacture and commerce that made Waterloo possible. The spirits of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton and Cartwright, as guardian angels, rode into that whirl-

wind of destruction, and baffled the child of Destiny. It was they that wrecked the grandest army the sun ever shone upon, and swept from the face of France that historic Old Guard which never reeled in the shock of war before. It was they who did it, and it is they who deserve the glory!

The subtle, though powerful influence of these inventive geniuses had been at work for more than a quarter of a century, but were scarcely noticed or felt until England proclaimed her greatness to the world in tones of thunder, and with tongues of living fire. This was the first great triumph of mechanical genius over military genius. It was the vantage ground of a new born civilization over the relics of barbarism, and a vantage ground which will never, never be lost.

Now these facts teach us as Americans an important lesson. We should recognize in Eli Whitney our true industrial hero,—the man who contributed to the rescue of a strangling industry, the *cotton gin*—an invention which has changed the history of America, which has revolutionized modern commerce and modern politics. It was not until the time of this invention that our starving and dying colonies, which the revolution left stranded upon the shores of the Atlantic, were inspired to

a new life and took their first giant step forward.

But there is a more important lesson for us than this. We see that England did not become great by the simple *production* of raw materials, but by the *manufacturing* of these raw materials for commerce. Now comes the question, Can we become great by manufacturing? In fact, what are the factors on which any country's prosperity depends? They are its agricultural, commercial and manufacturing facilities. *For agriculture* is needed a good soil and a good climate. In these we surpass the remainder of the world.

For commerce harbors and railroad facilities are necessary. In these we are equalled by none.

For Manufacturing there must be water power and coal. These we have—a great belt of coal, stretching from the lakes to the gulf, and water power in abundance. Even right here in our own State energy to the amount of 3,000,000 horse-power is wasted every moment. In fact, right here in our own cluster of sister States these three great progressive factors combine as they do in no other spot on the globe.

Then let us as Americans no longer send our bales of raw cotton to the looms of England; let us as *Southerners* no longer send our cotton to the Northern manufacturer, for him to send back to

us, while he reaps all the profits. Let us no longer send our ores to the northern furnace, nor our timber to the northern machines. Why should the South be simply the cotton-field and wood-shop of the United States? Shall it continue to be so? No! The South's far-famed exhibits at Boston, Raleigh and New Orleans explode this idea with a thundering negative.

What is needed in every Southern State is immigration and capital. We have everything necessary to create wealth and independence, except workers and money. Then let us make extraordinary efforts to secure immigration, and the most liberal concessions to capital. When? Let us do it now! For there is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune and to fame. The tide of our future independence is at its flood. We must take it! This is the *hour's need*. Then let us gain a double advantage and reap a double profit by manufacturing our cotton in the very best fields where it is growing. Let our wood be carved and fitted for usefulness in the very forest where it is felled. Let our ores be smelted, shaped and beautified by the dainty fingers of art for the channels of commerce in sight of the very mines where they are dug. When this is done, then

the farmer at his plow will be inspired by the song of the humming spindle—a song whose stirring strains will sound in the ears of future millions the glad music of a peerless history. Then will our western hills echo with the blast of the furnace, and every fountain, rivulet and stream will chant the music of eternal progress. Then the North—the world—will be our market-place, and its people our purchasers. Then the false antagonism between labor and capital will be silenced, and these twin giants of industry will stand before the world in holy

union. Then the speculations on Southern distress will cease, and the doleful cry of northern tyranny will be hushed. Then our works of internal improvement will receive a new and ever accelerating impetus—our drooping cities will be revived, and our creeping commerce winged.

Then, and not until then, may we look for our future to rise radiant with hope and promise.

The South can do this! And God speed the day when the South *will do this!*

MARION BUTLER.

Feb. 12th, 1886.

“THE DESERTED VILLAGE.”

This beautiful poem, which firmly established Goldsmith's claim to a place among the great English poets, was published in 1770, when the author was in the forty-second year of his age. The leading idea which this poem contains, that the accumulation of wealth in the country is the cause of all evils, including depopulation, though open to criticism from political economists, nevertheless detracts but little from its force and beauty.

In the *Traveller*, which appeared five years before, Goldsmith had intimated in the following lines the leading idea of this poem:

“Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,

Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?”

The poem contains a charming description of a beautiful rural village, which, through the love of gain and self-aggrandizement of a rich man, or, as we would now call him, a monopolist, had been merged into one great estate, the town itself destroyed, and its citizens forced to leave the home of their ancestors and seek a new abode in the uninviting forests of the “western world.”

The “Sweet Auburn” of the

poem is, no doubt, the village of Lissoy, the home of Goldsmith's boyhood, as regarded with all the wistfulness and longing of a long-banished nation. Lord Macaulay says that the poem is hopelessly incongruous in that it "combines a description of a probably Kentish village with a description of an Irish ejection. But it seems perfectly natural that Goldsmith should give a bright picture of his boyhood's home when looking at it through the softening influence of time. Sir Walter Scott, who does not agree with Macaulay about the incongruity of the poem, says that the natural features of the Irish village of Lissoy correspond to those described in the poem. But, whether it is a description of real or ideal village makes little difference in the effect of the poem.

In his imaginary ramble through distant Lissoy the poet recalls his boyish sports and pleasures, makes a short review of his eventful life—the life of an exile—and expresses the wish to spend his last moments in "Auburn,"

"I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down ;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned
skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,

Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

The picture of the Village Preacher is generally considered a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of his pious and amiable father, Rev. Chas. Goldsmith. The wayward but brilliant son has, by his powers of delineation of character, rendered the father immortal; and as long as the English language shall be spoken or its classics understood, this picture of Goldsmith's father will be read and admired. In this day when there is a constant wrangling among many of our ministers for the best-paying and most fashionable churches, and a perpetual wire-pulling to gain promotion, the character of this plain and devoted pastor of a small village may be studied with pleasure and profit by all. What a contrast is there between the character of some of the fashionable and sensational ministers of to-day and that of the man described in these lines :

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year ;
Remote from town he ran his Godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change
his place ;

Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
For other aims his heart had learned to
prize—

More skilled to raise the wretched than to
rise."

Goldsmith, no doubt, intended, while offering this beautiful tribute to the memory of his father, to administer a well-deserved rebuke to the English clergy, who, at that time, were in a sad religious plight.

The description of the school-master is a good one, and a vein of dry humor running through it renders the effect of its introduction all the more delightful. It is a true picture of the pedagogue of the olden day who was so proud of his proficiency in the three "R's," and who, though vanquished in argument, would still maintain his position with imperturbable pertinacity, and attempt to overpower his antagonist and overawe the simple rustics by the fluent use of "words of learned length and thundering sound."

The public house is one of the necessary institutions of an English or Irish village, and any description of such a village that ignored the inn would not be true to nature. It is at the inn that the people of these little hamlets meet and drink their beer and ale, crack their jokes, talk politics, and hear the newspaper read. Goldsmith, in lamenting the ruin that has befallen his "Auburn," gives a glimpse of these evening gatherings:

"Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

Thus far the poem seems so natural that one cannot fail to believe in the reality of the village. But, when we read of the destruction and depopulation of a whole village in order to add more to a wealthy man's estate, we are forced to think that the author has allowed his prejudices to lead him away from the truth:

"The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds.
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds."

There have been instances of this nature in England, but probably not in sufficient number to support the theory that "wealth and luxury are inimical to the existence of a hardy peasantry."

But, whatever may be said of Goldsmith's theories of political economy, the pictures of those who have been forced to leave their homes are faithful to nature, and many such instances as he gives may still be seen both in our own country and in England. Where, he asks, is a poor exile to go, when every foot of ground has been seized by the rich? To the large cities?

"To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand lawful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind."

He then proceeds to give a picture of the gorgeous splendor and pompous display made by the rich in the large cities. In contrast to this is a picture—only too true in our own age and country—of the wretched female who has been flattered and ruined and betrayed, and has finally sunk too deep in wickedness to have much hope of reform.

But, says Goldsmith, the inhabitants of "Auburn" do not go to the cities; but they go

"To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

After giving a striking description of the hardships to which emigrants to America would be exposed, he presents in a vivid manner the pathetic side of emigration, exclaiming:

"Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure passed,
Hung round their bowers and fondly looked their last—
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—

And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep."

In this imaginative departure the poet contemplates the "rural virtues" leaving the land; and, in the closing lines of the poem, bids departing Poetry a tender and passionate farewell.

"And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;—

Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!"

Despite the objections of the political economists, the disparaging criticism of Macaulay, and the fluctuations of literary fashion, the position of this graceful, melodious and tender poem in English literature has not been disturbed. There is something in this poem, with its vivid descriptions of well-known objects, its fine delineations of certain moral characters, and its quaint and pathetic philosophizing about the accumulation of wealth and the depopulation of villages, that has made it a favorite with all classes of persons, and there is little doubt that it will long retain its well-deserved popularity.

S. M. GATTIS.

Hertford, N. C., Feb. 2nd, '86.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES OF TRAVEL.

From Edinburgh to London--European Railroads.

BY K. E. Y.

It is a long and interesting ride from Edinburgh to London. We made the journey on an express and not on a "parliamentary" as are called the trains that stop at all stations. A word here about European railways may not be amiss. While the roads themselves are heavier and stronger than most of ours, the rolling stock is lighter, and for this reason I should judge that the wear and tear is less than on American roads. Their engines are not built on such a uniform plan as ours, but can be seen in various shapes and of all models of construction. They are never provided with the pilots or "cow-catchers" of our engines, since in a land where the roadways are all fenced or hedged in and cattle cannot therefore gain access to the track, such appendages are unnecessary. In place of the pilots they are armed with two unsightly "bumpers." Instead of a train of five, six or more cars, as we see in America, their trains consist of a long string of many little *carriages*. Each carriage is divided into three parts or "compartments" and each compartment

has two rows of seats opposite, like the seats in an omnibus. Half of the passengers must ride backwards. A first-class compartment seats three persons on each row or six in all, a second-class compartment seats eight persons and a third-class ten. Very often a second-class compartment and even a third-class furnishes everything that could be desired in point of comfort as well as company, for very many of the best people travel second-class. There may be a first, second and third-class compartment to a single carriage, or two seconds and a first, or two thirds and a first, and so forth indiscriminately. There are also first, second and third-class smoking compartments, so that on European railroads one must not necessarily seek disagreeable company in order to enjoy the luxury of a cigar. There are, too, compartments for ladies only, designed for the comfort and convenience of ladies travelling alone. The baggage carriage is in England called a *van* and the baggage is always called luggage. The complete system of through checking

of baggage as it exists to such perfection and convenience in America is nearly unknown, though I believe they are now waking up a little to its good points. Generally, however, you put your luggage in the van and claim it in person at the end of the journey. Sometimes a piece of paper is stuck on the trunk with the point of destination and a number printed thereon and a similar piece of paper is given to the traveller. This is their nearest approach to through checking. Pullman palace and sleeping cars are now being made in Europe and run on European roads, but they are built smaller than those in use with us. I recall an advertisement I noticed in a London paper, setting forth the advantages offered on the part of a certain line to Brighton by the use of an express train composed solely of Pullman cars. Special stress was laid on the fact, designated by italics, that *passengers might pass from car to car!* The two doors of a compartment being on each side of the carriage and there being no opening between compartments or at the ends of the carriages, a collector of tickets cannot of course pass through the train. Tickets are given up at the station at which you leave the train, the depots being so constructed that you cannot pass out without passing the collector. Sometimes the

collector is on the train and examines tickets by walking along outside the train on a narrow plank, clinging on much like street car conductors on our open street cars, often also, at a station, an official will present himself at your windows and punch your ticket, seemingly on general principles. Every train is accompanied by a corps of "guards" who ride in the "guard van" during the journey and at each station distribute themselves along the platform to open and close the doors. Frequently it happens that you are locked in your compartment until the guard sees fit to release you, a practice little consistent with facility of escape in case of accident. Many conveniences, such as water refreshments and other things, that might be on the train can only be found at a station. No bell rope runs through the train to the engine as a signal to the engineer, but the train is started by the guards blowing a series of little whistles from the rear of the train forward. The chief guard may be considered in the light of a conductor.

Every station, where there are switches or sidings, is provided, as is the case now in our more wealthy roads, with a switch house. This is glass on every side and in it the switch master stands in front of an array of upright levers, each one of which moves its proper

switch, however far away. The most perfect system of signals exists along the line and at stations. The American air brake is used, I believe, on all trains. Some of the carriages, instead of having three complete compartments with two rows of seats each, have two complete compartments, and, so to speak, two half-compartments, the latter being located at each end of the carriage and styled *coupes*. The speed of the English trains is greater on an average than that of American trains. On the continent the speed is not so great. Gentlemen travelling alone or together, or even with ladies where economy is a consideration, will find all they desire in a second-class compartment. The smaller stations are models of neatness, comfort and often elegance. Each one is provided with a good restaurant and lunch and refreshment counter.

The larger depots are magnificent. The average European depot is far superior to the American. The whistles of the locomotives are almost without exception piercingly shrill. Very often the engineer or "driver" has no "cab" or covering over his head or at his side, and is only protected from the weather by an upright wall in front of him pierced by two circular windows like port-holes. He has no chair, and is in no case allowed to sit down while

at his post. Country roads never cross the railroad except by means of a substantial bridge built over the latter. Neither do the railroads cross each other on the same level. The road-beds are always in most beautiful order, and frequently the excavations and embankments, instead of presenting a surface of raw earth like ours, are turfed with beautiful grass, as green and as evenly mowed as a lawn.

In some parts of Europe the telegraph lines, instead of running on poles, are supported on iron posts three or four feet from the ground.

I will add that the compartments of the carriages are each lit by a single smoky oil lamp embedded in the ceiling over head and adjusted by a guard outside on top of the carriage. Sometimes there is present an electric button, which passengers are cautioned not to touch except in cases of absolute necessity. I had no means of observing the heating facilities, but believe they are imperfect, and sometimes do not exist at all. So much for European railroads. In my opinion the American system is in the majority of points far superior. Certainly so in point of comfort. It is in use to a limited extent in parts of Europe. We found it in Switzerland, but the cars were very inferior.

Most of the way from Edinburgh to London we had the good fortune to secure, through an accommodating guard, a compartment to ourselves. Not far from the railroad we pass old Melrose Abbey, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland, now ivy-covered and crumbling to decay. Not far away from Melrose is Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott, which I cannot but regret that we did not stop and visit. We only had a passing view of Sheffield and the smoke of its many factories, paused a half an hour for dinner at Normanton, and after that made but one more stop—Leicester—ere we reached the mighty metropolis. The latter part of our ride was through that part of England which seems to offer such an attractive subject for English landscape paintings, a gently rolling country, beautifully green and checked, every inch under cultivation. Now and then trees and shade appear as the extensive grounds of some wealthy landholder glide by, the spires or turrets of his lordly residence peeping up from out the foliage. We pass over the Cheviot Hills, hardly worthy of the name, so low and undulating they are. Wide, shallow streams of cold, clear water run by, with the trout fishers on their banks, and on every side the mowers are at work with scythe

and blade. Ever and anon we see stone houses and thatched roofs, fine gardens, extensive orchards, deep canals, and a perfect net work of railroads. Sometimes ours would pass over another, under a second, and so on. Factories after factories, bearing testimony to the immense industries of this mighty kingdom, go by until the sight of them grows monotonous.

As I approach London faith in my narrative fails. So great is the number of things to be seen, and which we did see there, so hard is it to know what to speak of and what to omit, so difficult is it to vary the style of continuous description that it does not grow tiresome and distasteful to the reader, that I approach London with no little trepidation, and with a firm resolve to make my narrative as short as possible. With this assurance perhaps I may entice you to read on. Did I dwell on the places of historic interest there to be found—as, for example, the tower—and try, as I describe, to recall for myself and my readers some of the tales of history connected therewith, it would protract this sketch far beyond what I, and I daresay those who peruse these pages, expect or desire, and the task has already assumed proportions far beyond my intention or expectation at its inception. Consequently brevity shall be my aim.

JOHN DeBERNIERE HOOPER.

A Memorial.

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

The University must long continue to deplore the death of Prof. Hooper. In him we have lost one of the most loyal and loving of our alumni, a valuable officer, a faithful and accomplished teacher, an exemplar in all duty and in the finest traits that distinguish the character of a Christian gentleman.

While the University, through its officers, and trustees, and students, the public press generally, and the voice of private friendship have expressed in fitting terms their estimate of his worth and their sense of bereavement, I propose, in this memorial sketch of his life, to give a more extended view of his family connections, obtained from an authentic source, and so to place on record for the first time genealogical details of the various branches and collaterals, such as are always interesting, and may hereafter be of value. Too little attention is paid in this State to such family records.

The Hooper family is one long and well known in North Carolina and other Southern States. Wherever known they are strongly marked by certain family traits; a high-toned passionate sense of honor, a quick and generous sensi-

bility, a love of letters combined with intellect of a fine and flexible quality. In many of them these mental gifts are accompanied by a rare strain of subtle humor, imparting to their conversation and writings the real Attic flavor and salt.

The first of the name known in this country was the Rev'd William Hooper, a clergyman of the English Church, who came to Boston in the early part of the last century. Of his sons, three emigrated to North Carolina, William, George, and Thomas. William was a graduate of Harvard College, (1760), and had studied law under James Otis in Boston. He settled in Wilmington (1767), became prominent in politics, was a delegate to the Continental Congress 1775-'77, and is now best known as one of the immortals who signed the Declaration of Independence. His wife was Miss Ann Clarke of Wilmington. He removed with his family to Hillsboro at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, and there he died in 1790, leaving two children, William and Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Eliz. Watters. His son William married Helen Hogg of Hillsboro, daugh-

ter of Jas. Hogg, a Scotch gentleman who had emigrated from "*John O'Groats' House*," the most northern habitable point of the island of Great Britain. Another daughter, Robina, became the wife of Judge Norwood of H., and her descendants are now among the Bingham, Webbs, Huskes, Norwoods, Mickles and others of our best citizens. Another daughter, Elizabeth, married Mr. Huske of Fayetteville. The Hogg's removed to Kentucky, changing their name to Alven. Mrs. Helen Hooper was early left a widow with three sons, William, James and Thomas. She removed to Chapel Hill soon after the establishment of the University, to educate her sons, and settled in the house lately occupied by Prof. DeBerniere Hooper. Dr. Caldwell was then President of the University, and a widower. He married the young widow, and removed his residence from his own house (now occupied by Prof. Gore) to hers, where he lived long and usefully for the best interests of North Carolina, carrying the University successfully and honorably, and with increasing reputation through its critical and hazardous first years. He died in 1833.

Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell had no children, but he was a father to her sons, whom he educated and advanced in life to the best of his ability. Mrs. Caldwell's son William became one of

the Professors here, and was widely known through life and honored in various Institutions of learning in both North and South Carolina—a scholar and writer of unusual depth and elegance, a distinguished Divine of the Baptist church, a very excellent and successful teacher. He married Frances Pollock Jones, a daughter of Col. Edward Jones, of Rock Rest in Chatham county, to whom we will presently refer more particularly. James and Thomas Hooper settled in Fayetteville, James married a Miss Broadfoot, and Thomas married a Miss Donaldson. Both were childless.

George and Thomas Hooper who came with their brother Wm. from Boston, settled also in Wilmington. Thomas died without issue. George married Katharine MacLaine, daughter of Archibald MacLaine, a man prominent in Wilmington at that day among our Revolutionary patriots, and one of the first Trustees of the University. A tablet to his memory is now in Memorial Hall. They had one son, Archibald MacLaine Hooper, who was the father of our late Professor and was a man of fine literary taste and ability, well known as a writer and valued contributor on historical subjects to various journals. He married Charlotte, daughter of Col. John DeBerniere, an English gentleman of noble French Huguenot descent who came to America in the

latter part of the last century. We will trace his fortunes.

Col. DeBerniere, a commissioned officer in the English army, had married near Belfast, Ireland, Miss Ann Jones, daughter of Conway Jones, of Rosstrevor and sister of Edward Jones, who afterwards became State Solicitor for North Carolina. The Jones family derive in a direct line from the celebrated English Bishop, Jeremy Taylor, and many of them now occupy places of honor in England.

When Edward Jones resolved to come to America his brother-in-law and sister were also influenced to emigrate. He was then a gay young Irishman with perhaps no serious views as to his life in a new country, whereas Col. DeBerniere was the father of a family and had already achieved distinction. The very day after he had resigned his commission in the army, (before it had been received at headquarters) he was appointed by the English Government, Governor of Canada, his wish to come to America having been known. As his resignation had been made, he thought it would be dishonorable to accept this office.

They came first, it appears, to Philadelphia, then the metropolis of America, and there Edward Jones engaging in business, achieved a brilliant success in society,

receiving the sobriquet of the "elegant young Irishman," and making many friends among distinguished men who adhered to him through life. He also, as became a young Irishman, ran through all his money—besides making love to a beautiful girl, whose father on prudential grounds forbid the match, and who died, literally it was said, of a broken heart. Jones and his brother-in-law removed to Wilmington, N. C., and finally settled themselves in Chatham county. Jones turned lawyer and soon became prominent, as all men of birth and breeding were apt to be, took a leading part at the bar, and became very popular, and as aforesaid, was for years Solicitor for the State. He married Mary, eldest daughter of Peter Mallett, of Fayetteville, and settled at "Rock-rest" a handsome residence in Chatham, which in his hands was renowned for hospitality and generous living. He had a large family, and besides undertook the charge of a number of orphans, children of his friends, bringing them up as his own. Among these befriended ones were the gallant Captain Johnston Blakely who commanded the "Wasp" and was lost at sea in 1814. Another was the late E. J. Hale, of New York, formerly and for many years editor of the North Carolina Fayetteville *Observer*, a man whose

life and character would do honor to any State or City. Col. Jones' own children have all added honor to his name, all being distinguished for worth and intelligence. Of his sons Dr. J. B. Jones, now of Charlotte, but for years formerly resident in Chapel Hill, lived longest, and is now best known as one of the most successful and honored physicians in the State, who brought to his profession and concentrated on it a fine and discriminating genius, and acquirements that would have equally secured his pre-eminence in any other of the learned professions. Col. Jones' daughters were all women of rare virtue, beauty and accomplishments. Betsy married John Eccles, of Fayetteville. Charlotte married Edward Hardin, of Pittsboro. Frances married Dr. Wm. Hooper, of Chapel Hill, as aforesaid. Louisa married Hon. Abram Rencher, of Pittsboro. This lady, now residing in Chapel Hill, and her brother Dr. Jones, are sole survivors of Col. Jones' family.

To turn to the DeBernieres, who fixed themselves on Deep River, not far from Rock-rest. It is easy to imagine how emigrants of gentle blood and easy circumstances in the old world must have suffered when set down in the back-woods of America one hundred years ago. The family tradition is that Mrs. DeBerniere

really pined away in her new home, unable to bear up under the prolonged homesickness for "Rosstrevor" in Ireland, for the dear faces there, and for the luxuries and elegances to which she had been brought up. After her death their house was burned down, and with it were lost all the family furniture, relics, and valuables brought over with them. The sons died early; the daughters married, and finally they all removed to Charleston, S. C., where the name DeBerniere is now lost in that of McCrady. One daughter only married in North Carolina, Charlotte, who, as aforesaid, married A. Maclaine Hooper, of Wilmington; and here we return to the immediate family of our late Professor. There were many children of this marriage—four dying in infancy or early youth—five surviving to maturity:

George, the eldest, is yet living in Opelika, Ala., greatly beloved and honored. He married Caroline Mallett, sister of Dr. Wm. P. Mallett, of Chapel Hill—a woman of singular beauty, and excellence of character.

John DeBerniere, subject of this sketch.

Louisa, deceased, married first to Rev. Daniel Cobia, of Charleston, S. C., and second to Rev. John Roberts, then a Professor in our University, and now of New York city.

Johnston J., formerly editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail*, author of *Simon Suggs* and other widely read humorous sketches—who died a member of President Davis' cabinet, in the second year of the late civil war—a man of decided genius and high character.

Mary, who died at the age of 18—a girl of remarkable beauty, wit, grace, and goodness.

Mr. A. M. Hooper and his wife began life in the possession of a good estate, which they lost while their children were still young. Turn over the pages of McRee's *Life of Judge Iredell*, and it is plain to see how fortunes were made and lost in North Carolina in the generation immediately succeeding the Revolution. The Hoopers and Maclaines were prominent in society in those days, and to be "in society" meant to live generously and profusely even while they felt their ground slipping from under their feet. Few were the patriot families who emerged from that struggle with any but the remnants of their fortunes, and fewer still were the children of those patriots who were able to retrieve what had been lost. Chaos is no place to impress lessons of thrift, and steady industry. They are happiest at such epochs who have always lain low.

"Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat."

Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Hooper the signer and consequently first cousin of A. Maclaine Hooper, was now the childless widow of Henry Watters, and in easy circumstances, residing in Hillsboro. She lived there many years honored and beloved for many virtues, but especially for her wide spread benevolence and acts of charity. She insisted on defraying the expenses at the University of her young kinsman, John Debernieri, who had already given proofs of talent and industry at school in Wilmington. He graduated here in 1831 with highest honors, being assigned the Latin Salutatory. Among his classmates were many who afterwards became distinguished in their various walks in life: Hon. Chancellor Calvin Jones, of Tennessee; Judge James Grant, of Iowa; Rev. William Spear, of Reading, Pa.; Hon. Giles Mebane, of Caswell, Co., N. C.; the late Rev. Thos. Owen, of North Carolina; the late Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Memphis; the late Hon. James M. Williamson, of Memphis.

Mr. Hooper having chosen the profession of teaching, first taught in "Trinity School," established near Raleigh under the auspices of the Episcopal Diocese. In a few years he was elected to serve in the University, first as Tutor, then as Professor of Modern Languages.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Hooper (son of Mrs. Caldwell) was then Professor of Ancient Languages, with a fine family of children grown and growing up around him. Among them his young relative soon found his life's partner, and married his lovely young kinswoman, Mary Elizabeth Hooper, December 30, 1837. Forty-eight years of wedded happiness have been theirs, secured by constant love, and by devotion to duty, and enhanced by all the charms that sympathetic tastes and principles in culture and religion can give to life. Four children of this union, with the widow, now survive: Helen, widow of the late Jas. Wills, of Chapel Hill; Fanny, wife of Spier Whitaker, Esq., of Raleigh; Julia, wife of Professor Graves, of the University, and Mr. Henry Hooper, of Edenton, who married Miss Jessie Wright, of that town.

The life of a man of letters, and especially of one who devotes himself to teaching, must ordinarily be uneventful. Prof. Hooper's was no exception. He remained at the University till 1848, when resigning his Professorship, which was then of the Latin Language and Literature, he removed to Warren county, where he opened a private school for boys. In 1860 he took charge of the Fayetteville Female Academy. In 1866 he was solicited to be principal of the Wilson Female Institute, and there he re-

mained nine years. On the reorganization of the University in 1875, being elected to the chair of the Greek and French Languages, he returned to Chapel Hill, after an absence of twenty-seven years, rejoicing to assist in the rehabilitation of his Alma Mater—devoting the last years of his life to her service with all the generous enthusiasm of his early days.

In all these changes Prof. Hooper's record will be found unchanging, except as he advanced with the times in the knowledge of his profession, and as his studies still further enlarged and refined his mind.

As a scholar, his fine and penetrating intellect took great delight in thoroughness and accuracy of detail. Probably no man in North Carolina possessed such an intimate and critical acquaintance with the genius of the French language, its structure and peculiarities. His familiarity with French literature was unequalled. In the Greek and Latin he was nearly as well versed. His fine taste and sense of beauty prevented him ever from sinking into the mere scholastic pedant. He was a keen critic, a judicious commentator, a safe guide. Few men have equalled him as a judge of accurate and elegant English. He was often sought to deliver addresses on public occasions which his characteristic modesty induced him to shun.

Among the young ladies of his schools he was regarded with enthusiastic admiration and devotion. Always and everywhere the perfect gentleman in his address, it was once said of him that he had probably never had a thought even that he needed to be ashamed of. His gentle and generous manliness, his chivalrous courtesy and his delicate consideration for others rendered him peculiarly fit to be the guardian of young girls.

Among men—by his colleagues in the University, and among the students, he was held in such reverent affection as men must ever pay to one who walks visibly in the footsteps of the Great Teacher.

With all his courtesy and mildness he was an excellent disciplinarian, always firm and perfectly fearless in the discharge of duty. He was eminently a man to be relied upon. The delicacy and elegance of his personal appearance would have misled any man who presumed to infer anything of effeminacy or weakness in him. A flash of satiric wit, keen as a rapier, would occasionally show how strongly his high spirit and discernment of folly were kept in check by his charity. His sense of humor imparted a fine relish to his conversation—a trait still more marked in his gifted brother Johnston.

Few appeals made to Professor Hooper for either public or private benefactions were disregarded, for

his liberality was bounded only by his means. The poor and the sick were especially the objects of his compassion. One of the last times he was able to be out he made the occasion of calling to see a sick colored neighbor, carrying him aid.

“Perhaps no feature in his devoted life was more to be honored, as an example to the young, than his pious care of his parents, who made their home with him for nearly 30 years.”

The crown of a life so devoted to duty, of a character so lovely was a lowly and ardent piety. Prof. Hooper was for many years a devout worshiper in the Episcopal Church, where his usefulness and liberality were very great, and where his punctual attendance and delight in her services were an example.

An end must come to all things. Our beloved and honored friend had passed his 74th birthday, and anticipated the close of his work with an unfeigned composure. His health had been failing for a year or more. Last fall, finding himself unable to perform his duties, he resigned his chair in the University amid wide-spread regret. Surrounded by loving wife and daughters, he trod the common road, patient, cheerful and loving, to the last hour, sustained and soothed through all the pangs of dissolving nature by an unfaltering

trust in the Redeemer of mankind. The end came towards daydawn on Saturday morning, January 23, and he passed out of life as he had lived, gently and calmly.

A long procession of the students and Faculty of the University, and citizens of Chapel Hill, formed at his late residence on Monday 25th, conducting his remains to the depot, whence they were conveyed to Raleigh. After the impressive services at Christ Church, by Rev. Robt. Strange,

(in the absence of the rector,) the interment was made at Oakwood Cemetery, in a lot on "Chapel Hill Circle," adjoining that of Gov. Swain and not far from Judge Battle's. There these old friends and neighbors, colleagues in office and faithful servants of North Carolina, now rest together, waiting for the resurrection from the dead and the life of the world to come.

Chapel Hill, Feb. 16, 1886.

A PLEA FOR THE MORMONS.

Everything betokens a glorious future for our country. Liberty and peace beam on us and smile upon us like the rays of a summer's sun. The hum of machinery, the shriek of the engine, the clink of money all say progress and prosperity. The electric flash in the twinkling of an eye sends a message from ocean to ocean; steel bands join our great metropolis, at whose wharfs and dockyards the tempestuous waves of the Atlantic "roll in perpetual flow," to the Queen of the Pacific, where the mighty billows of the great Pacific continuously beat on California's shore.

The World says onward and in the very madness of success carries a maelstrom threatening dis-

memberment and ruin. This is the Mormon question and its decision will decide whether man can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and whether liberty amounts to anything even in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Did you ever think of it? Did you ever dream of what misrepresentation, persecution and cruelty they are subject to? Oh, no. They are Mormons, and that is sufficient reason for their property being confiscated, for their being exiled and finally being driven from the face of the earth. You read only their enemies' side of the question, never read a Mormon defense or even an appeal for justice towards them. Well, then you can't be ex-

pected to regard them with other than an evil eye. The Edmunds bill has passed the Senate; it's going to pass the House and the President is going to sign it.

It prohibits the Mormons to establish their religion; it prohibits the free exercise of their religion; it prohibits their assembling peaceably even to worship God, and it prohibits them to vote; it places all their property, public and private, in the hands of commissioners, thus virtually confiscating it, and it actually forbids marrying, even to the fourth cousin. Amendment one to the Constitution forbids any restriction on religion, the free exercise thereof, or the freedom of speech. It also forbids any restrictions on the right of the people peaceably to assemble. The fourth amendment guarantees the security of the people in their persons, houses, papers and effects, while the fifteenth amendment, section one, gives all people the right to vote. The Edmunds bill, however, pays no attention to all this; it runs rough-shod over the Constitution. This bill, not only unconstitutional, is the beginning of class legislation, is a shame on liberty and an outrage on a free people. The objections against it would make volumes. It is just as reasonable, fair, honorable and right to crush the Roman Catholic, Episcopal or any other church, as to crush the Mormons. This is

the beginning of religious bigotry and persecutions, such as France witnessed under Louis XIV., such as the Christians suffered in the days of ancient Rome. The Mormons unite Church and State, but if you condemn them you must curse England with her established church, hurl to destruction Roman Catholicism and the Greek church which have united them for hundreds of years, and damn with eternal damnation the Jews who kept them united from the beginning of time till Rome crushed them forever.

The Mormons are abused, berated and cursed for practising polygamy. The Jews practiced it—were they outcasts? Far from it, for they were God's own people, and handed down the grandest and noblest religion ever given to the world. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David and Solomon practiced it, and David was a man after God's own heart, and Solomon was endowed with the greatest wisdom ever bestowed on man, and yet he had seven hundred wives. Brigham Young had only seventy, and were polygamy a sin and hell divided into grades, Solomon would to-day be suffering ten times the pangs of Brigham Young on this score alone. We pretend to venerate and love the prophets, when we denounce as brutal, sensual and degraded the very thing they and their people practiced?

Does Christ say one word against

polygamy? Not one. St. Paul hints it's wrong, but St. Paul in first Corinthians, fifth and seventh chapters, writes directly against *any* marriage. This from the Bible is good evidence and now let us compare this "centre of degradation" with the rest of the world.

Nearly every day we read some sensational special of a young woman's fall, her desperation and despair; on to the bagnio, and then — a merry march to hell. That's the history. In the next column we read a sensational account of a forced marriage to a debauched woman of a gay seducer moved by the persuasive eloquence of a cocked pistol in the hands of an irate father. Still another: woman's lost honor avenged, seducer shot by a half-crazed brother; another and another, and so it goes. On the next page a glowing account of a French ball—women in tights, wine in plenty, crowd drunk, especially the women, scores of arrests, whole thing a blot and disgrace to a civilized people. But, it's all right, it's the way of the world, and whisper it softly, it's not in Utah. Again at the Metropolitan Opera House or Academy of Music, opera in full blast, Astors, Vanderbilts, Goelets, Rhinelanders, Stewarts, Lorillards, et cetera, leaders of the "upper ten" crowd the house, women

dressed in fashionable indecency, fifty half naked ballet girls on the stage. But it's the way of the world. Still one more from Washington this time; grand reception at the Executive Mansion, "lady" of the legation with almost no clothing above her waist creates a sensation; daughter of a prominent official with bust exposed and one limb protected only by a silk stocking. But it's the way of the world.

Did you ever read of a seduction, a divorce, an act of adultery, a row in a brothel, a Bacchanalian ball, indecent dressing of women in high life, in fine anything after this manner occurring in Salt Lake City? No you have not, for they do not occur. If they did you would hear of them; they would be scattered all over this country, for we hate them so cordially as to publish their evil deeds and none of their good ones. There is not even a *brothel* in Salt Lake City, and when Governor Murray charged that the Mormons had hired prostitutes to seduce United States officials, he admitted that the Mormons had to send to San Francisco and Wyoming to get them, had to send to *our own people* to hire them; and still our most outrageous society lifts loudest it's hypocritical voice and points longest it's trembling finger, crying, Shame! Shame!

"O, consistency, thou art a jewel."

Sustain this bill, pursue this course, go on with your cruelty and persecution, follow in the wake of ancient Rome and be brought like the seven hilled city to desolation and woe. Stamp out the rights of man, destroy liberty, blot out religion, and some day a blackened desert will mark our ruins, our star-spangled banner will be furled forever, the

eagle pinions will no longer soar over the beautiful hills and valleys of America and Liberty's Goddess will fall on the grave that contains our remains and shriek, and her wail shall be heard from ocean to ocean, as, sobbing and weeping and weeping and sobbing, she mourns, Lost, Lost, forever.

"HENRY HOWARD."

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO THE BALLOT.

"This nineteenth century," says Victor Hugo, "belongs to woman." For ages, considered man's inferior and treated as his slave, she has within the last half century "garnered many priceless sheaves"—the right to be heard in her own defense; the right to act as guardian for her children; the right to higher education; the right to the lecture room and the right to the profession of medicine. Unsatisfied with all these, she to-day knocks upon the doors of our Legislation Halls for admission to the political arena.

The ballot is a trust; and each voter is a trustee. The greater the number of trustees, and the more enlightened they are the securer will be our institutions.

Our country is to-day fifty-five millions strong. Thousands of the sons of Ham, who know as little about the sacredness of the ballot as they do about the Hebrew language, are granted the right of suffrage, and yet nearly half of the enlightenment of the land is excluded from the ballot, because, forsooth, woman, as some men think, has no place in politics. Shall we let ignorance and corruption reign, while enlightenment and virtue sit bound in chains forged by our own hands? No, the election of Grover Cleveland proclaims to the world that fraud and corruption must abdicate the throne.

Senator Hoar has said that no man can argue against this ques-

tion ten minutes without arguing against the fundamental principles of our government. Before the bloody scenes of the Revolution, before we had drunk deep of liberty's cup, when our "Thirteen Colonies" felt sensibly the hand of British oppression, it was declared that taxation without representation was tyranny. It was for such principles as this that the sons of America gave up their best blood upon the field of battle. And so long as stone and marble shall last, monuments will proclaim to the traveller the glorious achievements of 1776. Yet, unmindful as it would seem of these facts, we close our ears to the cries of thousands of our property holders for representation.

It is held that to admit woman to the ballot would unsex her, destroy her chastity and sever the family ties; furthermore, that the better class would not take part in the elections. Woman suffrage has been tried in Wyoming and parts of Canada and we quote a distinguished Judge of Wyoming on this subject. Says he: "A larger proportion of women vote than of men. We have no trouble from the presence of bad women about the polls. The women manifest a great deal of interest in their candidates and often defeat bad nominations. And in no case have we known the family

ties or domestic relations to be disturbed."

Others say that ladies would be insulted at the polls. Such has not been and would not be the case. Though we have many national vices which, like an adder seems to be poisoning the very life-blood of our body politic, though there may be some men who are fit subjects for a Satanic Majesty, yet American manhood has not, as yet, reached that stage of degradation in which it fails to respect the virtues of true womanhood. Do the most rude men dare insult woman on the cars, at theatres, or in public hotels? Then why claim that American men would allow women to be insulted at the polls? If they were entitled to vote they would be protected there as elsewhere. The vilest ruffian, who, under the present system might give birth to a riot, would suffer his mother or sister to be insulted by no man.

We live in an age of new inventions, new plans and new methods. The fact that we have never tried woman suffrage is no proof that it will not work well. Only a few decades ago and co-education had but few advocates, and doubtless they were regarded as innovators on public opinion and common sense. Step by step it has gained supporters, and to-day numbers of the first colleges and universities of our land have opened their

doors to both sexes. The plan works well. And we may expect that ere another half century has been recorded with the past, Carolina's fair daughters will be permitted to grace these classic halls.

Others talk of woman's emotional nature. "She would be too easily led into rash legislation." Would to God that men possessed more of the emotional or something to make them more careful in the selection of candidates. They often sacrifice honor and principle for power, and in their mad greed for gain, bring disgrace upon mother, sister, and wife. Woman, unlike man, when the wandering boy has fallen into the lowest depths of sin and degradation, when he stands uncared for, unrespected and unpitied, is ever ready to receive him to her bosom with a kiss of affection. Can it be that a being who has jeopardized her life for her daughter, who is filled with such pity, love and devotion even for her fallen boy, would dare legislate rashly? No; that God-given law which exists between woman and her offspring would ever make her course in politics corrective.

The questions presented to the statesmen of to-day are in a great measure moral, questions the right solution of which requires the exercise of conscience in determining as to principle. Woman has been man's great helpmate in all the reforms of the past.

'Twas woman's tender heart that first caught the inspiration from liberty's flame and urged man to deeds of daring. When a crusade was to be fought woman's hand placed the red cross upon his breast as she bade him fight for that sacred cause. In whatever sphere we look for the good deeds of men, there we find the sun of woman's genius and goodness shedding its rays upon his every effort. If woman's influence has proved so beneficent in all past reforms, why not let it be felt in the great *political reform* that is need to be made?

Whatever has been attempted, by either sex alone, has in some degree failed; and the sex thus attempting has, in some measure, deteriorated. We have only to enter the field of Grecian art. It was the work of man's hands alone. And what modern lady of modern modesty could have walked the streets of some Grecian cities? We find the same deplorable condition of affairs in literature. Before woman was permitted to wield the pen, when man alone was a laborer in this field, when woman was rarely allowed to attend the theatre, when but few women were readers, we find literature filled with vulgar thoughts which we dare not read in our parlors to modern daughters. The best work that was ever done was where man and woman worked

together. Behold society, the only sphere wherein woman's authority may be considered equal to man's in every respect—the great school wherein character-forming principles are instilled—the cradle in which young thought is rocked until it is able to go forth upon the world. And who dares deny that it has done more to determine the moral sense of the age than even the church? It would to-day spurn from its threshold men whom the church keeps as communicants in good standing. There are those in politics to-day

considered great, whom you dare not invite into your parlors.

So, we say, let woman enter the political arena. Let the star of her influence shed its light upon the dark and direful deeds of men. Give her an opportunity by the ballot, to close the dram-shops of our land, to dry the tears of broken-hearted mothers, to restore peace in a thousand once happy homes, to clear our prisons of criminals, and to save from drunkard's graves thousands of the young men of our land.

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

TREAT FAIRLY OUR ACCUSERS.

FEBRUARY 24, 1886.

Editor University Magazine :

A great deal of comment and bitter criticism has been recently called forth in the State press by some manly letters in the *State Chronicle*, from Mr. Walter Page, of New York. I am aware of the fact that perhaps nine out of every ten who may read this article will turn up their noses at the designation "manly." But with however much scorn they may treat it, I feel well assured of the fact that it did require a considerable degree of courage to stand up and speak what he believed to be the truth, when he knew a large majority of his readers would not

dwell long enough on what he said to see whether it was true or not. That he spoke from a feeling of spite I cannot believe, when I reflect that he intends to spend the greater part of his life in this State, and for that reason would not be likely to say anything repulsive to its citizens, unless it was honest conviction.

I am not by any means ready to subscribe to all that Mr. Page asserts, but I really believe there is more truth in what he says than many of us are willing to admit. I think one would infer this from the character of the letters against him. We can't help thinking of the old adage: "It's the truth

that stings." The criticism against Mr. Page has, in a great measure been of a character that defends North Carolina because it is North Carolina, and not because of any inherent demerit in what he says. "Why, listen at this fellow! He ought to have more respect for our rulers. The traitor! I'll scotch him." This is the spirit that seems to animate them. Now if this man has made wild assertions, statements that will probably induce in the minds of the young people of the State an erroneous impression of the sentiments and principles that have ruled us in the past, why does not some level-headed man rise up and show us wherein he has erred? Let some person do this, not in the style of the man who has a weak case and feels the necessity of using thunder, where he has nothing more effective, but like a man who feels confident in the strength of his position. Gentlemen, ridicule is not argument. If Mr. Page is wrong, don't ridicule him for it, don't endeavor to make the people of his own State hate him simply because he has the manhood to express his honest opinions, but grant him the honesty of his convictions, reply to him in a generous manner, and not in such a way as will make us put our faith in the side that acts the fairer.

It seems to me that the treatment Mr. Page has received vio-

lates a great axiom, viz.: that truth can be found only by an impartial hearing of all sides. How are we to determine the best method, if we do not allow a free discussion of present ones? If science had never permitted wild theories to be advanced, chemistry and astronomy would never have exceeded the limits of alchemy and astrology. If the tenets of Martin Luther had been crushed because, forsooth, they differed from those of his ancestors, the religious world would be an autocracy and a farce. If the idea of government entertained by the revolutionary statesmen had been rejected because they ran in channels widely divergent from the streams of English poetical thought, the United States would be a monarchy instead of a republic. If the voice of Josiah Turner had been silenced because it was directed against existing affairs, how would the work which he did have been accomplished? Indeed, how can anything be done if the facts of only one side are to be considered? Not long ago a State editor drew upon himself the very harshest criticism, and was dubbed with most ungenerous epithets for simply publishing the condition of a department of the State government which he wished to be improved. Why, it looks like we are getting a sort of political aristocracy among us, if pub-

lic acts can't be criticised without creating all this uproar. If it is true that our leaders are dead to the important question of the day, we cannot find it out except somebody makes the charge; and if it is not true, it will cause no harm for the charge to be made. On the contrary, it will rather do good, for a proper discussion of such matters adds another to the sources from which our youth may learn their State's history.

When I had written this much, I came upon Rev. Jno. R. Brooks' reply to Mr. Page's letter. I am glad to see that he uses the very manner of reply that the writer has been favoring. It is a more complete and successful reply than

any yet made. He very properly accords Mr. Page entire sincerity in his views. Those who have been vilifying. Mr. P. would do well to adopt this spirit. There is one section of the letter, however, which he does not answer. The following clause will represent that part referred to: "Since time began no man nor woman who lived there has ever written a book that has taken a place in the permanent literature of the country." This is a question that might occupy the attention of the press of the State with profit, no less to themselves than to their readers. Who denies the charge, or who affirms it?

F. AIRPLAY.

LACK OF THE POETIC IN OUR NATURES--A STRAY THOUGHT.

Perhaps it is natural for one who is sensibly deficient in any desirable quality or attribute, to magnify its excellency. It may be natural, also, for one's own deficiency to cause him to come to the unwarrantable conclusion that all others are like him in that respect. To use Dr. Talmage's figure, how the world looks depends upon the kind of spectacles a man wears. However these things may be, it

seems to the writer that there is a marked lack of the poetic in the make-up of the average American citizen, or rather, that the poetic that is in every man's nature lies dormant in the American. By the poetic, I do not mean simply a fondness for the jingle of measured verse, but a love of the beautiful and sublime; an appreciation of all the emotions and passions of the human heart, all the

virtues of the human character. Whether there is a greater lack of it among us than other people of like advancement, I am not prepared to say. I am persuaded there is. At any rate, any one who gives the subject more than a moments thought, will see that we are not a poetic people. True, there are exceptions here and there, but why should they be the exceptions? Why should there be so few who are in deep sympathy with Nature, so few who are melted by the tender or thrilled by the heroic in human character? This faculty is not the birthright of any particular class, not Fortune's gift to a favored few; but like the light of the sun, the freshness of the morning air, the beauty of the flower, the majesty of the storm, is the common heritage of all. In every man's soul, it may lie deep, there is at least an incipient love of Nature, a gem of the poetic that, under proper care and culture, will spring forth and bloom into beauteous flowers, shedding a sweet perfume and making glad all who come near—that will distil the very dews of heaven to strengthen the weak, cheer the despondent and revive the dying. Like all things that are of abiding worth, it belongs to all.

But what is the worth of it after all? How much money is to be made by it? We should expect this question in America where

the prevailing tendency is to measure everything by its worth in dollars and cents, to think of money as an evil, instead of a means to higher thinking, nobler living. John Stewart Mill is quoted as saying about a quarter of a century ago, that the chief aim of the American woman seemed to be to breed dollar getters. If he were living to-day, I fear he would have little cause to change his opinion. There are things that cannot be measured in the terms of things that perish by their using, and among them we may put love of Nature. It intensifies every other joy ten-fold, save that of a good conscience, and when all others are gone, it furnishes a joy of its own that no care can corrode, no reverses take away.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Furthermore, love of Nature, communing with her, fills the imagination with pure images, the soul with noble emotions, driving out all that is sordid and base. God has lavished his beauty upon the earth beneath, upon the heavens above, and he intends it shall help us to a higher and better life.

Then let us live more with Nature; let us go alone into the silent wood and along the winding stream; let us climb the majestic mountains, "God's thoughts piled up," and be filled with emotions of their grandeur; let us stand by the "merry-sounding sea," "God's thoughts spread out," and be thrilled with the sublimity of its boundless expanse; let us

"Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around—

Earth and her waters and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice."

Nature, if importuned, will reveal to us her marvelous treasures of beauty and gladness. She may be won, but, like a modest maiden, to be won she must be wooed. In your wooing, it will be well to take with you those to whom she has already made herself known; our great poets. Chiefest among Nature's poets is justly ranked Wordsworth, "the poets' poet."

R. B. J.

THE RALEIGH CAPITAL CLUB.

The Capital Club at Raleigh is going to be a source of injury to many of the young men of that place. Their club house, which is situated just in front of the capitol, is a large brick building, handsomely furnished. It contains, in addition to a parlor and other *necessary* apartments, bar and billiard rooms, where the members can drink and play billiards at pleasure. Is it right that temptations should thus be thrown in the paths of young men? Suppose a young man of temperate habits should join this Club. He visits the Club house often. He sees his friends drinking around him. He becomes used to the sight, and

begins to think that there is no harm in taking an occasional dram with a friend. Just such thoughts as these lead to drunkenness. Take for instance a young man, inclined to be wild, whose parents are trying hard to keep from drinking. Would he dare keep intoxicating liquors at their house? No. Would he dare go to the bar room for them? No, because he is too proud to visit such a degraded place, and moreover he would not like to drink in public because the report, that he has been dissipating in this h—— on earth, might reach his parents. In a state of despair he asks what shall I do? The answer comes, join the Club,

drink, play billiards and be respected. The writer of the last article, which appeared in the *News and Observer* in defense of the Club, used this expression: "One touch of nature makes us all akin." (Shakespeare?)

It is easy to imagine this writer at the head of a long table, around

which are seated the other members of his club with glasses in their hands filled with sparkling wine, giving this toast: One touch of nature makes us all akin—now for it boys.

* * * * *

Let the curtain drop.

S. R.

ALEXANDRIAD.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

I sing of Alex—him alone—
 No *shirts* shall come into my song.
 Good taste I will not war against
 By talk 'bout *coats* and *vests* and *pants*—
 Gents (I will not say *gentle loons*
 As I've not called *pants pantaloons*),
 If bargains fair and square you ask,
 Just seek the hero of this "Task."
 Be sure he'll want not more than twice
 The real worth, the honest price
 For goods that have grown old and worn
 By counter-contact. He, forlorn,
 Oft frets and fumes and frowns and sighs,
 "Hard times, no sales, no sales!" he cries.
 This should not be. O fate unjust,
 That he who hardest tries should "bust"!
 About his goods. Nor rip nor tear
 Will they, unless you buy and wear
 Them for a day or two. He has
 New goods each seventh year, such as
 Collars and cuffs of paper made,
 Shoe-soles of pasteboard overlaid

With leather—thin plated at that.
Every description of hat
He keeps, save *good*. Hats with low crown,
Or beavers red, blue, black or brown;
Of any size, stunted or tall,
Of color nat'ral or unnatural.
Now comes my peroration
Which is a recantation
Of statements made upon this page
Which roused up John in righteous rage—
Statements all false as false can be :
To prove them so, just go and see—
See for yourself that John, despite
All untrue charges, is all right.
His *goods* are too. Suits, under-wear,
Fine, in the fashion, rich and rare !
The moral now : A lad charming—
John does the fair and proper thing.

EDITORIAL.

WE wish to assure our friends that no labor will be spared to continue and increase the improvements already commenced upon the MAGAZINE. We are ambitious for its success. We want it to become the leading literary organ of the South. We present quite a variety of matter in this issue and trust all will be pleased. The next will contain several features which ought to commend themselves to our readers and we hope to continue presenting such as will retain and strengthen our general friendship and support.

IT is a pleasure to know that the birthday of Longfellow (Feb. 27th,) dates the issue of the long expected biography of the great scholar and poet, written by his brother. The publishers are Ticknor & Co., who celebrated the occasion in a fitting manner. This work will be a valuable addition to all libraries because it brings us nearer to the generous and sympathetic heart of the man who wrote stainless words pervading and purifying thousands of souls. The bereaved, the disheartened, will ever lean upon him and to these his sweet lines will "come like the benediction that follows after prayer." His memo-

ry is cherished by two hemispheres and England pronounced his death a national loss.

AT this writing the interesting Blair educational bill is again before Congress. It is unnecessary to speak of its advantages or disadvantages; they are too well known to all. The people are everywhere interested in the cause of education, yet in carrying it out they wish to be sure that the means used do not invade the right of localities or States. It is sincerely hoped the question will be settled for the best interests of the country, for it would certainly be a matter for regret that time should prove the mistake in the decision of Congress, after so much time and money have been spent in an apparent search after facts. Our representatives must not forget that law-making becomes a farce unless there are adequate means provided for properly carrying out the laws made. The bill distributes a good amount of funds for education in North Carolina, but if it is to be unfairly applied, or to arouse sectional prejudices and contentions, then we had far better continue to depend upon our own resources.

Rapidly Passing Away.

The rapidity with which the leading men in different circles are dropping away from earth has hardly failed to excite each one's earnest attention.

For some months past the mortality among our most distinguished public servants has been particularly alarming. 'Tis true some of them had lived to a fair age, and to giant minds had added characters lofty yet simple, brilliant yet stainless, worthy the praise and emulation of all. Here the confidence and trust of their fellow-countrymen were not misplaced. They had thrown their influence into the affairs of the Union, and for the most part, we think, for good. We cannot wish them back in the turmoil of the lives they lately led, but mature advice and stern integrity must always be missed when it has fallen.

We would not attempt a eulogy upon any one, or a rehearsal of the noble comments of the public press. We would only call to the minds of young men the importance of acquainting themselves well with the lives of these representative men who have passed away. This will furnish not merely points of history, but valuable examples for us as individuals. Find what the distinguishing feature of a truly successful life was,

what virtue raised the man above his fellows, a kingly freeman, ready to "smite down the armed frauds that would consecrate the wrong," and ask yourselves if those qualities are not worth cultivating. 'Tis useless to look for a perfect model; faults and mistakes meet us on every side; yet these when they can be discerned can be shunned. Though the masses, even of intelligent people, are often wrong for a time in their judgment of a character, yet they are usually right in the end, and when a nation bows over the tomb of a departed son, in recognition of victories won upon the fields of thought or of an instrument used to work out the good of a generation, he is buried in garments of glory justly woven for the years to come.

An English Question.

Of all the intricate questions which demand the attention of the leaders of England to-day, there is none of more vital importance to the mother country or of greater interest to us, than that which involves the immediate future of the agricultural population. For several years the seasons have been such as to frighten even the most hopeful of this class.

Floods and storms have swept the land at the time of harvesting

the grain or hay, or the ground has not yielded a fair increase. When great attention was turned to raising meats as a check to these losses, then the price of meat fell, and the result has been ruinous to many land owners and renters. Their only hope of successfully breasting these difficulties is by disposing of what little they have preserved at a fair price on the English markets. But all know that these markets are furnished with foreign food, which, by reason of its amount, offers too strong a competition for the English producer. Hence he cries that the grand system of free-trade be discontinued and some protection be afforded him. But the cities and towns are thronged with an immense number of mechanics and other laborers who can scarcely pay the present price for food, and certainly would be injured by its rise. They form the leading factor in the constitution of the masses, and are so violent in the support of their interests that their claims cannot be ignored. They buy bread where they can get it cheapest, and a continuance of free-trade they say they must and will have.

What the result will be cannot at present be foreseen. The two forces are directly opposed, and the contest on both sides is for existence. The land "of little body with mighty heart" is agita-

ted with the question. The agricultural people, long silent and quiet, are moving now. In Scotland they are also wronged and enraged by unjust legislation. There is a demand for immediate action. Will the new cabinet be able to grasp the situation successfully and administer aid where it is most needed and deserved?

"Jedges," "Magers," "Kurnels" and Honorables.

North Carolina is overflowing with them. She has about 10,000 "Jedges" (whose heads are incapable of containing a dozen pages of law), 25,000 "Magers" (whose epaulets were won by their magnificent charges on whiskey) and fully 40,000 Yarboro House "Kurnels" (whose titles were gained by their superb gallantry in dodging every battle), and as for the Honorables there is no end of them. Every college graduate (brainless idiot though he may be) who can give a paraphrased rehash of some great author's speech, is immediately dubbed "Honorable" by the various third rate patent sheets over the State whose editors are so stupid that they are unable to detect the plagiarism of the "brilliant young orators" speech. Commencements, Sunday school pic-nics, etc., are the places for these young "orators" to spout.

Immediately after one of these occasions the county paper looms up with something like the following: "Wednesday the commencement exercises of Skinflint Hol-low Academy came off. As is usual with the commencements of this splendid school, it was a brilliant affair. 'Jedge' Snorter, 'Mager' Blood and 'Kurnel' Buster, the trustees of the school, honored the occasion with their presence and added much to the enjoyment of all.

"A large crowd of the gallantry and beauty of old Tom Green county was there and listened to the magnificent eloquence of the Hon. Windy W. Gasbag with rapt attention. This rising young orator held his audience spell-bound from beginning to end and as each grand flight of eloquence fell from the lips of this 'silver tongued orator,' the building shook with applause and as he closed his magnificent peroration the crowd seemed to go wild; storms of applause greeted him, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, men hurled their hats in the air and pandemonium reigned supreme."

I hope I have not infringed on the patent of the patented sheets by quoting the above. I put it in quotation marks so as to give them full credit.

Let's smash some of our

"Jedges," "Magers" and "Kurnels," and above all let's smash our Hon. Windy W. Gasbags.

"HENRY HOWARD."

"A Fair Showing" Again.

We have been called upon to notice in these columns a question which is fast growing in importance among us and which is of great interest to every man in the University, directly or indirectly.

Should the orations at commencement be delivered by a few speakers selected by a committee from the body of the graduating class? This is the present arrangement, if we except the valadictorian and the man who stands next in class rank. Is this right and should it be continued? Has it given and will it give satisfaction? These and other questions the boys are asking each other and they must be faced fairly and settled in whatever way will be right and at the same time most advantageous. It is not an easy road which leads to a college degree. The mental labor and close confinement from year to year are by no means trifles. Yet many men plod on, never going into politics or seeking college honors in any way; simply laying a firm foundation for usefulness in after life and looking toward their graduating speeches as means of showing their relations and friends that

these last years have not been wasted. But their hopes must be blasted and they condemned to sit in gloomy silence, listening to their more favored class-mates. What an inducement to one to push on to the end is the thought that he may be refused participation in that day which possibly of all others in life he feels supremely his! What a reward for the father and mother who have toiled through unseasonable hours to give that son advantages he could not otherwise have enjoyed! There is a certain part of commencement week set apart exclusively for the graduating class and we can not think that this time ought to be encroached upon by those who will have similar opportunities for airing their ideas in the future or who have had many such in the past. The Misses Mangum, of Orange, "offer *in memoriam* of their father, Willie P. Mangum, a gold medal as a prize for the best oration." This intends, we believe, allowing all who so desire, to enter the contest and then who has most brains and exhibits at the time brightest gleams of oratory, secures a prize of which he may well feel proud. There is no harm in stating that the date is not far back when a class contained a man, who would certainly, on a competitive speaking, have been dropped from the programme for commencement;

yet when the day came, he astonished even his nearest friends and stood next in honor to the medalist.

But "'tis useless to multiply examples." The leading question is one of right and privilege. There has been a request made that last year's arrangement be modified. As we write, no definite result has been reached. To "a fair showing" all should be entitled, and without it there can not be satisfaction.

Caught Astray.

And it came to pass in the time of their sojourn in the village of C. H. that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego journeyed toward the North for a short distance and stopped in a place named Sa-loon, which being interpreted meaneth oyster shop.

And on their way they met one, whose surname is "Groin," on the road to destruction.

And he cried unto them saying, whither go ye? And they answered him not, but went on their way.

As they sat they became ahungred and they called unto the serving man with a loud voice saying—George, George, bring unto us that wherewithal we may refresh ourselves, yea three plates of oysters bring thou unto us and we will reward thee three pieces

of silver, which is equal to 75 pence.

Then spake again Shadrach saying, Place thou also before us six measures of cider, that we may make merry over the return of Abednego, who was lost but is found again.

But Abednego answered, Not so, for lo it is written that I shall not any more indulge while I dwell in these tents of wickedness.

And he groaned inwardly and was sore displeased.

As they sat at meat, voices proceeding from the room above were heard and laughter.

And Meshach sayeth unto the other two, Lo that is very like

unto the laughter of the Pres. Let us act circumspectly that we may find no evil in his sight.

And again a voice was heard saying, Seven-up, which being in a foreign language they could not interpret.

And they continued to speak and the voice was heard to say, High, Low, Jack up—and after hearing this Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego reasoned among themselves saying, Verily this can not be the Pres., for he does not speak this foreign language.

And after this Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego being filled went on their way rejoicing, and of the fragments which were left there were taken up o baskets.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The February meeting of this society was opened by Dr. Venable, who gave a sketch of the life of Lewis David Von Schweinty, one of the pioneers of Botany in this country. This man, who was characterized by his charity and love for mankind, was tendered the presidency of this university, but did not accept it. His portrait and biography will appear in the society's next journal.

The next paper was by Prof.

Atkinson. His subject was the "Cigarette Beetle." These beetles are night-fliers, and often enter warehouses where tobacco is kept. They injure cigarettes by perforating the paper. The scientific name of this insect is *Lasioderma serricorne*.

An account of the scientific work done by Dr. Ebenezer Emmons was given by Prof. J. A. Holmes.

A paper by J. H. Manning was read by title. The meeting was

closed with a few remarks by Dr. Venable on some of the effects of water in the development of the earth.

* *

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Young lady to a post-graduate studying law: Mr. S., where are you going to "hang out your shingle" when you get your license? Mr. S. In Texas, I think. Young lady. That's where all the no account North Carolina drift-wood floats. Mr. S. has decided to cast his fortune with that of his State.

* *

THE READING ROOM.—The University Reading Room is not only a source of pleasure, but of instruction to professors and students. The room is conveniently located, and is open all day. It is comfortably heated by a coal stove. The following rules ought to be posted in a conspicuous place:

1. When you enter the room, leave the door open and make all the noise you can.
2. Hold one paper in your hand while you are reading another. One of the other boys might get it. Besides, politeness demands it.
3. After you finish reading a paper, do not fold it properly and then throw the paper on the table, instead of putting it back in its place.

* *

ELECTION OF EDITORS.—Mr. L. J. Battle has been elected to

fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. F. Schenck. Mr. E. B. Cline has also been elected to fill the place of Mr. W. A. Self, who has not yet returned to the Hill. We welcome you, gentlemen, to the editorial staff.

* *

FOR the benefit of those students complaining of the difficulty of the study of conic sections, we give the following:

"Mathematics are the study of a sluggish intellect."—*Pliny*.

"The cultivation afforded by mathematics is in the highest degree one-sided and contracted."—*Goethe*.

"It affords us no assistance in conquering the difficulties or in avoiding the dangers we encounter in the great field of probabilities, wherein we live and move."—*Sir William Hamilton*.

"When I understood the principles, I relinquished the pursuit of mathematics, nor can I lament that I desisted before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must however determine the actions and opinions of our lives."—*Gibbon*.

* *

ONCE a month a public lecture is delivered in the chapel. The choice of a speaker for the third Saturday in February fell on our Latin professor, and his address proved that the selection was a

good one. His subject was "Reminiscences of his Travels in Europe," and he interspersed his address with that wit and humor for which he is noted. To say his lecture was an interesting one, would be doing Prof. Winston an injustice. It was more than interesting; it was highly instructive and full of thought.

* *

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—

A bright and beautiful morning ushered in the twenty-second of February. The services in the chapel were appropriate to the occasion. At eleven o'clock a. m., professors, students, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the village gathered in the Philanthropic Society Hall to participate in the exercises of the day. Mr. John M. Morehead, in a few short but appropriate remarks, introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. L. B. Grandy, of Oxford, N. C. Mr. Grandy spoke about thirty minutes. His manner of speaking is deliberate, and

his speech contained both thought and humor. His description of colonial church-going as contrasted with the church-going of today, and of the colonial schools as compared with those of the present time, was good. At the close of his oration, he was complimented by Dr. Battle and congratulated by his friends. Messrs. A. C. Shaw and Henry Johnston acted as marshals and performed their duties creditably to themselves and their respective societies.

The colored band of Raleigh furnished music for the occasion, and doubtless the good music and fair faces did much to inspire the orator.

* *

THE following ball managers have been elected for commencement: John C. Engelhard, Chief, J. W. Atkinson, Jr., Robert L. Holt, E. B. Borden, and L. M. Burne. Their names were inadvertently left out of the last MAGAZINE.

L. M. BOURNE.

PERSONALS.

—D. H. McNeill has gone to Texas.

—"Ped" McIver, '84, is a merchant at Sanford.

—Francis Womack is a druggist at Smithfield, N. C.

—M. R. Hamer, '84, has a flourishing school at Little Rock, S. C.

—C. W. Smedes, '83, is in the Government employ at Washington City.

—Dan Miller, '84, is first assistant of the Graded school of Raleigh.

—"Bonus" on the dogs and their tormenters: They should not injure their superiors.

—E. A. DeScheinitz, '82, is still at work on his advanced chemistry course at Goettingen.

—QUERY:—Which will finally triumph the necks of certain Sophs or the collars they wear?

—Fred Skinner, '82, is studying Theology at the General Theological Seminary of New York City.

—SOPHOMORIC IMPUDENCE. Mr. L. to Prof. A., while standing near the stove in the chapel: "I say, professor, this cold weather gets away with our moustaches, don't it?" Prof. smiles and nods assent.

—Preston Stamps, '83, is putting his theoretical chemistry into practical agriculture in Caswell county.

—S. H. McRae who was in college during the Fall of '84, is now assistant engineer on the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad.

—I. T. Turlington, '83, has been elected County Superintendent of Johnston. He is thinking of erecting a fine school building in Smithfield.

—J. C. Roberts, '84, is agent for a company devoted to the manufacture of paper from wood fibre and has his headquarters at Newberne.

—Alexander McIntyre, a member of the class of '84, who did not graduate however, has recently been elected cashier of a bank at Ocala, Fla.

—E. G. Goodman, '85, is teaching at Centreville Academy. He is hard at work as usual and says he hopes to be up at commencement.

—T. C. Brooks, '80, has determined to seek a home further South. He taught a year at Horner's, Henderson, then in the Graded school of Fayetteville, and now he is in the mercantile business in Birmingham, Ala.

—J. T. Strayhorn, '83, recently gained a great reputation at Lancaster, S. C., by defending a man charged with murder.

—"Bonus" says he has been applying himself very diligently to his conics but he don't see how one can cut a pencil (harmonic pencil) with a straight line.

—Scene between two professors at the post office. First Prof. to second. Why don't you have your life insured? Second: Ugh, ugh, what good would that do me?

—Geo. Howard, '85, is managing a cotton seed oil mill at Tarboro. The clatter of machinery is so great that he is unable to cope with it in the fuss making line and he has for that reason become a quieted and a changed man.

—W. G. Randall, '84, has associated with him in his school, the accomplished Miss Mary Goodloe. We also hear that he has increased the population of McDowell county by one. Success to him in both undertakings.

—Scene at the door of physics room. Fresh to Junior: What is that big machine up there in the corner? Junior: That is where Prof. G. gets his magnetism to entertain his classes with. Fresh: I move Prof. A. be supplied with one.

—H. A. Latham, class '85, one of our former editors, is now pub-

lishing a paper of his own. He is one of the proprietors and sole editor of the *Gazette* of Washington, N. C. He seems to be a born newspaper man and has made an excellent beginning. We wish him much success.

—SCENE:—Among the marshals when selecting commencement tickets. Chief M. to sub S., how do you want your name put? S., So and 'so. C. M. to H. (absentminded Soph) how do you want yours? H. Gentlemen! what sort of a cravat shall I wear?

—Sad havoc has been among our editors of late. Self and Schenck have allowed the editorial mantle to drop from their shoulders and it now rests on Battle and Cline. We shed a tear for the old, but welcome the new ones with a smile and proceed to introduce them to the joys of editorship.

—W. T. Grimes, alias "Phillis" has no longer any desire to become a disciple of Aesculapius. Medicine has lost all claims on him. He has been taking-in New York, Philadelphia and the rest of Yankeedom during the last few months. He is now thinking of going to the Lone Star State and growing up among civilized Indians and savage cow boys. Variety is the spice of life and Bill seems to be fond of a change.

—Joel Hines has located his law office at Whiteville, and R. S. White is his partner. They report very good prospects and are in hopeful spirits as regards the future. White has taken unto himself a partner for life and is now spending his honeymoon among singing birds and springing flowers.

—A. M. Rankin, another old University boy, is making fame for himself at Cheraw, S. C. He was recently counsel for a man tried for burglary and one tried for murder. He writes triumphantly that a verdict of not guilty was rendered in the first case and one of manslaughter in the second. May he live long and prosper.

—The Di. catalogue committee showed us a letter recently, from Right Reverend W. M. Green, Bishop of Tennessee. He entered the University in 1814, and is now its oldest living alumnus. He is very feeble but is still in active service. His has been a long, useful and honored life, and the University may proudly claim him as her son.

—PETITION:—That the Senior class be furnished with Bibles before commencement. Prof. of English to Mr. D., what is that fine passage in Romans, eighth chapter, in regard to the sympathy of nature with man in his fallen condition? Please repeat the

verses. Mr. D. thoughtfully, yes I remember now: "The mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs."

—Rev. J. U. Newman, class of '85, has been promoted at Antioch College, Ohio. He is now acting as professor of Latin in the absence of the regular professor. His regular duties pertain to the English department. This was his specialty when here. One of our ante-bellum alumni is President of Antioch College—Rev. D. A. Long, M. A., of Alamance county. He has been there about two years and seems to be doing excellent work.

—Mr. P. B. C., now a dignified Senior, while out riding with several of his friends last summer, created quite a sensation. He, in his finest suit of clothes, was riding a banker pony, which had a peculiar fondness for bathing. Having watered our horses in a stream near by we were continuing our journey, when, missing Mr. C., we looked back and saw both pony and rider struggling in the water. It was hard to tell whether Mr. C. was ducking the pony, or whether the pony was ducking Mr. C. N. B.—Profit by the above experience and never attempt to water a pony in a stream, for ten to one he will turn the tables on the rider and water him.

—In a private letter to President Battle, dated at Petropolis, Brazil, Jan'y 19, 1886, Minister Jarvis, a very warm friend of the University, says: "I am now at Petropolis, the summer home of the court, with the diplomats and all others who are able to get away from the heat of Rio in January, February and March. It is a beautiful mountain town about thirty miles from Rio, but about three thousand feet above it. From the top of the mountain we can see the city, and still further off in the distance the ocean. The prevailing wind is from the sea, and it deposits its moisture upon the mountains when it comes in contact with them. This tempers the heat and gives a rich abundance of vegetation and beautiful flowers. The elevation and moisture together give us a cool, endurable atmosphere. It is here just about as it is at Chapel Hill in June, warm at midday in the sun, but pleasant in the shade and cool at night. I hear it is fearfully hot in Rio, and that there is quite a good deal of fever. The city is never entirely free from the yellow fever, but in June, July, August, September and October it excites no fear and but little care. In Petropolis we are considered absolutely free from all danger, even when it is at its worst in the city. We not only have a

safe retreat from heat and fever, but we are in a beautiful little city. The summer home of the Emperor and Princess Imperial are respectively in well-kept parks, in which grow the most beautiful and lovely flowers. Many of the rich and titled men of the empire have their summer houses here, and the yards and grounds attached to some of them are lovely. The world cannot beat this place for foliage and flowers of the richest hue. The streets and roads leading into the city are of the highest order of macadamized work, and hence afford many very beautiful drives * * *."

—A GIRL'S HEROIC ACT.—

Once upon a time in a certain little village of the South a young lady of about 18 summers lay seriously ill in an up stairs room. She was the eldest daughter of a learned Professor and was fortunate in possessing many admirable qualities which distinguished her from the ordinary "girl of the period."

Among her distinguishing traits her *bravery* was notable. She was the happy possessor of a bold and fearless spirit by which she was able even to confront an unoffending cow suddenly on the sidewalk without making the usual unceremonious shy to the other side of the street—to the great mental bewilderment of the aforesaid

cow. And furthermore she could actually discover an innocent, playful, little mouse in a corner of the room and not feel the slightest impulse to gain that position on the most convenient piece of furniture least accessible to the mouse, without a thought of the manner or gracefulness of the act.

However, there was one thing for which she had an insuperable terror—and that was *burglars*. The time, too, when this young lady was lying ill was the time when burglars do their bloody work. It was night. Every thing within the house was still as the grave but without a storm was raging. The heavy raindrops were pelting furiously the shingles on the roof, and the restless winds were whistling a mournful dirge between the slats of the well-fastened shutters. But, listen! the young lady hears a sound in the direction of the window! She starts! then cries: "Mamma! Ma-m Ma! O Mamma! Mamma, O Mamma!" A ghostlike form steals up the stairway three steps at a time, and in an instant is on the scene of action.

"Mamma," she cried, "I think a mouse is gnawing my new hat."

The exchange of words which followed is known only to the recording angel.

TATEM.

—CONFEDERATE DEAD.—The two large tablets in Memorial

Hall facing the main entrance show the names of 254 of our alumni who fell in the service of the Confederate States. They truly deserve a niche and that not a small one in the temple of fame. At their country's call they went and died in her defense. We are glad to present our readers with short sketches of some of them taken mostly from the materials collected by Mrs. C. P. Spencer for the Centennial Register of the Alumni of the University of North Carolina. We hope to continue the sketches from time to time.

Joseph H. Adams, of Augusta, Ga., entered the University in 1860. As soon as the tocsin of war was sounded he returned to his home and enlisted in the Clinch Rifles and was sent to Pensacola, Fla. He was killed at the battle of Santa Rosa in 1861. He was a youth of uncommon promise, mentally and morally, and was only 18 at the time of his death. He tried to do his duty.

Geo. B. Anderson, of Wilmington, after remaining at the University a year or two, went to West Point and graduated there. He was appointed to the second dragoons and sent to New Mexico and then to California where he was on duty during the gold excitement. After returning to the east he was made adjutant of second dragoons under Gen. A. S.

Johnston and was with him in his famous Utah expedition to Salt Lake City. When the war broke out he was first Lieutenant in Johnston's regiment and was the first officer from North Carolina to resign his commission and tender his service to the Confederate Government. Gov. Ellis appointed him Colonel of the fourth regular N. C. regiment and he went to Virginia in command. He was present at Manasses and at the seven days' fight around Richmond, was made Brigadier General soon after and was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg. He returned home to Raleigh and died there. A gallant young soldier and a noble man.

Lawrence M. Anderson, of Talahassee, Fla., volunteered early in the war, was made Lieutenant and fell at Shiloh while leading his soldiers to the attack.

Robert Walker Anderson, of New Hanover county, graduated here with distinction. He was studying for the Episcopal ministry, but felt it his duty to fight for the South and fell at the Wilderness.

John B. Andrews, of Guilford county, taught school in Alamance county, and then in Wilmington, spent some time in travelling on the Continent. Was teaching in Statesville in 1861. Raised a company and with rank of Captain

joined the fourth North Carolina Volunteers, served with honor in the battles of Manasses, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and received his death wound before Richmond in 1862. He had been a member of the Presbyterian church from his boyhood and during all his life was an amiable, useful and excellent character.

Archibald H. Arrington, of Montgomery, Ala., entered the Confederate service at 18 years of age. He was wounded at Malvern Hill, went home to recruit, but his wound and disease contracted in the service cut his life short in a little while after.

Isaac T. Atmore, of Newberne, joined company I, Second Regiment N. C. State troops and fell at Spotsylvania, C. H., May 12th, 1864. Was ever ready to do a kind act and thoroughly devoted to the cause for which he died.

The name of Thomas P. Hodges, of Okolona, Miss., does not appear on the Memorial Tablets. He entered the University in 1859, but never graduated as he was called to sterner duties. In a private letter W. A. Bodenhamer, Esq., Mayor of Okolona, says of him: "He was killed at the battle of Jonesboro near Atlanta, Ga., July 28th, 1864. He was Captain of Co. F, 41 Miss. Regiment. It affords me pleasure as his school-mate and comrade

in arms to say that he was all that could be required of upright manhood. Though the youngest Captain in the regiment he was one of the best. At the organiza-

tion of his company he was elected first Lieutenant and he became Captain by promotion. Had he lived the future would have served him well."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor is indebted to Mr. Z. B. Walser, a former student of the University, for a copy of the Michigan *Argonaut*, containing an account of Senator Vance's address before the Law Class of the University of Michigan.

* *

The *Academy*, Salem, N. C., sheds a very brilliant light in our sanctum. It is printed on heavy paper, in clear, bold type, but needs a cover. We would modestly suggest to our lady friends that it would be well to put on a spring cloak. In the January number of the paper the article entitled "English Grammar and Literature," was happily conceived and well written. Come again, *Academy*, we enjoy you.

* *

The *Collegian*, of South Carolina College, has made its regular appearance. We welcome it as one of the many worthy exchanges that find their way to our table.

The literary and editorial departments are well conducted, while the "general make up" of the *Collegian* is par excellence.

* *

The *Virginia University Magazine* for February is before us. As usual, it contains sensible, well written and pointed articles. Unlike most college journals, it is read with pleasure by those beyond its own walls. This magazine is too well and favorably known to need any commendation at our hands.

* *

The *Student*, a monthly journal devoted to the Society of Friends, Germantown, Pa. The *Student* is a unique little monthly, filled with much interesting and instructive matter. It surpasses some of our larger and more pretentious exchanges. One especially notices the variety of its contents, in which the most fastidious reader may find something to his taste.

The January number of the *Muhlenburg Monthly* makes it appearance for the first time among our exchanges. We cordially welcome it and its like among us. It is handsomely and tastefully

gotten up. The present issue is filled almost entirely with addresses, which make the *Monthly* sadly lack variety. We hope in the future to be highly entertained by its articles.

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

(As Gathered from Exchanges.)

—Yale College is exempted from taxes, while Harvard paid \$28,000 in taxes last year.

—We learn from the *Western Sentinel* that Davidson College will soon issue a journal.

—Among the Alumni of Yale are the two great lexicographers, Webster and Worcester.

—The richest University in the world is that of Leyden, Holland. Its real estate alone is worth \$4,000,000.

—A chair of matrimony is talked of at Vassar College. Of course it will be a big rocking chair—big enough for two.

—Secretary Bayard is to deliver the commencement address at the University of Kansas. He has received the degree of LL. D. from Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth.

—Prof. in Latin—Mr. G., what case does nubere (to marry) govern? Mr. G. "Dative." Prof. "What Dative?" Mr. G. "Dative of disadvantage, sir."

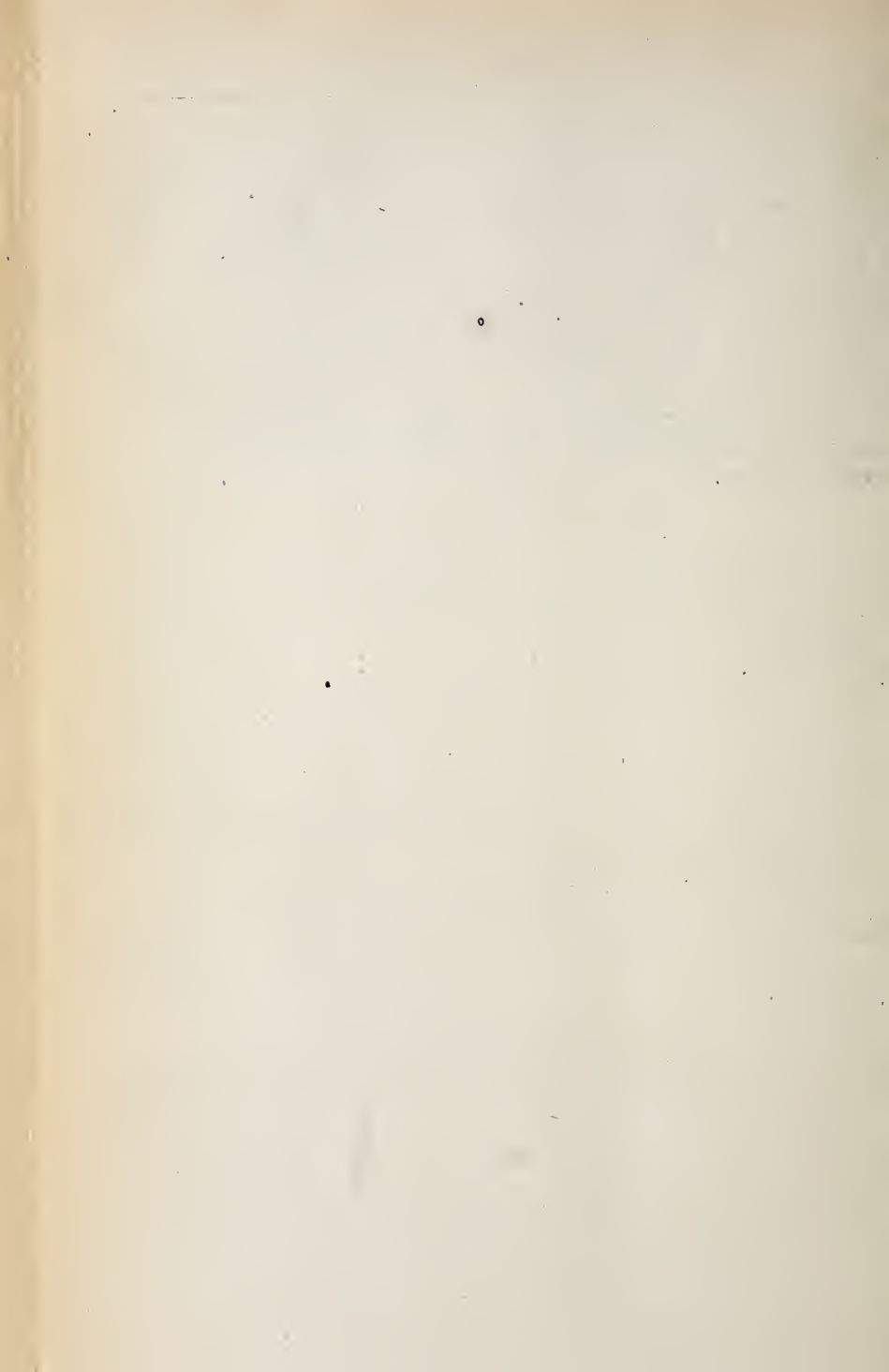
—"John Blair," asked his roommate, "what kind of a bear is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?" The latter replied that he had never heard of such an animal. John insisted that they sang about it at Sunday school. "No," said his room-mate, "it is a consecrated cross I bear."

—The following is said to be a correct statement of the volumes that some of our College and University libraries have: Harvard 184,000; Yale 115,000; Dartmouth 60,000; Cornell 53,000; Brown 52,000; Columbia 51,000; Williams 19,000; Princeton 49,000; Michigan 41,000; Iowa 18,000; Oberlin 16,000; Minnesota 15,000.

—The following is said to be a correct statement of the denominational educational institutions in this country: The Protestant Episcopal church has 12 colleges with \$8,790,000 endowment; Congregationalist, 28 colleges with \$9,000,000 endowment; Presbyterians, 41 colleges with \$7,000,000 endowment; Baptist, 46 colleges with \$10,300,000 endowment; Methodist, 52 colleges with \$11,000,000 endowment.

MY PONY.

My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing.
Book of my Freshman days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poets lays,
I'd tribute bring.
• Old joke, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of eternity
To thee I sing.
Jest of everlasting days
Unworthy of students praise,
Worthy of flunker's lays
Good-bye, old thing.



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THE OLD COLLEGE BELL.

(AIR: "*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*")

To the busy morning light,
To the slumbers of the night,
To the labor and the lessons of the hour,
With a ringing, rhythmic tone,
Over hill and valley blown,
Call the voices watching, waking in the tower.

CHORUS:—Cling, clang, cling, the bell is ringing,
Hope and help its chimings tell;
Through the halls of N. C. U.,
O'er the quiet village too,
Float the melody and music of the bell.

By our Otey's famed retreat,
Where the loved and lover meet,
By the laurel bank, and glen of dreaming flower,
Where the groves are dark and grand,
Where the oaks majestic stand,
Come the voices, mellow voices of the tower,—Cho.

When the gentle hand that gave,
Lies beneath the marble grave,
And the daisies weep with drippings of the shower;
O! believe me brother dear,
In the shadows we shall hear
Guiding voices of our angel in the tower.—Cho.

Not afraid to dare and do
Let us rouse ourselves anew,
With the "knowledge that is victory and power,"
And arrayed in every fight
On the battle side of right,
Gather glory for our angel in the tower.—Cho.

[Adapted, by W. A. BETTS, class of '79.]

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Some minds are lap-sided. One of the most unpractical, ill-balanced persons we have known was a brilliant mathematician. But would we thus make a point against the best mathematical training and its practical results? No; we mean that you must discipline the mind on every side. What we all need is a harmonious, well-sounded character and the finest education is that which secures it. We hope we'll never have teachers who know only what they are to teach, for then they will not even know that; and what frightfully narrow souls their scholars would be!

Go back of Jehosaphat and Asa, "when the teaching priest" had died out of the land, back of Moses and the engraved stone-book of the Law, and see the patriarch as priest, judge, teacher, book, all in one,—a rude inscription here and there, a rare set of leaves to which only a favored few could have access, his only aids. Think of Elijah in the School of the Prophets, without text-books; and, not far from his time, Homer wandering in quest of audiences and chanting his immortal epic. Sometimes the public games or festivals afforded the opportunity for hearing inspiring truths and

"comparing notes." The pagan temple or the divinity overshadowed synagogue became the centre of influence for great people, but their literary stores were for a select few, the prophet and priest being the poet and the literary directorship falling to him. How difficult the work of moral and intellectual reform for a King like Judah's fifth ruler, with a few princes and priests holding conventions and peripatetic discussions here and there in his realm, with only one book and that in manuscript, in the hands of this committee of instructors, and that book not equivalent to our present form of Pentateuch! One printed book, a Luther's Bible in Germany, stirred the heart of a noble race and proved itself to be the germ of a great world-quickening literature.

Milton's Sublimities are many of them "caviare to the general." Shakspeare has indeed "tears and laughter for all time," but needs quite often an interpreter. In the common round, the daily task, the ordinary worker and fighter takes Longfellow as a companion and comforter. We know that he is a household word as much in England as in America, and it will be long ere the charming interiors, painted by his soft and delicate touch, shall fade out of the chambers of imaging, which are kept

shaded and sacred in men's hearts and lives. His own life and words were in gracious harmony with each other. Was it not true of him that he wrote no line which "dying he would wish to blot"? He did not think that "the King" in the realm of mind "knows no law" and may live and write "as it him listeth." So they who come from "the troth of hell" which reeks in Byron or from the foul fascinations of Swinburne and your other aesthetical, non-ethical poets, with their doctrine that the beautiful has nothing to do with morality, may well reject Longfellow as too tame, too spiritually pure and sound for their jaded taste.

Some people still allude to literature and the study of it, in the spirit of the old French phrase, *belles lettres*, as if they were good for the "extra polish," the fair-seeming veneering, which the hard, strong character may take after gaining its real discipline. But they run into serious error. For the effect of such studies on the essential character is far more pervasive and influential than all the technical and systematic sciences and philosophies can be, for this reason, that the imagination is the source of the deepest and most lasting inspiration and from its relation to the emotions has the highest possible danger, or the

highest possible potency of good in it. It may seize the reader, "as tempests seize a ship and bear him on in a wild whirl of joy." The silent teacher which it uses, awakens no prejudices, but gains all the more fatal hold on the soul than the impure or eccentric person, who perhaps would excite only surprise or disgust. If the book which prophecies deceitfully will be admitted into the secret chambers of the heart and diffuse its impersonal, but subtle pollution over the sensitive and incautious victim, how great the need of teaching and definitely employing those noble masters who electrify

the stagnant air in which we are only half breathing, who vitalize and sweeten the sources of moral action within the soul? Rely upon them to inculcate ethical lessons all the more effectually because they do it indirectly, by stealing into conscience and feeling by the way of the fancy and the imagination. You might despair of Miss Lydia Languish or of the young man "who gives all his mind to his neck-tie," but not of the child of ignorance and poverty where he becomes conscious of his own soul under the potent and life-giving spell of a Shakspeare.—T. H.

A PLEA FOR THE TRUTH VERSUS A PLEA FOR THE MORMONS.

It may be well to note certain weak points in this "Plea for the Mormons." There is no doubt that the Edmunds' Bill is faulty, but what justification could it afford for discrimination against Roman Catholics and Episcopalians as the writer urges? The fact that the Episcopal Church is joined to the State in England, that the Roman and the Greek Communions are in other countries allied with the government, is a singular argument with which to ply Americans to induce them

to wink at the union of church and State among the Mormons. It must be allowed that the case of the Jews is exceptional, and that it affords no parallel, unless the inspiration of the Scriptures is rejected and the direct relation of Jehovah to his chosen people is ignored. Again, the defence of polygamy on the ground that this same elect nation practiced it, falls to the ground when we consider God's own statement that He looked with just disfavor and abhorrence on their immoralities and

peculiar usages, and that in the ignorant childhood of the race He sought to win them away from their sensual and low views of life and duty by gradual discipline. Their religion was "the grandest and noblest," not because of polygamy and other such blots upon it, but in spite of them. Infinite wisdom and mercy dealt patiently with their propensity to idolatry and all manner of abomination, and turned their sins and errors into means of grace and higher culture. But where do we learn that in this nineteenth century of Christ we find the Holy and Just God thus specially presiding over the affairs of a besotted people who claim, as a revelation of His will, an absurd forgery palmed off on their too easy credulity by very poor imitators of the astute Mahomet and the philosophic Swedenborg? There is no condoning of the lustful, self-indulgence of Solomon in the Book of Heaven, but the successive experiences so dramatically presented in Ecclesiastes are a solemn warning that knowledge alone cannot save a soul, and that the apples of Sodom always turn to ashes on the lips. Careless indeed is that reading of the majestic eloquence of Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, which permits the writer to conclude that they practised sins that incur such fearful "woes" and "judgments" as they are ever denouncing upon

the heads of a degenerate people. The positive affirmation that Christ uttered "not one" word against polygamy may be accepted by many, as they are really ignorant of that Word of His. The number of Bills, their familiar appearance, the frequent allusions to them, lead many into the delusion that they know somewhat of the teachings of Inspiration. We have only to ask that the Gospels be read once that the pure Redeemer's own word may refute this dark libel.

How partial and therefore false that interpretation of Paul's instructions concerning marriage, which takes the caution against entering into the responsibilities in times of persecution and poverty for a final and authoritative forbiddal of it, when this same apostle declares "Marriage is honorable in all," and makes it the best symbol of the union between the believer and his Savior, between the Church and her Living Head!

The so called "good evidences" from the Bible are worth nothing. It is special pleading of the most perverted sort that justifies the flagrant corruptions of Mormonism by picturing the dance of death through which a professed Christian Society reels, and that can see no harm in the licentiousness of a sleek "elder" of Salt Lake City, because forsooth the pampered votaries of fashion in

New York and Washington wear their dresses down to the lower edge of decorum. Finally, the glorification of the whited sepulchre of Utah on the score of the absence of all brothels in its society, is enough to excite the "inextinguishable laughter" of the devils themselves, who look within and note the dead men's or rather women's bones and all manner of

rottenness, and find nearly every Mormon's "home" itself a brothel.

The force of your contributor's protest against unspeakable social vices is sadly weakened by his untenable assertions concerning important matters of fact. The solid grain of truth is in the brief passage in which he suggests the unconstitutionality of the Edmunds' Bill.

"T. WYATT."

SURF BATHING.

See the coy, sprightly maidens rush
Into the water's verge;
See the dear dainty darlings blush,
While waiting for the surge.

See the brave sea-gods, *he*-nymphs, boys,
Eager with open arms,
Upon the waves these *dears* to poise,
And quell their oft alarms.

Blushes now cease their rapid chase—
Hearts calm and quiet beat—
Swiftly the surf has come apace,
And skirts and sea-foam meet.

O Luna, thoughtful Luna, Hail!
Thy power is not miss-spent,
Concealing with a watery veil
Those in embraces blent.

Expected accidents, how cute—
What soft, round limbs, well-shapen!
But admiration must be mute,
For accidents must happen.

Of beauty and of modesty(?)
Soft-eyed and rose-lipped queen,
Divine, sweet offspring of the sea,
Mistress of Gods and men,

Look down from thy exalted height,
See thy young devotees
Lauding thy name—in reckless plight—
With nude, not bended knees.

Wild are their antics—"daisy," hum!
Merry this floating frolic.
This watery gymnasium
Cures pains and aches and colic.

What of the waltz, the giddy waltz,
Where youth and joy entwine,—
Th' occasion of most grave assaults
From layman and divine?

Deserted soon must be the halls
Where Dance was wont to reign,
No more you'll hear of hops and balls,
But bathing in the main.

The gods have from Olympus flown,
No more their councils hold
Around Jove's high and awful throne,
On the proud mountain old.

Venus and Neptune have conspired—
His shaggy look aside,
The sea-king won what he desired—
A mate to rule the tide.

These two, alone of all the host
Which ruled the world of yore,
Have not yet all their power lost,
Their sceptres proud giv'n o'er.

Cupid committed suicide,
Alas, I don't know what for,
Unless 'twas, as sweethearts decide,
He couldn't stand salt water.

But why attack this hurtless (?) sport
With laugh and ridicule?
Know you not folks of kindly sort
Will brand you as a fool?

Know you not, in this goodly land,
That custom makes all right,
From gentle pressing of the hand,
To squeezing the waist tight?

Custom, not everywhere, I'm proud,
But custom at the dance
And custom 'neath that briny cloud
Where bathing sea-sprites prance.

But sure a swift reform must come
On "wax" and on the sea,
Down, down, with despotic custom,
And long live modesty! W. A. SELF.

SOCIALISM.

Under the head of Socialism come all those disturbing elements which give life to Communism, Fourierism, Nihilism or any other "ism" whose object is to break the bonds of law and order.

This is fast becoming a serious question, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world, and one which will soon demand some very vigorous legislation, if not an "international congress." This, and the Mormon question confront us with embarrassments so peculiar to each, that it is exceedingly difficult to meet the danger without infringing upon some "inalienable right."

The close of the Revolutionary war found our forefathers beset on all sides with all manner of objections to their efforts to bring law, order and liberty out of chaos.

The constitution was opposed by a considerable number, because it "centralized too much"; some objected to it because it did "not centralize enough," and it was still more bitterly opposed by a class of thriftless vagabonds, who objected to everything human and divine, merely for the sake of opposition. This latter class seized upon it as an excellent opportunity to gratify their baser instincts and put out the lights of a civilization destined to revolutionize the whole world. It was this worthless class which formed the nucleus around which gathered the discontented, "clannish isms" of all countries. The oppressive laws of European countries, caste distinctions, the defiant, absurd cry of the nobility for their traditionary and divine

rights (?) which were assumed by fraud, violence and the superstition of the lower classes, kept the Old World more or less involved in all the possibilities of revolutions.

Owing to these pernicious influences, our country at once became the asylum of those who were either exiled by their lawless actions at home, or the restless spirit which possessed them, to effect new conquests at the very shrine of liberty itself. For the last fifteen years the average foreign immigration to the United States has reached the neighborhood of 450,000 per year,—a large percent of whom, true to their instincts and ignorant of how to use liberty, at once organize, to subvert what they are, in their devilish depravity, pleased to call the “unnatural order of nature.” Their motto is: “Let the governing classes face the inevitable downfall of decaying civilization without panic or hypocrisy.” Such indeed is the text from which they preach, upon the rostrum, “in secret conclave assembled” and in the viler dens of infamy where the incendiary and murderer discuss their diabolical schemes. They kept the people of the United States deluded for a long time by open threats against other governments, but at last they threw aside their masks and have established in all our

leading cities, organizations whose hellish intent is to assassinate any one brave enough to oppose them, burn the property of those they are otherwise unable to reach and by “infernal machines,” arson and a thousand nameless crimes compel corporations and the judiciary of the nation to concede their hell-born demands. The attack recently made upon Judge Tree’s residence in Chicago, the conspiracy discovered in San Francisco, Justus Schwab’s revolutionary utterances, the efforts to blow up private and public buildings all over the country, and the continual disquietude throughout the iron and coal mining sections of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, all justify the conclusion that these lawless scoundrels must be met with legislation, final and effective, before they touch and pollute our shores, with their infamous crimes.

It is estimated that there are now 500,000 of these contemptible assassins scattered over the country, who are permanently organized to secure means to carry out their foul, degraded blackmailing schemes. Russia needs Nihilism; if she had a better government we would be in less danger, as her citizens would be more contented and less likely to leave their homes, but the arrogant assumptions of her accursed rulers drive her subjects to despair and Nihilism.

lism is their only protection. And Germany, so long as such imperious tyrants as Bismarck dictate her policy will be the hot-bed of socialism; and France, too, so long as her social condition remains what it is,—the classes vieing with each other, as it were, in all manner of folly, dissipation and wickedness will find a use for her commune; England, also, may well tremble in the presence of such opposition as is manifested against Gladstone, her greatest statesman, especially now that the balance of power there is in the hands of so wily a schemer as Parnell; Austria, too, will soon receive the just condemnation of mankind for her interference in the affairs of other nations embroiling them in wars whose horrors she is unwilling to share. Read the history of the Old World for the last one hundred years, and you will not be surprised at the progress socialism is making, and you will not need the inspiration of prophecy to predict that before many years the smouldering fires of Nihilism will burst forth with such irresistible fury that every throne in Europe will be engulfed in a grand conflagration that shall rival the day of judgment.

In a few years, at most, our own generation must grapple with this question; let us study its character, that we may avoid its fatal results. We must educate and

legislate its supporters out of our midst—must surround and oppress the enemy that there will be no alternative left him except unconditional surrender. With the lights before us, if there is not some well-matured plan adopted, we cannot hope to escape frequent riots, much bloodshed, destruction of property and a general revolution of all the ties that charm the home-circle or make patriotism a virtue. The great majority of this lecherous element neither respects the rights of man, modesty of women, nor any of the laws of God; they are dead to all the nobler impulses of the human heart and were it in their power, they would, with fiendish ferocity debauch the whole human family.

Then if we would profit by the examples of history and avoid the fate of those nations whose decay began in the morning of indifference—of fancied security in the midst of lurking danger, we must guard well the forts of entry, and watch with “eternal vigilance” the enemy already in our midst. Unless our educators and legislators pursue such a course, we dare say, the civilization of the nineteenth century, the pride and boast over all the centuries gone must carry into the twentieth an element of increasing danger, fraught with all the possibilities of early decay, if not of final annihilation.

O. C. O.

CHAPEL HILL, March, 1886.

THE BASIS OF TRUE COURAGE.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF GEN. W. D. PENDER.

How dreamlike are the memories of the Confederate war! As to countless sad and terrible scenes of the bloody four years, many a poor heart may well cry out, Oh that I could forget them! But that reign of agony, blighting and death—like all great chapters in human history—was crowded with illustrations of grand truths that cannot be too faithfully cherished or too earnestly inculcated.

But it is not my purpose to paint a picture of any of the thrilling events that made the desperate struggle so awful and so memorable. I turn rather to a simple story of what happened in days of comparative quiet, and seek an unexciting but valuable lesson from a few days in the life of one of North Carolina's bravest and noblest sons.

In the autumn of 1861 I was for a short time connected as chaplain with the 6th Regiment of North Carolina Troops. The regiment was then encamped a few miles from the Potomac, on a road leading from Dumfries to Bacon Race. The heroic Col. Fisher having fallen at Manassas, W. D. Pender was appointed to the command. His training at West Point

and in the army had developed his natural thoughtfulness and love of system and devotion to duty. A strict disciplinarian, he taught obedience to orders by his own unswerving example as well as by a faithful exercise of his authority. Soon after I reached the regiment I was quite surprised by the Colonel's seeking a direct interview with me on the subject of personal religion. I found that he was deeply concerned about his spiritual condition, and that he was availing himself of the lull in the storm to examine the all important question, and to secure, if possible, an assurance of his reconciliation with his God. He knew what war was, and he evidently had serious convictions that he was approaching a tremendous conflict. He had fought the Indians in the far west. I remember his stating that in one engagement with them the troops fired sixty rounds before the fight ended. He knew that hard fighting meant wounds and death; and he knew that hard fighting was coming. He expected to be true to duty; and he was sure that that would lead him where death held high carnival. If need be, he was

going to die for his country ; and he wished to be ready to die. A more deliberate and concentrated spiritual effort I have never witnessed. I recall him now as he came to the door of my tent with his bible in his hand, or as he sat in his own tent and buried his thoughts in the words of eternal truth. He would seek with all his mind to find the meaning of the scriptures ; and, with solicitude that embarrassed me in my conscious need of knowledge and judgment, he would ask me to explain what he could not understand. He evinced no want of moral courage—never seemed in the slightest degree inclined to conceal his godly purpose and effort from his officers and men. Neither did he present the faintest semblance of ostentation. In this, as in all else, his whole soul was absorbed in what he felt to be his duty—and he looked neither to the right nor to the left. Through repentance and faith he walked along "the new and living way" to the Father's pardoning love.

Finally he became satisfied that he was ready to connect himself with the Church of God. He did not appear to have any decided preference for any denomination, but expressed himself in favor of the Protestant Episcopal Church because his wife belonged to it,—speaking touchingly of their attending the house of God to-

gether. On a pleasant Saturday he ordered both his fine horses to be saddled, and invited me to ride with him to Hampton's Legion to see the Rev. A. Toomer Porter and get him to come next day to our camp and baptize him. That was an impressive fact—that rapid ride by the devoted Colonel, to a command miles away, to formally request a minister to come and induct him into the household of God. At the Legion I remember specially meeting the handsome and dashing Stephen D. Lee, afterwards Lieutenant General, and hearing him rejoice over some fine English guns that had just been received for his battery. Col. Pender was genial and friendly, but addressed himself earnestly to the main object of his visit, and not only engaged the minister but also invited Lee to act as one of the witnesses.

The Sabbath dawned clear, beautiful and bracing. A rude pulpit was constructed in the edge of the forest. At the hour for divine service the regiment gathered and arranged themselves at will on the carpet of autumn leaves among the trees—some sitting, some leaning against the oaks. The spirit given the hour by the Colonel's self-offering to God may have made all those hundreds so respectful and attentive. The songs that perhaps many had often heard and sung in the peace-

ful churches at home rang out through the wood and floated away with the kindly breeze. Next came the single voice of the chaplain in prayer, and then the sermon. The leading thought in the sermon was "*The inconstancy of human fortune*"; or "*The law of change*." When the discourse was finished, the Rev. Mr. Porter took charge of the exercises and proceeded to administer the holy Rite. Captain Stephen D. Lee and Maj. Benjamin Alston were the witnesses. The eye of memory still beholds the scene as the brave Colonel kneeled with uncovered head in the presence of the men to whom he owed the ex-

ample of all fidelity, and taught them the first and greatest duty in times of war as in times of peace.

From that hour the ultimate basis of his unflinching courage was the sacred consciousness that he was a child of God—an heir of everlasting life.

It may be well to add that it would have been far better, had an earlier period in his life been ennobled by this sublimest act of his brave career.

Man is never prepared for duty till he becomes a willing, trusting, loving servant of God.

A. W. M.

THE MOON ON THE LEAF.

"The moon on the leaf shines bright, love,
The bird sings sweetly to the night, love,
I ask no sadder delight, love,
Than to sigh with the south winds to thee!
||: Could I but whisper as lowly,
Or steal to the lattice as slowly,
I'd bathe with a spirit as holy
That brow which is dearest to me.:||

Warm hearts were not made for the day,
love,
They pine when the stars fade away, love,
Then feast on the night while we may,
love,
Who knows what the morrow may bring?
||: Friends may be parted—the dearest,
Ties may be broken—the nearest,
Cold death may come, which is drearest,
And shatter the hopes where we cling.:||"

THE CATAWBA AND YADKIN AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

I do not know of a more interesting country than the middle section of North Carolina. The land is not only full of all the bounties and beauties of nature but its history is equally full of romantic episodes of peace and war. The names of some of its counties and towns and streams are associated with the great civil and military epochs of our annals. The names of others call to mind the Indians, whom we have driven from their homes. As this people passed away to the setting sun they have left their musical names well-nigh the sole relics of their language; their sepulchral mounds and mouldering skeletons and tawdry ornaments, the ghastly mementoes of their stalwart warriors and graceful maidens; the arrow and tomahawk heads of flint, the harmless survivors of their once dreaded warfare.

We can change the verses written by a southern poet for Alabama's rivers to illustrate our own State.

Yes! tho' they all have passed away—
That noble race and brave—
Tho' their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
Tho' 'mid the forest where they roved,
There rings no hunter's shout,
Yet their names are on our waters,
And we may not wash them out.

Their memory liveth on our hills
Their baptism on our shore,—
Our everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.
'Tis heard where Swannanoa pours,
His crystal tide along;
It sounds on Nantahaleh's shores,
And Yadkin swells the song.
Where lordly Roan-ok-e sweeps,
The symphony remains,
And swift Catawba proudly keeps,
The echo of its strains.
Where Tuckasee-ge's waters glide
From rocky streams 'tis heard,
And bright Watauga's winding tide
Repeats the olden word;
Afar where nature brightly wreathed,
Fit Eden for the free,
Along Hiwassee's bank 'tis breathed
And stately Tennessee:
And then from where the clear, cold springs
Flow fast the rolling Haw,
The ancient melody still rings
To Neuse and Waccamaw.

While our sleep is undisturbed by fears of their horrible war-whoop and in our dreams we feel not their fingers, twined among our scalp-locks, let us not forget that they were the aborigines of our country, our predecessors on this soil, that they once loved and courted and married and raised children, played and danced and sang, raised crops and hunted and warred, aye! and held their legislatures and made political speeches and worshipped their God in their humble savage way, on these beautiful hills and streams. And let

us heed the awful lesson, that if we refuse to use rightly God's gifts to his creatures, if we lag behind in the onward march of civilization, if we settle down in ignorance and inglorious ease, not developing our resources or improving our mental and moral powers, we, too, will be overwhelmed by the resistless wave of progress. We, too, will give place to a stronger and wiser race, and antiquarians of the future will be digging up our bones and speculating on the habits and customs of another vanished race. God grant that no such fate shall overtake us, but that we may prove the truth of the eulogistic prophecy of Herbert Spencer, that America, composed of the most energetic elements of the Old World, working in a land of vast resources, with the most favoring conditions of climate and soil, unfettered by the paralyzing political systems, which affect the nineteenth century of Europe with many of the evils of the Middle Ages, will develop into the greatest people the world has yet seen.

Two of the piedmont counties, Catawba and Yadkin, have rivers flowing by and through them, bearing their names, which bring to mind most thrilling incidents of the Revolutionary War. The gallant Morgan fighting in defiance of the prudential maxims of war, had humbled Tarleton at Cowpens

and captured many prisoners and guns and amunition. Cornwallis, only 25 miles distant, with his trained army of veterans hastened to avenge the disgrace. It was in the dead of winter. The roads were softened by the continued rains. The Americans were mostly militia unaccustomed to rapid orderly marching. Escape would be easy if the prisoners should be released, but the stout old wagoner-warrior determined to hurry them to the mountain fortresses and hold them securely there. For twelve days the pursuit continued. Nearer and nearer rushed on the pursuing foe. Success seemed almost in Cornwallis' grasp. From the summit of every hill could be seen only a few miles off the retreating columns, foot-sore and weary, in front the luckless prisoners, in the rear the dauntless rearguards. Softly and pleasantly flowed the beautiful river over the pebbles of its Island Ford. Swiftly and easily through the waters the flying column passed. Up the steep hills they toiled, and then rested for the night, while the vengeful British only two hours behind waited until the morning light should direct their steps to sure and easy victory.

Man proposes, God disposes! The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! As the Red Sea Waves saved the trembling Israelites from boasting

Pharaoh's hordes, as Old Father Tiber drove back Lars Porsena of Clusium from the gates of Rome, where Horatius kept the bridge, so the mighty Catawba roused himself in his fury to thwart the exulting Briton. From the slopes of the Brushy and South and Linville and the distant Blue Ridge Mountains poured the angry torrents, and when the gray light of morning broke, a yellow flood, swift and deep and strong, raged in his front. The Greeks or the Romans would have deified the protecting river, and in a lofty temple, with splendid architectural adornments, would have been a noble statue, carved with wonderful art, dedicated to Catawba Savior, the protecting River God.

After a short rest, Cornwallis, who was an active and able officer, in later years distinguished as Viceroy of Ireland and Governor-General of India, burnt the superfluous baggage of his troops and hurried to overtake and destroy Greene's army, then being gathered out of the fragments of the forces of Gates, scattered at Camden. Small bodies of militia guarded the fords of the Catawba, now become passible. At Cowan's ford was a young officer, who had gained promotion under the eye of the great Washington at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He was in the place of Rutherford captured at Cam-

den, Brigadier General of the Militia of the section. He was an active and able commander, who had infused his fiery energy and pluck into the people. Making a pretended attack at Beattie's Ford, Cornwallis directed all the force of his army at Cowan's Ford. A spirited resistance was made against the overwhelming odds, and the young General was left dead on the bloody field. The Continental Congress in grateful recognition of his services voted that a monument be erected to his memory, but a hundred revolving years have not witnessed the inception of this worthy undertaking. North Carolina has erected a far more enduring monument by giving the name of William Davidson to one of her most prosperous counties.

Forward in rapid retreat push the thin columns of Greene; forward in rapid pursuit press the strong forces of Cornwallis. The fortunes of the entire Southern country tremble in the balance. If Greene's army shall be saved, he will rally around him the scattered patriots and soon confront his adversary, ready on more equal terms to contend for the mastery. If it shall be overtaken, nothing can save it from destruction, and from the James River to the Chattahoochee the standard of King George will be raised over a conquered people. The eyes of all

friends of liberty are turned with alarmed anxiety towards the unequal contest.

Again does the God of Battles, interpose to thwart the well-laid scheme. Again do the descending floods dash their angry waters in front of the baffled Britons. Again does the flushed and furious foe stand powerless. The noble Yaddin emulates her sister, Catawba, and interposes her swollen

stream, fierce and deep, between him and the object of his vengeance. And whenever we see the river's floods inundating our farms and sweeping away the fruit of our labors—the green corn or the golden wheat—let it be a comfort that similar floods saved Greene's army, made possible the surrender at Yorktown and gained the Independence of America.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

REMINISCENCES.

To-night as I sit watching the fantastic motions of the fire, memories of a visit to the Queen city of the South steal over me like strains of distant music creeping upon the ear in a quiet summer evening.

It is morning in the great city of New Orleans, the city of palatial residences, regal wealth, lovely women, and—organ grinders. Everybody is busy, each man in this great seething mass upon the streets seems bending to some definite end every energy of his nature. Come, friend, since we occupy no place in the thoughts or interests of this ever-flowing river of humanity, suppose we take a quiet stroll together. Have'nt time, you say? Well, I will not detain you long, and you

may leave me just as soon as you wish, turn off at the next corner if you want to. I should regret it, however, if you were to desert me so soon, because I like you, you have a very interesting face. But before we set out, let us glance a moment at the town hall, there are some interesting memories connected with that place. It was up this street the Federal envoys marched when sent to demand the surrender of the city. Coolly and calmly they walked, although directly in front of them matches were blazing over cannon loaded and pointed at them by the defenders of the city. The crowd was defiant. Never should the flag be lowered which floated in triumph above the old hall, though they well knew that the

fleet upon the river could in a short time destroy the city. Suddenly the Mayor, knowing that the first shot will be the signal for the destruction of the city and many of its inhabitants, steps out in front of the guns, and with head proudly thrown back, and eyes that flash a noble, patriotic fire, tells his neighbors that, if they fire, he is their victim. Pass not the spot, comrade, without the tribute of a thought, for on this little stage the human soul stood forth in all its grandeur. But on, on we go, and now just over yonder is the Mississippi. Ah! see out there, where not many years ago the Federal fleet anchored, the stars and stripes floating above the deck of a man-of-war. How the heart bounds as we stand upon its neat deck! It causes one to have strangely buoyant feelings to be out upon the water, does it not my friend?

Away we go to explore every nook and corner of the ship, our souls fired by the stirring music of the band. Everything is perfectly clean and in exact order. The weapons are so bright they dazzle the eyes of the beholder. And here and there we find the form of a sailor crouched upon the floor writing to loved ones far away. Or, perhaps, we see some master of the needle engaged in improving the condition of his wardrobe. And over yonder in

that corner, industriously flourishing his razor, a potentate of the brush is plying his art. But hark! loud enough to startle the seven sleepers comes the cry, "man overboard!" "man overboard!!" Up every one rushes to the poop, and we anxiously scan the river, expecting to see a desperate swimmer fighting with the waves. But no, it was a false alarm caused by one of the boats being washed by the waves from its fastenings, and we could now see it floating down the river. An officer seized a speaking trumpet and called out to the launch, then crossing the river, to catch the boat and bring it back. "Aye, aye sir," comes the answer across the rolling surface of the river, and with the regularity of a machine the duty is performed.

Leaving the *Tennessee*, we go on board a small steamer which runs down the river to Chalmette, where the battle of New Orleans was fought. Chalmette is about three miles below New Orleans. Having arrived there we jump upon the bank and enter the enclosure. The cemetery is in the form of a rectangle, divided into two equal parts by a broad walk. In its centre is a very pretty monument, a plain marble column placed upon a square pedestal, about the base of which are heaped cannon and round shot. Flowers and evergreens are scattered here

and there with elegance and taste. On either side of the central lane, extending out in regular rows, are the graves. Upon the small marble tomb-stones we sometimes find no epitaph save this, "*unknown*." In a foreign land this "unknown" soldier fought and died and all he gained was this handful of earth, this little piece of marble; by his side rests a captain, he obtained no more. *Unknown*? no, somewhere there were those who knew and loved him no matter what his life had been. Long and anxiously they watched for his return, as budding Spring blossomed into Summer, and as Summer grew into Autumn still they waited, but waited all in vain. Friend, have you never known a sweet hope, which you cherished as the joy of your life, to slowly fade away as the flush of life vanishes from the cheek of death? Marble slabs are fixed at different points, bearing inscriptions like the following:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few."

An hour quickly passed, and again we are seated upon the deck of the *Tilda M.*, slowly moving up the river. As we approach the city we pass vessels, above whose decks float the flags, of various nations. Arrived at Canal street we go a short distance and turn

into St. Charles street, which brings us at last to Lee's statue. This monument nobly commemorates the South's greatest hero. It is placed upon an artificial mound, around which flowers are tastefully arranged, while seats are fixed at intervals for the benefit of idlers. Calmly, majestically, the form of the great leader rises into the air, above the smoke and bustle of the city below, seeming to have more connection with heaven than with the earth. Above the din and rush of the world it towers, a noble prototype of our beloved South just emerging from the chaos that followed her long struggle.

Come, comrade, let us take a seat among the loungers and study for a moment the varied throng. See yonder on the bench next to us, that vivacious Frenchman, wildly gesticulating. He is the happy man, sorrow rarely affects him, or, if it does, it sweeps over his soul like an April shower, and only leaves him the brighter afterward. Seldom is he too sad to sing the gay chanson which he learned on the pleasant banks of the Loire, or in the sunny regions of the Garonne. But notice that gloomy Spaniard, as he walks down the street with stately, solemn tread. Nothing would delight him more than to sit down here and tell us some wild Spanish romance, reciting the achieve-

ments of the Cid, and relating many a thrilling story of the Moorish wars. Surrounded with the evidences of his country's decline, he keeps alive his pride by thinking upon what she *was*, forgetting what she *is*. That Englishman walking with the Spaniard is somewhat like him in disposition. He would like to weary us by singing a long melancholy ditty, or by treating of some feudal hero, or famous outlaw of his distant island. And the German walking behind them there, with his pack upon his back, is well worth a moment of study. Notwithstanding his coarse features and apparently degraded condition, he is better educated than either of the two pompous gentlemen who precede him. He goes at everything with system, chanting a doughty war song, or smacking his lips while he thinks of the vintage of the Rhine. Nor is the Chinaman wanting in this motley throng. Yonder he goes now, attempting to carry himself in an extremely dignified manner. Even flattery would be unable to discover the slightest resemblance between his complexion and the color of rice, while there is certainly nothing in his movements that would suggest the grace of the bamboo. Slowly and continuously the crowd drifts by, going—where? Each one is chasing his favorite phantom, but how many, when

they sink into the cold grave, will be attended only by shattered hopes and disappointed expectations—expectations which once budded like the rose, but long since had drooped as the willow? Did you ask me to go to the theatre? Certainly, I will go with pleasure; but first suppose we try the beneficent effect of a wholesome repast at some neighboring restaurant. This pleasant undertaking having been attended to, we arrive at the Academy of Music just as the crowd is rushing in. We purchase tickets, and happen to get very good seats. Scanlan plays "Friend and Foe" to-night, and we await with impatience the time for the curtain to rise. At last the play begins and all is expectation, for Scanlan is a very popular actor. The parts are well acted, and the interest of the audience is constantly kept up. But far more interesting than the play are the songs which Scanlan sings. Some of them are: "Moonlight at Killarney," "Only to see you my Darling," and a few pieces written by himself, among others the celebrated "Peekaboo." It is impossible to describe the peculiar charm of his melodious voice; the audience is spell-bound while he sings, and every one bends forward and holds his breath, attempting to catch every syllable as it falls from his lips. The influence of music is supreme. Ah, music,

thou art indeed powerful! The savage and the civilized alike acknowledge thy power, and thee alone of his mundane enjoyments has man deigned to transplant into his Beyond, whether he call that world of bliss Paradise, Walhalla, or Nirwana. Not only does he desire thee to comfort him in his sorrow, but even in his joy he longs for thy sympathizing touch. Well has some one said, "The human soul is one vast harp, and every chord vibrates to the touch of music." Now the last scene is reached, and Scanlan comes upon the stage with a rose pinned on his coat and begins to sing a love song. See, while he is singing the line,

"Take this rose, love, and keep it,"

he unpins the flower and tosses it among the ladies in the parquet, and immediately there ensues among the fair ones quite a struggle for the possession of the rose.

The play is ended and the curtain falls, and rising we are borne out into the street by the moving crowd. Shall we take a run over to Spanish Fort to-morrow? Have an engagement? I shall be compelled to deny myself the pleasure of your company then; I regret very much, however, that it is necessary, for chance never threw in my way a more pleasant acquaintance than you have been. You remind me of—of—it matters not who. *Au revoir, monsieur.*

M. W. E.

AS THOU WILT.

[The following lines were written by the devoted missionary, Mrs. Rouse, wife of the Rev. G. H. Rouse, L.L.B., of the English Baptist Mission, Calcutta, during an illness in November of 1878. The writer died in England.]

Where Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
With my loved ones round,
Or in lonely stillness,
Not one friendly sound,
Still beside me Thou wilt stand,
Ever hold my trembling hand.

How Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
Lingering sickness known,
Or with sudden swiftness
Called before Thy throne;
Freed from fear and cleansed from guilt,
Send what messenger Thou wilt.

When Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
Mid life's busy care,
Or my day's work ended,
Serving but by prayer;
When the chosen hour is come,
Take me, Lord, to rest at home.

IMPORTANCE OF A HIGH AIM IN LIFE.

To-day we tread the green vales of youth, and the flowers of pleasure bloom in rich profusion around our path. But the time of dreams is near a close. The chilling finger of the world is laid upon our brow, and we start from our dreamy stupor to find the fancy-reared castles of youth scattered to the winds. The stern problems of existence present a horrid front. We find in truth that life is no "empty dream," no,

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

There is no room in this bustling world for drones, for

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled."

This is a busy rushing world, woe to the man who stops to tie his shoes. Will the *true* man quail? Will he slug-like draw his form within a shell and idly sleep while the roar of the ever moving world rolls unheeded by? It is his *duty* to make a success of life, and hence a desire to succeed is planted in his bosom. Our life is what we make it; either a burden as heavy as that borne by the brawny shoulders of the fabled Atlas of old, or a bright and shining path

that closing casts its rays behind. When a sharp-shooter intends to hit a distant target, he aims above the mark; thus making an allowance for the fall of his missile. So must man aim high, for he may be sure that the reality will never equal the ideal. As a general rule, the higher the ideal the higher the reality.

A high aim ennobles man's character, sustains him in temptations, and brings him out of trials, refined and purified. It prompts him to the right path, and wakes him when sluggishness would bid him sleep. Success is impossible without this exalted aim. And recorded facts seem to warrant the assertion.

'Twas this ideal that led Newton on, and bade him explore the mysteries of the starry seas. There he dropped his plummet and sounded the depths of constellations, and is to-day known as the "Columbus of the skies,"

Columbus saw that life in the Orient was nought but cruelty and oppression, and that a "new world would be called into being to redress the balance of the old." His lofty aim sustained him amid his murmuring crew, carried him across the blue Atlantic and showed him a world more plentiful

than Canaan, and more beautiful than the fabled gardens of Hesperides.

The high aim of Watt has made him the greatest benefactor of man. The smoke which clouds the busy scenes of industry is a sweet incense to his memory. And the electric thrill of thought, that flashes from continent to continent, is more eloquent in eulogy of Morse, than could be given by the silver tongues of the world's most gifted orators.

The shrill shriek of the freighted car is the clarion note that tells the world that Stephenson is yet alive. And the baffled winds of the stormy ocean, as they sing the mournful requiem of their departed power, chant the praises of Robert Fulton.

Thus it is seen that an exalted ideal is the pole-star of every truly successful life. 'Tis indeed the true philosopher's stone that transforms by Heavenly alchemy the trials, cares and troubles of this stormy journey into a life of peace and quiet, illumined by a radiance from the sweet beyond. Then let your aim be high. Work with an eye single to that ideal, and success, if deserved, will surely come.

But there is another phase of this subject. The chief end of man is not *worldly* success. There is something higher to be gained. Young men, while you strive for

honors here, look beyond the creature to the Creator. Choose your vocation and let that teach you to strive for more exalted things. Be a specialist.

Should medicine be your choice, seek the remedy for human ailments. Be the guardian angel that averts and alleviates the pain and suffering of the human family. But do not stop there. Seek till you find the panacea for all disorders, the never failing catholicon dealt out by the Great Physician, who doctors men's souls.

But should you choose the Law, then be the first in your profession. But see that the counsel in *your* case is the Great Advocate who will plead your cause before the eternal Bar while cycles roll and ages go grinding on.

If you like Geology, then be the best Geologist; but pause not until your feet are free from the sinking clay, and you rest secure on the "Stone which the builders rejected," and the "Rock of Ages."

If Botany be your favorite study, then excel in that branch. But look beyond the perishable flower that blooms in the vale to the resplendent beauty and loveliness of the "Lilly of the valley," and the "Rose of Sharon."

But if Astronomy be your inclination, search well the realms of constellations; but cease not the telescopic survey until you can see with "faith's discerning eye" the Star of Bethlehem, the "Sun of Righteousness."

P. R. VAN HELAXYME.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES OF TRAVEL.--London.

BY K. E. Y.

Upon arriving in the largest city of Christendom, my friend C—— and I directed our cabman to drive us to a not very pretentious but quite a good hotel which had been recommended in Edinburgh to us as being of the first class. Upon applying there, we were informed that not an apartment, not even sleeping room for the night could be had, all the rooms being full. As we had dismissed our cab, we inquired if they could direct us to any other hotel near by where we could find quarters for the night. We were told that a short distance away on the other side of the street there was a hotel *fairly* good. I suppose comity of inn-keepers prevented him from expressing himself differently. At any rate, we hied us there and were told that the best rooms were occupied, but that if we could put up with a room "in the old part of the house," it was at our service. Our decision was turned into almost refusal when we were shown the entrance to our apartment, but after considering the matter in all of its lights, we resolved to take it for one night rather than prosecute farther search. It was our intention on

the morrow to rent furnished apartments in that part of the city most convenient for the sight-seer, and on this plan to take our meals at the nearest restaurant to where we might happen at meal-times to be. The room before us was far from inviting. Dingy and miserable it was in all its appointments, situated back "in the old part of the house" indeed, and with one gable window looking down into a narrow alley and across into a similar window over the way. Through the window over the way two fair(?) damsels were pleased next morning to carry on a conversation with us as we made our toilet, inquiring if we would not each like a nice "glarse" of porter this fine morning. We declined with thanks. It was a question how, in case of acceptance, the porter was to reach us. Presumably on a plank placed between the windows, after the manner of an ice slide. Before retiring the night previous, we examined the floor around the bed in search of the proverbial trap-door through which during the night we were to be let down to parts unknown and horrors untold. Not finding any, we con-

cluded that it was nevertheless there, but so cleverly arranged as to baffle detection. And so we retired, resigned to our fate.

Next morning we gladly departed to seek permanent apartments. First, we wandered around in search of an agency. Some people doubtless feel important at all times and in all places, but as we walked here and there in our first tramp in that mighty town, we were each of us beset with a feeling of paramount insignificance and loneliness. This was only temporary, however, as it required not long, thanks to unstinted open air, consultation of our maps and guide-books, to "get our bearings," and find our way about with confidence and precision. The agency found, we decided on apartments on Regent street, W., and were soon in possession thereof.

The city of London is divided into eight postal districts—the Eastern, Northern, North Western, Western, South Western, South Eastern, East Central, and West Central, which are designated by the capital letters E., N., N. W., W., S. W., S. E., E. C., and W. C. I state this because, before going there, I remember to have been often puzzled to know what was meant by "London, E. C.," or "London, W." The city is also divided into two great divisions. The first is the *City* and the

East End, lying to the east of the Temple (now a kind of law school), comprising the commercial and money-making quarters, and containing the Docks, Bank, Exchange, *Times* Office, Counting Houses, &c. The second is the *West End*, lying west of the Temple, and being that quarter of London which "*spends* money, makes laws, regulates fashions, contains the Queen's palace, the mansions of the aristocracy, the clubs, museums, picture galleries, theatres, barracks, government offices, houses of parliament, Westminster Abbey, and is the special locality for parks, squares and gardens, for gorgeous equipages and powdered lackeys." The West End, then, is the most convenient locality for the tourist, and hardly a better street than Regent could be found.

A few statistics about London, which I have compiled, may prove of interest. A trustworthy estimate of the population of London cannot be obtained farther back than two hundred years. Once the "City within the Walls" comprised all; afterwards was added the "City without the Walls"; then in succession were embraced the city and liberties of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, south of the river, numerous parishes between the two cities and other parishes encircling the whole, all of which finally came

to be embraced under the name of 'London.' In 1700 A. D., the population was about 700,000, in 1800, 900,000, and in 1821, 1,300,000. The original "city" of London covered less than one square mile. Now London is 14 miles in length, 8 miles in breadth, covers an area of 122 square miles, and is constantly extending. On a rough estimate this area includes about seven thousand four hundred streets, or enough if placed end to end in a continuous line, to extend 2,600 miles. These streets are lighted by about one million gas-lamps, consuming daily about twenty-eight million cubic feet of gas. There are 528,794 buildings, comprising 1,100 churches, 7,500 public houses, 1,700 coffee houses, 500 hotels and inns, and the remainder of various descriptions. The *Metropolitan Police District* extends from twelve to fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, and may be considered really the extent of the true city considered as the total aggregation of buildings. This contains 6,600 miles of streets. Thirteen years ago London proper had a population of 3,264,530 souls, or within the Metropolitan Police District 3,810,744. Among these were 2,800 master-tailors, 2,500 bakers, 2,100 butchers, many thousands of men and women employed by these, and 300,000 domestic servants. At present the

Police District possesses a population of nearly if not quite 5,000,000, or a population equal to the combined populations of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis and Cincinnati, with near the half of San Francisco thrown in. Were the entire population of London drawn up as if on dress-parade, they would present a continuous line with a frontage of near 2,000 miles.

It is said that there are in London more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine and more Roman Catholics than in Rome! The statistics that I have consulted further state that, approximately, the London folks keep soul and body together by consuming annually, 2,000,000 quarters of wheat (16,000,000 bushels), 400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 130,000 calves, 250,000 hogs, 8,000,000 head of poultry and game, 400,000,000 lbs. of fish, 500,000,000 oysters, 1,200,000 lobsters, and 3,000,000 salmon. The butcher meat alone is valued at 50,000,000 l, (about \$250,000,000). All this food they wash down with 180,000,000 quarts of porter and ale, 8,000,000 quarts of spirits, 31,000,000 quarts of wine, not to speak of a *daily* supply of 150,000,000 gallons of water by nine water companies. About 3,500,000 tons of coal are brought

yearly to the city by boat and 3,000,000 by rail. The money spent by the whole population annually is at least 200,000,000 l. (or about \$1,000,000,000.) About 20,000 vessels annually enter the port of London, and the average value of exports from the Thames is not less than 100,000,000 l. (\$500,000,000.)

The above may give some idea of the mightiness of the city that my friend C—— and myself had determined to “do.” We began by taking a stroll, during which we wandered through Pall Mall, the “centre of club-life and a street of modern palaces,” to the strand; then back, and up Regent street to Grosvenor, and finally took a turn in famous Hyde Park, which is perhaps the most frequented place in London, covering 390 acres and surrounded by a handsome iron railing, the four carriage entrances to which are promptly closed at midnight. One may walk on strand, on Regent St. on Picadilly or on Oxford St. but on none will he find such a multitude and diversity of vehicles as on Broadway New York. The reason of this is apparent; New York has only one Broadway, London has many, and her traffic is therefore more distributed. Only on London Bridge is the traffic of Broadway excelled. The variegated and more showy

store fronts of New York are in London replaced by store buildings more subdued in color but much more massive and stately. New York is the city of brick, London of stone; New York of light and small buildings; London of massive piles.

It was Friday, I think, that we had set aside for a visit to the historic old *Tower*. It is situated, as all know, on the river's bank, and is reached by a course east from Regent street, leading by *St. Paul's*, to which, of course, we shall return after a while, and the *Bank of England*. The latter building strikes the observer chiefly by its massiveness, its lowness, being of only one story, and its consequent extent, covering, as it does, about four acres. There is little in its architecture to strike or attract the eye, but, as you contemplate it, suggestions must present themselves of the stupendous amount of monetary transactions there carried on yearly, and the solidity of its credit you know to be as great as that of the building which cradles it. It is the only bank in London having the power to issue paper money. Its capital is perhaps upwards of seventy odd million dollars. Farther on we come to *the monument*, a tall, fluted column, surmounted by an urn with blazing flames, erected to

commemorate the Great Fire which in 1666 wrought such destruction to property in this quarter of London. Its height, about 200 feet, is said to be equal to its distance from the spot where the fire originated. As its summit commands one of the best views of London to be had, we decided to ascend, and found ourselves at the top after toiling up 310 steps, by my count.

From this elevation we viewed through an iron cage (placed there to put a stop to suicides from the monument) the mighty city below us, stretching on every side as far as the eye could reach, a vast ocean of compactly built houses, bristling spires, lordly domes, and busy life. We obtained while in London several bird's-eye views of the city from different eminences, but at no time could we see at any point on the horizon the outlying country beyond. This was due, however, perhaps partly to that smoky haze which overhangs the city almost at all times, as well as to the immensity of the city itself. After descending, it was only a short walk farther to the Tower.

The outward appearance of the Tower of London is different from the mental picture I used to form of it in my studies of English history. It has the appearance more of a castle than of a tower proper. Instead of a single, im-

mense, round tower, as my boyish imagination had pictured, it consists really of four principal towers at each corner of a square solid structure, the whole together comprising what is known as *The Tower of London*. It is undoubtedly the most interesting spot, historically, in England. What was at first a royal palace and stronghold, though best known in history as a prison, is now a government arsenal, still kept in repair as a fortress. Its external appearance has doubtless undergone many changes during the long period of its existence. Its walls are in some places from 13 to 15 feet thick.

We cross the moat and enter. To our right is the Traitor's Gate through which in olden times many a miserable wretch or unfortunate nobleman passed to their destruction or life-long imprisonment. We notice officials here and there in quaint attire, who seem to be wardens or guides. These are all old soldiers who, for some meritorious service, find places here, and who are officially designated *Yeomen of the Guard*, but more commonly known as warders or *beef-eaters* (i. e. buffetiers). Passing on we enter the Armories, large rooms in which is arranged systematically, and with most striking effect, a complete collection of all kinds of weapons of offense and defense from the most

remote times to the present day. Twenty-two equestrian figures, in full equipment, all in the armor of their time, "afford a faithful picture, in chronological order, of English war-array from the time of Edward I. (1272) down to James II. (1688)," when the armor was almost entirely abandoned. Some of the armor here on exhibition is that actually owned and worn by the old English kings and noblemen, notably among which was a complete suit of old Henry VIII. Farther on we notice an equestrian figure of Elizabeth as she rode to St. Paul's to give thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the figure being dressed, a guard informed us, in the actual dress worn by that greatest of female sovereigns on the occasion named. If the figure is intended to be a likeness of the great queen, one must lose much of his respect for her personal appearance, before such a hideosity as is this reproduction. Next we see the identical block and decapitating axe by which Lord Lovat, the last person beheaded in England, lost his life; and, too, is shown the axe by which the Earl of Essex is said to have lost his head. Leaving the armories we pass up through St. John's Chapel into the old Banqueting Hall, now used as a store-room for modern gems. En route we ascend the stair case under which were found the

bones of the two young princes murdered by their uncle Richard III. Subsequently we enter that part of Record Tower, where are kept the English Regalia and State Plate. On cushions of satin and velvet, under a casing of heavy plate glass, surrounded by a cage of solid iron bars, and guarded by wardens, it lay before us. Such a magnificent display it is, that it is worthy of an enumeration, as catalogued. "1. St. Edward's crown executed for the coronation of Charles II, and used on all subsequent coronations. 2. Queen Victoria's crown, made in 1838, a masterpiece of the modern goldsmith's art, adorned with 2,783 diamonds, a large ruby in front, once worn by Henry V, on his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt, and a magnificent sapphire. 3. The Prince of Wales's crown, pure gold, no precious stones. 4. Queen's consort's crown, solid gold, jewels. 5. Queen's crown, a golden circlet, with diamonds and pearls, made for Maria d'Este, wife of James II. 6. St. Edwards' staff, pure gold, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 90 lbs. in weight, the orb at the top claiming to contain a piece of the true cross. 7. The Sceptre with the cross pure gold, 2 feet 9 inches in length, studded with precious stones. 8. Sceptre with the Dove, gold and gems. 9. Queen Victoria's sceptre, with richly gemmed cross. 10. Ivory Sceptre

of Maria d'Este, with a dove of white onyx. 11. Sceptre of Queen Mary, wife of William III. 12. The gold and jewelled coronation Orbs of the King and Queen."

We were too late to see the Koh-i-Noor (Mountain of Light), one of the largest diamonds known (weight 162 Karats), as it had been removed from the Tower to Windsor Castle, but I dare say our untutored eyes could not have distinguished the original from the carefully made model that lay before us among the above collection. 13. The gold and jewelled swords of Mercy and of Justice. 14. The Coronation Bracelets. 15. Royal spurs. 16. The heavy, solid gold coronation oil vessel, or *Ampulla*, and the spoon. 17. The solid gold Salt-cellar of State. 18. The Baptismal Font of the Royal children." In addition to these there were basins, maces, plates, dishes, badges and necklaces of the different Orders, all in such magnificent profusion as to rivet the gaze at such a display of wealth. The total value of the regalia is estimated at 3,000,000 l. (about \$15,000,000).

Leaving the regalia room, we descend and next inspect some of the dungeons and keeps of the Tower. We were shown the holes in the stone floor where was fastened the rack on which were stretched so many unfortunates,

to suffer the tortures of the damned. We saw, too, the place called "little-ease,"—a space between two iron doors, with the thickness of the wall between, where Guy Fawkes was imprisoned for forty-two days. The dimensions of this limited prison are about two feet by three feet and eight feet high! Unfortunately, by reason of some repairs then going on, Elizabeth's room, the place where the old executions took place, and the old dungeons for State prisoners, were not accessible to visitors, though we passed, with only an intervening wall, quite near to Sir Walter Raleigh's cell. To recall and enumerate all the historic associations with which this gloomy old place is fraught would be to rewrite history again. Every flag-stone has its story, every turn and angle its tale. They are tales of woe and suffering, of the miserable end or bitter anguish to which descended many of those who once revelled in high places. They are tales of the downfall of Kings, the degradation of princes, the flowing of the traitor's blood. As we emerged from the gloomy precincts of the Tower and breathed again the pure air of heaven, it was like coming back from the domain of thralldom to that of liberty; like recalling ourselves from the dark shadows of the long ago into the sunshine and life of the busy present. We had been bathed in sentiment; we awoke to practicality!

“LABOR IS NECESSARY TO EXCELLENCE.”

The subject I have taken is a plain and simple one, requiring no argument in this age of civilization to show the necessity of it. But suppose one of our learned Professors could transfer himself back to the time when the whole world was in ignorance, and had discussed to them the advantages of cultivating the ground with the proper tools, of establishing manufacturing shops, and of rearing up Literary Institutions. What would have been the results of his labor? They would have rejected him from among them as a vain, contemptible, fanatical theorist.

This is to show, that what is valuable is not to be obtained in one generation or in two, but successive steps in successive generations must be taken to add something new to the primitive discovery, in order that it may arrive to perfection. A fine example of this is the Steam Engine, which, according to a gentleman of talents and extensive acquirements, is hardly second to the works of our Creator.

The first question that arises in the mind, is what sort of Excellence is referred to. Though I think with Shakespeare that “age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety,” yet I

shall be confined to physical and intellectual “Excellence.”

In the golden age, beautifully described by Ovid, and which is made mention of by Virgil in his first Georgic, every thing was enjoyed in common; the earth of herself produced spontaneously every necessary of life without solicitation; and the inhabitants were then in a state of primeval happiness, secure from vice and all evil passions. Thus things went on through the silver and brazen ages exhibiting few marks of degeneracy.

“Hard steel succeeded then,
And stubborn as the metal were the men;
Truth, modesty and shame the world forsook,
Fraud, avarice and force their places took;
Then sails were spread to carry wind that blew,
Rare were the sailors, and the depths were new;
Trees rudely hollowed did the waves sustain,
'Ere ships in triumph ploughed the watery plain.”

This is a brief sketch of the origin of labor, according to the ancients. However ludicrous it may appear to us, yet it cannot be denied that beneath this mist of fiction some traces of the true history and primeval world are discoverable. The true account of the origin of labor would commence with the origin of the world. We see it stated in the sacred volume that

God, the wise and glorious Author of Nature, worked six days and rested on the seventh. Now the example that he sets, I hope, is not beneath the dignity of man to follow. Man, "poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour," having emerged from his savage state, began to consider the best means to accomplish the most productive ends. These he found to be labor and capital. His means of accomplishing any piece of work in the early ages of the world were very defective; but civilization advanced, and as a necessity, which is the "mother of invention," called forth his exertions; new ideas were suggested, which enabled him to discover and apply those natural agents which were put in his reach as aids to his muscular power. These, as we see, have increased as it were his capacity for work, stimulated to exertion, facilitated him in the accumulation of wealth and in the gratification of his desires. Thus step after step has led man from his savage to his present state of physical excellence.

The ordinary laborers in all the arts became by degrees a distinct class. In a refined community abounding in arts, this class must necessarily become numerous, and its condition should be a subject of solicitude to every philanthropist and to every economist and statesman. It seems to me that

it is one of the most important maxims of policy to sustain the members of this class, not by giving them the control and management of affairs, for which of course they are not the best adapted, by using all possible means, whether by legislation or social influence, to give them education, good habits and good morals, to impose and maintain in them a respect for themselves and secure to them the respect of others.

From this mythic and historic sketch of the origin and progress of physical labor, we are led by imperceptible gradations to, and, I hope, through the more intricate parts of the subject. In order that it may be the more thoroughly investigated, we propose to introduce a comparison between the natural genius, one who trusts altogether or in great measure to his gift, and a man of moderate natural abilities combined with labor. "The direction of Aristotle to those who are studying politics is first to investigate and understand what has been written by the ancients on government, then to cast their eyes over the world and consider by what causes the prosperity of communities is visibly influenced and why some are worse and others better administered." Now it looks to me that the same method should be pursued by him who wishes to become distinguished in

any other branch of human knowledge. His first task should be to examine books, then to contemplate nature. He should possess himself of the intellectual investigations which have been accumulated by the care and diligence of the past generations, then increase these by his own ingenuity. How is it with some of the present generation? They despise the great authors of ancient wisdom, and, to all appearances, there is a disposition to rely upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. How is it with Wits? They have discovered the way to fame which our laborious old ancestors never thought of; they cut Gordian knots which it took centuries to unite. They unravel riddles the Pedipus himself would have failed in; they, Ozeplus like, could, as it were, cause the wheel of Ixim, make old Zantalus, and "bring the iron tears" down Plato's cheek. And, to cap the climax, comprehend long processes of reasoning by immediate intuition.

These fellows, who flatter themselves in this opinion of their own abilities, scornfully ridicule those who waste their time over books; they look upon them as the eagle does upon the insect that creeps upon the earth; as a race of beings condemned by nature to study, and in vain attempting to remedy their barrenness by incessant cultivation. But what esti-

mate do they put upon themselves. They, says Young, "think all men mortal but themselves." But alas! Vanity, that bane of life, that damning principle to greatness, thus confirms in her dominion; here, as Goldsmith says, "assumes her pert grimace, readily hearkens to idleness, and soothes by its Siren voice the slumber of life with continual dreams of excellence." The Genius-born, thus aroused by a confidence in their natural sprightliness of fancy, conclude that they have all that labor and methodic investigation can confer, listen with pleasure to the mild objections that folly has raised against the Common School System for the education of the people; talks about the "*rudis indigesta que moles*" of knowledge; tell of the injurious effects of enthusiastic minds in various sorts of science; and, in fine, give vent to their vanity by swearing that they owe nothing to preparatory schoolmasters and collegiate discipline. Now let us look at a few of these pretensions, however confident, are very often vain. What does Homer say on the subject?

"Frail as the leaves that quiver on the spray,
Like their genius flourishes; like them it
quickly decays."

What does Mr. Locke say? Sir, says he, "the laurels which superficial acuteness gains in triumph over ignorance unsupported by vivacity are lost, whenever real

learning and rational diligence appear against her." What does Sydney Smith say? He who wishes to know, let him turn to his "lecture on the conduct of the understanding," and examine for himself. What does Cicero say on the subject? "That not to know what has been transacted in former ages is to remain a child." If we make no use of the labors of past ages the world must remain in its primeval state, the inventions of every man must perish with himself, and the studies which the preceding generation have investigated and established the succeeding generation has to re-investigate and re-establish.

We may with as little reproach borrow science as manufactories from our ancestors. And it would be just as reasonable for any one of us to attempt to make a crop with our hands, without the aid of tools, as to reject all knowledge of agriculture which our own understanding will not supply. I hope that experience has shown to us that it is much easier to learn than invent. Where is the Genius here or elsewhere that flatters himself that he would be capable of discovering and laying down the principles of Hackley and Euclid? The method by which this is accomplished is not by one or two Geniuses, not by one or two laborious students, but generation after generation has added some-

thing new to science, has investigated and established some new principle, and discovered some new phenomena. Thus we see by the emulous diligence of cotemporary students and the gradual discoveries of one age improving on another, that the science has advanced from its rude and imperfect state to its present state of perfection. Now it seems to me that a man of noble talents and good advantages for the acquisition of knowledge would glory in the investigation of the present state of science; that he may not invent what has before been invented, and not weary his attention with experiments which the preceding generation has settled. But if he is ambitious of handing down his name as a benefactor of posterity, let him accumulate all the learning of the past, and add to this some valuable improvement. Natural historians assert that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to its maturity. As an example of this is the oak. Now the same observation may with equal propriety be applied to the mind. Hasty compositions, however they may please at first with the Tropes and Figures of Rhetoric, yet at the first flash of the critic's eye they appear loose, disjointed and superficial. No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negli-

gence and hurry; for who can read with any degree of pleasure the writer, or hear the speaker with any feelings of emotion, who claims such superiority to the rest of his fellows as to imagine that mankind are at leisure to attend to his unprepared pieces, and that posterity will record and treasure up these in their archives, which are filled almost to overflowing with the elaborate articles of their laborious old ancestors. I admit with Dryden, that,

“ Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But Genius must be born, and never can be bought.”

But it seems to me that it would be dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of mire, and imagine that he is born to be eminent. Apelles, a painter in the age of Alexander the Great, exalted by the united testimony of all antiquity to the very highest rank in his profession, so that the art of painting is sometimes termed “Art Appellea,” is in Pliny the synonym of unrivalled and unattainable excellence; but the enumeration of his works point out the modification which we ought to apply to that superiority. He never allowed a day to pass, however much he might be occupied with other business, without drawing one line at least in the exercise of his art; and from this circumstance arose the proverb “*nulla*

dies sine lima.” When this illustrious painter was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer than, “he painted for perpetuity.” Nor did Statius, who gained many admirers at Rome by the great facility with which Nature had endowed him for composing verses on the spur of the moment, upon all kinds of subjects, think that twelve years was too little to employ upon his epic power entitled the Thebaid. “*Thebais multa cruciata lima tentat audaci fide Mantuanae gaudia famae.*” Ovid, famous as an orator and poet, apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, and mentions his want of time to polish them as an addition to his calamities. As soon as he found out that he was condemned to banishment by Augustus, he threw his unfinished Metamorphoses into the flame, lest he should be disgraced by a volume which had not received the necessary labor to render it complete. We see that what he wrote he did not venture, unthoughtedly, to thrust into the world; but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately what could not be recalled, delayed the publication, if not “nine years according to the direction of Horace, yet till his fancy was cooled after

the rapture of inventions, and the glow of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment." There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers. There were no Geniuses then as there are in our day. Who can equal or excel by intuition the laboring degenerate born? There were no wits then as now, who, with unexpected flashes of instruction, struck out by the fortuitous collision of happy circumstances, can charm an audience by their theatrical actions and superficial erudition, and triumphantly turn away and say with Cæsar "*veni, vidi, vici.*" All depended then, as we have seen, upon true merit.

" Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
soul."

I have been, as you have seen, to the musty records of antiquity; there I find Homer, Herodotus, Xenophen and Demosthenes and a multitude of others, all illustrious men. Thence I come to Italy, there I find Cicero, Horace and Ovid, all of whose names and works have come to us. Thence

I come to the land of our forefathers, there I find a Newton and a Locke in the Republic of Letters; a Chatham and a Burke in the British Parliament; a Dunning and a Mansfield at the Bar. Thence I come to the land of our birth; here I find Fisher, Ames, Harper, Byard, Alfred Moore, Abner Nash, Rutledge and William Pinkney, all of whom were either distinguished in Congress, in the Cabinet, in the Diplomatic Department, in the Judiciary or in the State Legislature; and if necessary, I could enumerate living examples from our own State, who are now reaping the rewards of their incessant industry. All of these above mentioned distinguished men, from the first to the last, paddled their canoes through this life always with this motto before them: "*Labor vincit omnia,*" and all of whose names, if justice be done them, will in the language of Cicero "be preserved in the memory of every succeeding age, be cherished by posterity, and defended by eternity itself."

J.

EDITORIAL.

THE "boodle" Aldermen are almost caged.

JAEHNE (pronounce it) confesses to a \$20,000 bribe.

CONKLING has proven Jake Sharpe to be a liar and next will make him a felon.

JAEHNE made \$20,000 in a moment and now he will earn twenty years in the penitentiary.

MISS ROSE CLEVELAND denounces in unmeasured terms the indecent *decollette* dress.

THE "rabble" hissed Queen Victoria as she was going to open Parliament and again a few nights since at the Savoy theatre. As a result Snobdom is howling. We say "good for the rabble."

LABOUCHERE'S motion to do away with the House of Lords was lost by a paltry majority of 32. The handwriting is indeed on the wall. The royal vagrants and paupers must go.

PULITZER'S *New York World* earns \$2,500 per week for him. It goes to 230,000 readers every Sunday and 155,000 every day, and often contains one hundred and odd columns of advertising. Wonderful! And yet this man came to this country penniless, a wandering Bohemian. He blacked

shoes and sold newspapers, finally got into the *Dispatch* office in St. Louis, saved money, bought the paper and made a name and a fortune.

MRS. JAS. BROWN POTTER created a sensation at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's reception by reciting "Ostler Joe," Geo. R. Sim's poem on a Phryne's grave. It's a gem, tender and beautiful, but rather inappropriate to recite before a crowd of ladies and gentlemen.

THE Senate's executive sessions ought to be done away with. Here is the secret of the Spoils System. Here is the place where the Republican bargains with the Democrats to kill good men and put in office each one's political heelers and henchmen. Abolish it.

BLAIR'S Centralization bill has received a decided set back in the House, and it is to be hoped that it will be finally beaten. Such men as Morgan, Coke, Carlisle, Morrison, Pulitzer and many others of equal prominence and ability are conspicuous in denouncing it.

MR. JOSEPHUS DANIELS has brought endless denunciations upon himself for daring to criticise

the Board of Agriculture. If we mistake not Martin Luther caused anathema after anathema to be hurled at him for daring to denounce the Pope. Another diet of Worms perhaps. We earnestly wish for a like result.

A. O. BABEL, the cowboy pianist, has created a *furor* in New York. He doesn't know a note, never touched a piano until he was eighteen years old, still he can excel the most accomplished pianists in the city, so A. C. Wheeler, the great musical critic says. He is rough, uncouth, a herder of cattle, but a genius.

IT PAYS.—Joe Howard gets \$150 a week to write for the *World*. Think of it! One hundred and fifty dollars per week for writing four or five columns for a newspaper. Why this is ridiculous. No it's not for it's so, and if any body can earn it Joe Howard can, for he is one of the most charming, pleasing, alluring, seductive writers now living. While talking about newspaper correspondents let's see what Nordhoff of the *Herald* gets for writing a short letter to his paper from Washington daily. Only \$20,000 per year. Nice little sum, ain't it? Geo. A. Townsend (Gath) get's fully as much from Jno. R. McLean's Cincinnati *Enquirer* and there's not a slushier writer in the country than Townsend.

HENRY HOWARD.

The Army.

We desire to inform the young men who read the Magazine that they need place no confidence in the report that our national army is altogether "a thing of the past." It is heard from again and there is still an opening for those whose inclinations take a military turn. In fact a measure is pending, the object of which is to increase the number of men and strengthen this department of the public expenditures. Of course no one anticipates any such thing as a war, the Indians are under very good control and we have but little frontier duty to do, but this is comparatively unimportant. On exhibition days the officers, at present, draw up but thin lines, and as they can attribute this to no hard fought battle won from a stubborn enemy, they naturally wish that the companies be enlarged and a better show be made.

Again, pensioned soldiers do die sometimes and unless the army is enlarged there is great danger of the pension list contracting in time and tax-paying people being benefitted.

These are by no means all the reasons given to support the change. We simply reproduce the most important in order to establish the argument. What the Fathers will finally decide to be best can not be foretold with any degree of accuracy.

Woman's Clubs.

There is a good deal said of "Woman's Missionary Societies," "Woman's Right to the Ballot" etc., but it is hardly so well known that there are in our land quite a number of clubs for women. They appear to be varied in their organization and aims. It is said that the New England states—and the city of Boston especially—are fertile in this respect. We know the Boston women are able to pile up marriages and divorces in an alarming manner; probably an outgrowth of their clubs.

The temples of fashion are really being built and worshippers are gathering round the altars of the fickle goddess in a systematic manner. This will strengthen and extend her empire. Alas!

Our friends are certainly ambitious and it is but natural that they should desire to move in clubs and other special circles, like men. The higher walks of literature and art never led George Eliot or Charlotte Bronte to the club room, and Miss Murfree will hardly acknowledge that her charming productions owe anything to the inspiration of club life. Such women who have minds and ideas of their own, and those who have also homes and loved ones to care for, usually find, like all sensible men, that life is a busy, stirring reality, practical, yet not

only bearable but really enjoyable without "the ordinary trivialities that make up the bustle and spirit of the average woman's club."

Are we Right?

There is nothing so refining and elevating to young men as the society of ladies. The young ladies of to-day seem not to think of the responsibility which rests upon them in shaping, in a great measure, the future condition of society. No man can leave the society of a chaste, intellectual woman without feeling that he has derived incalculable benefit. It is here that he gains those very essential elements of success in life—polish and a pleasing address—which are to him what beauty is to woman. The fact that a man is judged to a very great extent by his manner and address, makes it important that he should cultivate, if not natural, pleasant and agreeable manners. Though "beauty is but skin deep," yet those of us who are not thus endowed claim that we have a good substitute in affable manners.

This we repeat can be obtained nowhere as well as in the society of refined ladies. College boys, we believe, are as a rule considered rough and uncouth both in respect to words and actions; but we say it is but natural since they are for

so long a time deprived of ladies' society. We see the truth of the statement among our boys here at the University, and we have often thought how pleasant and improving it would be if the young ladies of the village, of whom we have many and pretty ones, would meet and organize either a Reading or Social Club to meet at different residences in the village, where the young men of college and the ladies of the village could assemble once a week and spend a pleasant and enjoyable evening. We would suggest that at these meetings there could be read and recited some select pieces from the best authors, or, which would be better, something *original*. We remark by way of persuasion to the ladies, that we have some young men in college, who could, with a little gentle insisting, be induced to exhibit their *wonderful musical* talents. For instance we have in our mind's eye one who can sing to the accompaniment of the "Lyre" a solo called "*Sweet Bird of Paradise*" with a sweetness and pathos that cannot fail to charm even the most fastidious. There are others, also, whose *instrumental music* would, we feel assured, be equally as entertaining. The weather from this on will be pleasant and we can see no reason why such a plan as we have suggested or some other should not be adopted.

A Picture.

Yes, boys, the Spring is here. We feel it in the air, we notice it in the class room, we see it in the little groups congregated about the College door-steps and on the springing grass.

Unmistakable signs of it have been noticed for some time by his class-mates, in the Junior who goes to sleep upon the recitation which often turns upon "heat." The "Walking Thermometer" has announced that the warm weather is almost upon us and notifies each one to prepare himself accordingly.

We feel too lazy to study this evening, so we ensconce ourselves in a shady window to see who are stirring and what they are about.

Out there under that splendid oak a few boys are reclining, and beside that green and inviting terrace a few more. They seem to be dressed in uniform, the uniform consisting of an old duster, last season's straw hat, run-down slippers and a "bandanna" handkerchief. Nearly all appear to be puffing long-stemmed pipes and glancing carelessly over novels, probably of the mountains or seashore. These are they who have not the time or health to stand the Spring Examinations, but are simply waiting to "do up" commencement, after which, their duties over, they hurry off to the

mountains or springs to enjoy the vacation they so richly deserve and recuperate their over-strained systems. See! down by the chapel goes a young man through the campus hurrying to the haunts of nature. He is one of the Society "Reps." His speech is at last written. This may possibly be his first appearance before the public and it *must* be a success. He feels that it is *sure* to be. He went yesterday and the day before to practice it, but he must keep going for a long time to come. He will plunge into the depths of the forest and deliver it there, while the great trees nod their approval and the timid flowers are thrown into consternation. But he has gone across the wall and we dare not follow.

Just across that broken bough we can see into a window of the next building, where some one is resting his weary head upon a table. It is a Senior; but why this despondency? The cause is evident: he has not made the best use of his time heretofore. His course is heavy, with Chemistry or Conics still to make up. And yet his Graduating Oration must be completed earlier than ever, this year. The inviting out-door weather has no joys for him. He must omit that delightful evening stroll with his chum. Now he lifts his head and turns his drowsy eyes upon his books. Let us no longer intrude.

Down the stairs and out the door comes a measured tread. As the cause of it walks on, a strange expression gathers upon his face and his every step grinds a hole into the ground.

We know the man at once; he is the College bore, at present out upon some errand of mercy. The elections have just been held and unfortunately he has been defeated by a stronger rival. Now he can ply his trade fearlessly. Every room is more comfortable than his own. His feet will soon be quietly reposing upon some one's bed, his fingers tripping lightly through some one's private papers, while he offers withering yet never-ending criticism upon every man in the institution. Oh horrors! he comes this way. Let us jump down and escape before it be everlastingly too late.

Gov. Murray and Mormonism.

From time immemorial public men who have been true to themselves and to the trusts of constituents have been followed in all their public and private actions by the poisoned shafts of the calumniator. It has been practiced so persistently that men have come to regard it as a law of expectancy and believe, that if a man has no enemies to show up his frailties, he has very few qualities to re-

commend him for usefulness ; and the more powerful and persistent his enemies, the more ground is there for believing him worthy of public trust. So a man now-a-days is most often judged by the foul aspersions of his enemies. In this connection we would refer the reader to Eli H. Murray, Governor of Utah. Governor Murray was appointed by a Republican Administration and expected to lose his commission as soon as President Cleveland could reach his case. According to the accounts given of him in the "public prints," he has made the best Governor Utah has ever had. If she had always had so faithful a man to enforce the law, she would not have been such a foul, infamous blot, as she is, upon the map of the United States. From the first, he was assailed, or at least, as soon as it became evident that he could not be cajoled into violating his oath, by every friend of Mormonism throughout the world. The saintly, hypocritical, detestable church sent her so called Elders everywhere, filling their mouths with malicious vituperation of the foulest character. This pharisaical, so called church makes it the fixed and unalterable duty of her adherents to assail the motives of any man conscientious enough to oppose her diabolical teachings. She would pollute the world by destroying the sanctity

of the marriage vow, by banishing the endearing name of father and mother and by crushing in the human heart every tender sentiment which distinguishes mankind from the lowest orders of brute creation. Her true nature was exhibited in the "Mountain Meadow Massacre." Read its testimony and you will see the fiendish spirit that originated and still perpetuates this polygamous association of sin-steeped scoundrels. This spirit prompts her to send her emissaries (we'll not further dignify them) out over the world to destroy the firesides of innocence and contentment and to break the hearts of fond mothers, for the sake of fresh victims to sacrifice upon the altar of pollution. Such a people and such a church deserve for a season all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, directed by the unrelenting cruelty of a Domintian. Some people in apologizing for her wretched immorality, tell us, in exultant tones that in Salt Lake city there are no bagnios, no indecent exposures on the stage and no resort where vice and folly triumph unblushingly over the morals of the country as is seen in all our leading cities and often in the "upper circles" of society. Well, to say the least of it, this is a poor apology and furnishes no argument whatever. Such things are too tame for a country where every

household is or may become a bagnio, where innocence may be debauched with perfect impunity under the sanction of law which they say was sealed in heaven, by the authority delegated to a false, hypocritical and renegade prophet. Then fathers, brothers, sisters and mothers, watch the viper, and should he attempt to charm your sacred circle, salute the lecherous whelp with the contents of a double-barrel shot gun. The Mormon church since its organization has crouched beside the gates of our civilization with drawn dagger, to plunge into the heart of every man, woman or child that would pass from Oriental debauchery to a higher plane, whose shield is virtue and admiration for "the pure in heart." Governor Murray has been a perpetual thorn in the "Mormon bosom," and every imaginable device has been employed by these pious frauds to cripple his administration. The beloved "Elder" Cannon who recently forfeited a \$25,000 bond and is now a fugitive from justice, has been one of his most inveterate enemies. But Governor Murray has triumphed over all the alluring seduction of gold, has steered clear of all their villainous schemes to entrap him and without fear or favor has faithfully executed the law. To judge from the despatches and other published accounts we must conclude

that had he not been capable to control efficiently that Sodom "nestled among the far away hills," there is no telling what the result would have been in the recent threatened outbreak. At one time it seemed impossible to avoid a general conflict, in which there would have been another St. Bartholomew day, for the Mormons keep a well organized force ready to assemble at a moment's warning, and woe betide the Gentile in her midst should the rebellion once break out. Though he has been an able and fearless executive, and so far as the country knows his administration admirable in all its appointments, yet his enemies have prevailed, his resignation is demanded and morality in Utah receives a stab from which it cannot soon recover. Governor Murray's action in taking measures to suppress the revolt and his veto of the "appropriation bill" have been magnified into a crime which demands a sacrifice, and nothing except a vigorous application of the political pruning knife will satisfy the requirements of the intriguers. If the people of the country had not believed in the sincerity of the motives which prompted President Cleveland to use the veto power, he might never have been President, and indeed, Governor Murray's reasons for exercising the same power come to us with the

same coloring of sincerity. The difference seems to be that the President's enemies were not believed by the country, yet the President yields to the same pressure and takes from Utah the only Governor she has ever had, who

had courage and conscience enough to oppose this hydra-headed monster of centralized depravity.

"O, tempora! O, Mores!"

O. C. O.

COLLEGE RECORD.

The senior class have chosen the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Brooklyn, New York, to preach the baccalaureate sermon next June. Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, also of Brooklyn, will deliver the address before the two literary societies.

* *

The exercises in the gymnasium on March 16th, were of a most interesting character. A large crowd was present, and the morning passed off most pleasantly. Two of the professors and three of the students acted as judges. The grace with which most of the feats were performed was admired by all, and the contestants were often cheered. The successful competitors were:

- 1st. Horizontal Bars—L. M. Bourne.
- 2nd. Parallel Bars—J. B. Cox.
- 3rd. Indian Clubs—J. D. Hedrick.
- 4th. Ladders—G. L. Patrick.
- 5th. Rings and Trapeze—L. M. Bourne.
- 6th. One-tenth Mile Race—G. L. Patrick.
- 7th. Throwing Hammer—C. F. Smith.

The first prize was for general excellence. It was won by Mr. L. M. Bourne. The grace of his movements was especially complimented.

The second prize was for improvement, and was awarded to Mr. E. P. Mangum. The music for the occasion was furnished by Messrs. Self, L. M. Little, and Woodson. These gentlemen deserve much praise for the pleasure they gave the audience.

The president of the gymnasium and his assistants are to be congratulated. To their efforts is due much of the success of the day.

* *

The Mitchell Scientific Society met the third Wednesday night in March. A larger number of papers than usual were read, and great interest was manifested in the meeting by the professors who participated in the exercises. The audience was larger than it has

been for the past few meetings. Prof. Graves, whose appearance before the public is always hailed with delight by the students, read the second paper of the evening. The exercises lasted about an hour and a half, and every body present seemed to enjoy them.

* *

The Philanthropic Society has purchased new curtains for its hall. The two society halls here are a source of pride to the students, and any improvement in them is marked with pleasure.

* *

The third Saturday night in March Prof. Walter D. Toy delivered a lecture in the chapel on German Universities. Although the weather was bad a large crowd assembled to hear him. He gave a description of German Universities, and contrasted them with those of our country. His lecture was very interesting and all enjoyed it.

* *

The Young Men's Christian Association of North Carolina held their Annual State Convention here, March 11th to 14th. By motion of Mr. T. P. Johnston, all members of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of North Carolina and the ministers at Chapel Hill were made delegates to the Convention. On Thursday afternoon an informal meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. R. U. Gar-

rett, of Asheville, was requested to take the chair, and Rev. W. W. D. Akers was requested to act as secretary. The following committee on Permanent Organization was appointed: G. C. Worth, Bingham School; T. P. Johnston, Salisbury; K. A. McLeod, Davidson College; H. Parker, Chapel Hill, and W. W. Barnard, Asheville.

Thursday evening at 8 o'clock the Convention met in Gerrard Hall.

Religious exercises were conducted by Rev. A. W. Mangum, D. D. Then an address of welcome was delivered by Rev. Thos. Hume, D. D. This address was responded to by G. M. Smithdeal on behalf of the delegates. L. D. Wishard, of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, made a general talk on the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. At the close of his remarks which were exceedingly interesting, the speaker sung, by special request, the "Mother's Good-bye to her Boy."

On Friday morning the Committee on Permanent Organization made the following report, which was adopted: President, Prof. J. W. Gore, Chapel Hill, N. C.; 1st Vice President, K. A. McLeod, Davidson College; 2nd Vice President, D. P. Coleman, Bingham School; Secretary, Rev. W. D. Akers, Asheville, N. C. At

the president's request, Mr. Stephen B. Weeks, of Chapel Hill, acted as Assistant Secretary. The greater part of Friday morning was spent in hearing the reports of the different associations in the State. In the afternoon, the topic, What special feature of our work needs emphasizing, was colloquially discussed; the State Executive Committee for 1885 reported; the financial management of Y. M. C. A. was discussed by G. M. Smithdeal; the Boys' Work was discussed by W. H. G. Belt, of Baltimore; and the Business Committee reported the programme for Friday evening.

At 7.30 o'clock the Convention met again in Gerrard Hall. A large crowd of students and people from the village were present. The singing was led by Messrs. Garrett, Akers, Smith and Harris.

The address of the evening was delivered by E. W. Watkins, of New York, on International Y. M. C. A. Work. He showed the very rapid growth of this work from the time of its first organization in London by George Williams, June 9, 1844.

Can Associations become permanent in small towns, was discussed Saturday morning by Mr. Belt. Remarks were made on it by Drs. Hume and Mangum and Mr. E. W. Watkins.

The following are the State Committee for the year to come:

Dr. Thomas Hume, Prof. J. W. Gore, Haywood Parker, Stephen B. Weeks, Major Robert Bingham, Prof. G. M. Smithdeal, Prof. Geo. B. Hanna, Jas. H. Southgate, W. W. Barnard, Prof. W. J. Bingham, Edwin Shaver, and Eugene. L. Harris.

At 12.40 o'clock the new Executive Committee met and elected Rev. Thomas Hume, D. D., President; Prof. J. W. Gore, Secretary; S. B. Weeks, Treasurer.

At 11.30 the Convention retired from the Y. M. C. A. Hall to Gerrard Hall to hear an address by Maj. Robert Bingham, on the "Armor of God." The lecture was highly instructive, and the large crowd who assembled to hear it went away feeling the truth of the passage in Ephesians, which relates to the Christian soldier.

The afternoon exercises were conducted by E. L. Harris, of Raleigh, and L. D. Wishard. A large crowd gathered together at 7.30 o'clock to hear Mr. Wishard's talk on Bible Training Classes.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution was adopted:

That the thanks of this Convention are hereby tendered to the citizens of Chapel Hill for the warm-hearted hospitality they have shown the members of the Convention, and to the several Railroad Companies in the State which so kindly gave reduced rates to and from the Convention.

The Sunday meetings of the Convention were extremely interesting. In the Y. M. C. A. Hall, at 8.30 a. m., Mr. Wishard spoke on the Power of the Holy Spirit.

At 11 a. m., Mr. E. W. Watkins, at the Methodist church, talked of the growth of the influence of the Bible.

In the afternoon, at the Baptist church, Mr. Watkins addressed the citizens of Chapel Hill, and at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Mr. Wishard spoke for an hour on the claims Christ has on young men.

Sunday evening the farewell meeting of the Convention was held in Gerrard Hall. There were no services in the village. The Hall was full. Mr. Wishard conducted the meeting, speaking of "Missions and their Claims."

The delegates left for their respective homes Monday.

* *

A VALUABLE PRESENT TO OUR MUSEUM.—When Prof. Joseph A. Holmes was in Asheville on business connected with the State Geological Survey, he made the acquaintance of a very intelligent and public spirited gentleman, Col. Frank Coxe, formerly of Pennsylvania, now of Western North Carolina. Learning of Prof. Holmes the needs of our museum, Col. Coxe generously offered to procure from his brother, Mr. E. B. Coxe, a core, cut by the diamond drill perpendicularly

through the anthracite coal measures of Pennsylvania. This core is round, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and is a section of all the strata from the surface downwards one thousand feet. It is an exceedingly valuable addition to our Museum. President Battle has received notice that it is ready for shipment. The students are looking forward to its arrival with great interest.

* *

PROF. HOLMES AND THE STATE GEOLOGICAL REPORT.—When the late lamented Prof. W. C. Kerr, State Geologist, was on his death-bed, a few weeks before the end came, he sent for his old college mate and friend, President Battle, and asked a favor which could not well be refused. He stated that he had many notes in his own short-hand on the Geology and Geography of our State; that no one without his instruction could understand them; that he had confidence in Prof. Jos. A. Holmes as a learned and faithful geologist and requested that he should be allowed to learn from him how to decipher these notes and prepare the 2nd volume of his Reports for publication. President Battle obtained the consent of the Trustees of the University and of the Board of Agriculture to the arrangement and Prof. Holmes went to Asheville and stayed with Dr. Kerr until his death, receiving from him all his

manuscripts and the key enabling him to understand them. He will not neglect his University duties, but all the time which can be spared from them, including all his vacation, will be devoted to this work. He hopes to finish it by the fall. This 2nd volume

will be the work of Dr. Kerr, the duties of Prof. Holmes being to decipher, write out and prepare for publication his notes. The volume will be a most valuable addition to the scientific literature of our State.

PERSONALS.

—President Battle delivers the annual address before the University of South Carolina, June 1.

—Sterling Ruffin, a former member of the class of '86, has opened school at Washington, N. C.

—A. B. Hill, class '85, is teaching at Pittsboro.

—W. R. Bright, alias "*hibernator*," Soph., '85-6, has begun merchandising at Washington, N. C.

—C. U. Hill, class '83, has hung out his shingle in Washington, N. C., and is also an insurance agent.

—The February number of the N. C. Teacher has a cut and a short biographical sketch of Richard H. Lewis, of Kinston, class '52. He took A. M. here in '55 and M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania in '56. Has been a

teacher for a number of years. Is President of Kinston College for Young Ladies and has been recently elected to the honorable position of President of the N. C. Teacher's Assembly.

—"Josh" on Geometry: "The square on the hippopotamus equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides." Tableau.

—A Senior's notes on French: "Sammie and Toy are two French dudes. Both are calculated to make mashes on the ladies."

—M. R. Braswell, medical class '83-84, received his M. D. from the University of Maryland in March. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement exercises.

—Prof. of Chemistry: Autimony is used for hardening "Bullets." Exit class with a grin.

—J. P. Fearington, medical class '84-85, is spending the vacation of the medical department of the University of Maryland at home. He will probably return to his work in June, and take a summer course in the hospital.

Bob Stroud, formerly an eighty-sixer, is building a fine house on Prospect Hill, about half mile from the village. The work is being carried on rapidly as he is sufficiently convinced that it is not well for man to be alone. He will give a supper to the members of the class of '86 on the evening of May 31st, and don't you forget it. Bob is a fine fellow, and a lady friend tells us that he will make a splendid husband.

—A recent issue of the *Biblical Recorder* contained a short autobiography of Rev. R. T. Bryan, class of '82, now a missionary to China. He was married last summer and sailed from San Francisco for his new home in December. He spent a few days with us last fall and one could see from his religious talks that he was enjoying the satisfaction of knowing that he was entering upon the Master's work in a way destined to bring the most good to needy mortals. His home is at Chinkiang, China.

—The first game of that all inspiring, elevating and ennobling game known as "Knucks" appeared March 27. It is ahead of time

this year. It was participated in by *one* Junior and *three* Freshmen. "Bullet" was their trainer.

—A gallant and dudish member of the class of '89 goes to see the ladies—or a lady. He says it is like eating soup with a fork—can never get enough.

—The tree planting season has returned and Prof. Holmes may be seen with his elastic step hastening to beautify and adorn the Campus in any way possible. Some of the little trees have been removed from the rows on Oida Avenue and planted at random in various parts of the campus. "There is not enough of the 'natural' when trees stand in regular rows," they say.

—Rev. M. M. Marshall, D. D., class '63, now of Raleigh, preached some very interesting and instructive sermons at the Episcopal church a few Sundays ago.

—Prof. of English to Fresh: what are those mutes called which you pronounce with your lips? Fresh, who is running for the Math. medal: "Polygons, sir."

—Collier Cobb who was in college in '81 has been elected superintendent of the graded school of Wilson. In a recent issue *The Minor* says of him: "We are very glad to know that the real worth and high merit of this excellent

and highly cultivated young gentleman induced the trustees to make another offer, and we are glad to announce that he has accepted. We nurse the highest admiration for this sterling young gentleman. Modest as a violet, retiring as a sensitive plant, yet nursing the healthy and thrifty and vigorous growth of the finest mental qualities, and already robed in the luxuriant foliage of the greenest literary attainments, he is in our judgment one of the best equipped young men in the State."

—Scene in the Old East. Visitor on entering: "I say, Jodie, what have you got that andiron hung up there in the window for?" "Smell of that middle flower" is the answer. He smells, loses half of his scalp when his head is raised and the mystery is explained.

—Pres. Battle exhibiting to class a bug two inches long and one inch wide—"Come up gentlemen and examine this most wonderful bug sent to me from Raleigh." The class is filled with enthusiastic wonder and "L. B." expresses his opinion as follows: "That is only a Raleigh *hotel* bug."

—Prof. Winston was absent from the Hill a short time in March. He visited his father who was lying seriously ill at his home in Bertie county.

Messrs. Watkins and Wishard of the International committee of the Y. M. C. A., created a very favorable impression during their late visit to the Hill. They are very enthusiastic in their work, have a great deal of practice and know how to get acquainted with a student without all the long formality of mistering and such stuff indulged in by the average boy for want of a better method. They gave some very instructive talks, and Mr. Wishard deserves special thanks for his excellent singing.

—The thanks of the members of the Y. M. C. A., and of all who are interested in its work is due to the ladies of the village for their great kindness in putting the hall in order for the late convention. They came up and had the floor swept nicely, the lamps cleaned, oil cloth put on the table, the pictures and mottoes re-arranged and when they found there were not enough of these to make the walls look neat furnished them themselves. Such acts of kindness as these are not easily forgotten. Please accept our thanks, ladies, and remember that we shall ever be grateful to you for such convincing proofs of your approbation of our work.

—REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.
BACCALAUREATE SERMON.—The Senior class have chosen to de-

liver the sermon before the Graduating class on Wednesday afternoon, June 2nd, next, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the most eminent divines of the Episcopal church. He is rector of a parish of 750 communicants, one of the two largest Episcopal parishes in the "city of churches." Connected with it is the chapel of the Holy Trinity with 207 communicants. Dr. Hall is the next in official rank to Bishop Littlejohn, being President of the Standing committee of the Diocese. He has several other ecclesiastical offices of high trust. He has spent several summers in Western North Carolina and about ten years ago visited Raleigh and perhaps other points in the State in company with Rev. Dr. Twing, Secretary of the Board of Missions.

Dr. Hall has accepted the invitation of the class. We have heard good judges say, "he is one of the best preachers in the Episcopal church."

—We have two gentlemen from New York state to address us at Commencement. We consider ourselves fortunate in our selection.

—HON. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK. COMMENCEMENT ORATOR.—This distinguished gentleman has accepted the invitation of the Dialectic Society to deliver the An-

nual Address before the two Literary Societies on Wednesday morning, June 2nd, next. He is a native of South Carolina, having been born in Pendleton, in that State about forty years ago. His father was from New York City, a descendant of the old Dutch settlers. His mother was a Maverick, one of the oldest and wealthiest families of North Carolina. Her grandfather was a merchant of Charleston and as such sent to Europe for sale the first bale of cotton ever exported from that city. One of her brothers settled near Antonia, Texas, and became owner of such great landed possessions and immense droves of cattle that certain kinds of stock are called "Maverick."

Judge Van Wyck graduated with distinction at this University in 1864 in the same class with Judge Walter Clark. Embracing the study of the law, he settled in Brooklyn, having an office on Broadway in New York city. He rapidly rose to a large practice. In the last Presidential campaign he was made chairman of the democratic general committee of King's county and won distinction by the energy and tact with which he organized his party. His portrait was published in the *New York World* among others of "Brooklyn's Big Bosses—The men who shape the destiny of a great city." He was afterwards elected

Judge for the full term of ten years of the city court of Brooklyn, at a salary of \$10,000 per annum, which office he now holds.

Judge Van Wyck is a man of goodly presence, exceedingly frank and agreeable manners. His welcome to President Cleveland at the great banquet given to him in the Fall of 1884, at Brooklyn, and a recent address on Robert Burns, at a recent memorial festival were fine specimens of oratory.

—CONFEDERATE DEAD.—Jesse Sharpe Barnes of Wilson county entered college 1858. Killed at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Was a successful lawyer in Wilson at the outbreak of the war, was captain of the first company from the county, Company F, 4th N. C. State Troops. Went to Fort Macon, N. C., in April, 1861, fell at the head of his men.

—Charles Edward Bellamy, class '51, Marianna, Fla. died of camp fever in hospital at Ringold, Ga. July 27, 1864. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1855, and practiced for a short time in Columbus, Ga., then removed to Bolivar county, Miss. Was at first assistant surgeon in the 38th Alabama Infantry and was afterwards promoted to the position of surgeon.

—John Avery Benbury of Edenton left the University, went to

Princeton and graduated there. Was twice a member of the legislature from Tyrrell county; Was opposed to secession; but was the first man in Chowan county to volunteer *for the war*; was first lieutenant of Albemarle Guards, Co. A, 1st N. C. State Troops. Promoted to rank of captain,—mortally wounded at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, died July 6.

—Joel Clifton Blake entered college from Miccosukie, Fla., and fell at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; was 1st lieutenant, Co. K, 5th Fla. Regiment; was a wealthy, charitable and useful citizen.

—Richard Bradford, class '55, Tallahassee, Fla., studied law at Chapel Hill and at University of Virginia; commanded the first company raised for 1st Florida Regiment; killed at Santa Rosa, Oct. 9, 1861. Bradford county, Fla., is named in honor of his memory.

—George Pettigrew Bryan, graduated with the highest distinction of his class in 1860, and was immediately appointed tutor of Latin. He entered the service as second lieutenant, 2nd Reg. N. C. Cavalry, was at the battle of Newberne, and afterwards transferred with his regiment to the Army of Northern Virginia; was severely wounded in the head in the cavalry fight at Upperville and taken prisoner. He was im-

prisoned for nine months on Johnson's Island, and then exchanged. Before his wound was entirely healed he pressed again into the service with the rank of captain. Was mortally wounded Aug. 16, 1864, while leading his company to an attack on the enemy's works near Richmond, Va.

—Joseph Henry Branch, Tallahassee, Fla., volunteered as a private and died of typhoid fever contracted in the army, Aug. 13, 1864. Was always cheerful and prompt, never shirking from fatigue, he performed his whole duty.

Hutchins Goodloe Burton of Franklin county, Ala., quit the University and went to a commercial school at Cincinnati, Ohio, and

was a book-keeper when the war broke out. He joined the 8th Texas cavalry regiment, and died June 22, 1862.

—George McIntosh Clark, of Montgomery county, entered college 1860. He volunteered in the early part of the war and was made second lieutenant of Co. K. 34th N. C. Troops. He was made captain, and in May '63 Major; fell at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

—Thomas Cowan, of Wilmington, died in the hospital at Washington city, Sept. 17, 1862. Entered college in 1858; studied law under Judge Pearson. Entered the W. L. I. April 16, 1861; was afterwards in the third N. C. S. T., Co. B, as first lieutenant; was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg.

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

(As Gathered from Exchanges.)

—In our three hundred colleges about three-eighths are professed christians.

—A student of Harvard carries a \$15,000 insurance on the furniture of his room.

—Cornell, Michigan, Harvard and Virginia have abolished compulsory chapel attendance.

—The students of Amherst are required to attend to their gymnasium duties before they can receive a diploma.

—Prof. Turner, the distinguished anatomist of Edinburg, receives a salary of \$20,000 per year. This is the most remunerative professorship in the world.

—The Roman Catholic church is to establish a large university at Washington.

—A Fresh. being asked the origin of the word restaurant, replied that it came from *res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull—a bully thing.

—Michigan University has nineteen fraternities. University of Virginia comes next with eighteen. We are very well contented with eight.

—Grammar class.—Prof. Y.: “What is the plural of man?” Mr. D.: “Men, sir.” “And what is the plural of child?” Mr. D.: “Twins.”

—Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action.

—The University of Texas is the largest endowed institution in the South. It has \$600,000 invested in bonds and lands. Its professors receive \$4,000 salary.

—“Do you think Johnny is contracting any bad habits at college?” asked Mrs. Caution of her husband. “No, dear, I don’t. I think he is expanding therein,” was the reply.

—Professor of Latin (to student at table): “Will you have some jam?” Student boarder: “Not any, thanks; jam satis!” Professor (turning pale): “Are you ill,

sir?” Student boarder (heartlessly): “Sic sum.” The Professor is expected to recover damages.

THE COLLEGE STAIR.

When the Freshman comes to college
He comes in search of knowledge,

Climbing up the college stair;
And he grinds out horse translations—
Holds the Sophs. in veneration—
Climbing up the college stair.

He hears the bell a ringing,
He says, “I do declare,
I love to hear it ringing,
Climbing up the college stair.”

With the Sophomore’s duties,
“Plugging” loses all its beauties,
Climbing up the college stair;
Water is the Freshman’s diet,
And it keeps him good and quiet,
Climbing up the college stair.
He hears the bell a ringing,
And says, “I do declare,
’Tis hard to hear it ringing,
Climbing up the college stair.”

But the Junior’s year is brightest,
And his cares are far the lightest,
Climbing up the college stair;
And his heart is ever laden
With the beauties of some maiden
Fairer than the fairest fair.
He hears the bell a ringing,
And says, “I do declare,
I will of love be singing,
Climbing up the college stair.”

Lost in visions of the whenceness
Climbing to the heights of thenceness
Far above the college stair,
Haughtily the Senior passes,
Scorns derisively the classes
Climbing up the college stair.

He hears the bell a ringing,
And says, with careless air,
“I care not for its ringing,
I have climbed up the college stair.

—Nearly 10,000 students have professed conversion during the last eight years. The greater number of these were brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the college Y. M. C. A.

—Student: "Rex fugit—the king flees." Professor: "In what other form can that be made?" S.: "Perfet." "Yes; and then how would you translate it?" Painful silence. Professor suggests "has." Student: "The king has fleas."

—Japan has just settled the question of free popular education, and all children between the ages of six and fourteen are compelled to attend school from five to six hours per day for thirty-two weeks.

—Egypt has a college that was nine hundred years old when Oxford was founded, and in which ten thousand students are now being educated, who will some day go forth as missionaries to spread the Moslem faith.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The College Student, a comparatively new enterprise of Gaston College, comes to our table this week for the first time, and, from the neat and finished manner in which it is gotten up, and the selection of its articles, we predict for it a successful future.

It has quite a number of short, live and well written articles, but is something of a new departure from the regular established college magazine, partaking more of the character of an Educational Journal than a college record. However, it may not be any the worse on this account, since monotony seems to be its only fault, and might, for this reason, cause

some readers to mistake at least two-thirds of its contents for a "patent paper."

Of course, the little frisky, snarling sheet, generally known as the *Niagara Index* comes back at us in its last issue discharging about two-thirds of a column of senseless, pointless bosh. We cannot give *it* such prominence. But when we spoke of "clothes" didn't we touch a responsive chord in the heart of the exchange editor though? Pardon us, friend, we didn't mean to be *very* personal. But how could we think of any thing else while gazing on the handsome (?) exterior of the *Index*. No, thank you, keep your present,

"Thy necessity is greater than ours." And in the future, when you are advised to improve, don't act the spoiled "child" so completely as to throw away what you have already obtained. Do not criticise unless you could. But if you should attempt it again, make *some* point; at least, let us have less of your *vox et preterea nihil*. Of all periodicals of all kinds, the one in question is the most conceited with the least reason for it that it has been our *misfortune* to be acquainted with.

"Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that we know, for a lover of
pelf,
Is to buy the *Index* at what it is worth,
And then sell it at the price it sets on
itself."

It is seldom that our dental appendages are attacked by anyone, especially one who boasts of Kentucky blood. But such is our sad plight, for *St. Mary's Sentinel*, dissatisfied with the open, unpolished truth, hurls at us in the last issue more than a column of hollow invectives about "teeth." The manly editor has our heartfelt sympathy, if giving vent to pent up rage occasioned by a painful, decaying tooth, for we may thus have been trampling on delicate grounds, otherwise we must see that his rash assertions are sufficiently qualified.

He says: "But it seems teeth, clay—and unadulterated mistate-

ments—are the editors (referring to us) *requisita ad argendum*. Witness the proof of the third. 1st. The *Sentinel*, October 30th, politely recommended you to open an exchange column because you then had none. 2nd. The *Sentinel* up to that time had received no 'sarcastic hits.' 3rd. The *Sentinel* has had naught but praise from any of its exchanges except you, yourselves and another whom it now forbears, through kindness, to mention ———. 'There is not a student in College who is capable of writing a respectable critique on a distinguished author (quotation from us). Why thus defame yourself, friend?'

Let us examine the "proof" in regard to the "unadulterated misstatement." 1st. We had no exchange column in the October No., it being the first issue of the collegiate year, and but few, if any exchanges had come in before the publication of that issue. With but this exception we do not remember to have ignored the exchange column. 2nd. We have only to refer to the exchange files of the prominent educational journals of the country to substantiate our assertion that you *had* received "sarcastic hits." And lastly, we trust you are far from calling our honest attempts toward self-improvement "defaming ourselves." We were striving hard to extricate the troublesome

mote from our eyes, and will *you* not, if for nothing else, for the good name of Kentucky, pluck out the burly beam which seems to distort your vision? Again, "you fellows don't have Latin and Greek taught every year, do you? Say, now be honest?" That's a *stunner*; may we not also say, "None but a gentleman, and that of the sharpest wit, could pen this?"

The *Phrenological Journal* is on our table. We receive it with much pleasure and read it with interest, it being among the most valuable of our exchanges. It is published by Fowler & Wells Co., N. Y., and is devoted to the advancement of the science of Phrenology. Those who are believing in this science will have their faith strengthened by reading it. There are many, no doubt, who believe it a farce, but these are the ones, as a rule, who have merely formed an opinion without having looked into its history and the important facts which support it.

We predict that the science which this journal so ably advocates, will, within the next century, be taught by our leading institutions; for the principles on which it is founded are true, we believe, and

if true, it must eventually rise to the universal prominence it justly deserves.

The Southern Bivouac, a literary and historical Magazine, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., by B. F. Avery and Sons, reached us this week. It is a magazine that comes up to the most critical standard, in all its appointments.

It has sixty-three pages brim full of historical sketches, war reminiscences, literary criticisms, poetic dissertations—and other interesting subjects.

It is needless for us to more than merely mention the names of the publishers, for the public has long since known that whatever they touch is turned into golden sands of double profit to their fortunate readers.

The Bivouac, if not *the* best is *one* of the best of its kind published in the United States, for its price. It is sent to subscribers, postpaid at \$2.00 per year, and we feel assured in saying that any student of the times would be paid manifold in tracing its contents for a year. Its corps of contributors, its neat appearance and the reputation of its publishers recommend it to even the most casual observer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Compayne's History of Pedagogy. Translated with Introduction, Notes and Index, by W. H. Payne, A. M., Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.:

A valuable book, and one which forms a part of every teacher's library. The arrangement of the matter makes it a convenient text book, but there is entirely too much stress laid upon French Pedagogy for our schools. Had Prof. Payne omitted about two-thirds of the part of the book relating to the work sought to be accomplished by Mirabeau, Codillac, Candorcet and others in France, and substituted for it some chapters on the work of Horace Mann, Page, Philbrick and others in America, the book would have been, so far, the very best for use in our Normal Schools. In treating of education among the ancients, and in presenting the various educational theories of modern times, the author is very happy. In fact, save the fact of containing too much of French Pedagogy, and none of American, we are much pleased with the book.

Studies in General History: By Mary D. Sheldon, Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.:

The book is well bound and well printed on good paper. The

manner of treatment is thus explained in the introduction: "This book is not a history but a collection of historical materials; it contains just the sort of materials that historians must deal with when they want to describe or judge any period of history, and just the kind of things, moreover, which we Americans must constantly attend to and think about. In Greek history it gives bare chronicles of deeds, pictures of buildings, statues, extracts from speeches, laws, poems; from these materials you must form your own judgment of the Greeks," etc. The book is well calculated to make the pupil think, and is one of the best text books on the subjects we have seen.

The Temperance Teachings of Science: Adapted to the use of teachers and pupils in the Public Schools: By A. B. Palmer, M. D., Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A neat little book, in which the publishers seem to have done their part better than the author. It is certainly sufficiently elementary for use in the public schools, and it may be that the matter contained in it is of sufficient importance to give the book a claim upon those schools. Let the reader send for a copy and examine for himself.

LATEST ISSUES OF THE FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY—Harper Bros., N. Y. :

A Girton Girl.—A Novel, by Mrs. Annie Edwards; *A House Divided Against Itself*, a novel by Mrs. Oliphant; *What's Mine's Mine*, a novel by Geo. McDonald; *Aunt Parker*, a novel by B. L. Farjeon; *Until The Day Breaks*, a novel by Emily Spender.

Messrs. Harper Brothers, issue some extremely interesting and useful works in their Handy volume series. Among those of recent date are two very clever novels,—Mauleverer's Millions and The Last of the MacAllisters. J. S. Winter contributes a volume of Cavalry sketches and Jno. Tulloch, D. D., LL. D., is the author of an able treatise on Movement of Religious Thought in Britain during the nineteenth century.

The Leading Facts of English History is fresh from the presses of Messrs. Ginn & Co., of Boston. Its author, Mr. D. H. Montgomery, spent several years in England, examining archives and collecting the materials for his work. One specially attractive feature is a table of descent of English sovereigns, beginning with Egbert and coming down to the family of Queen Victoria. A summary of the principal events in English history, arranged after the same plan, enables one to find almost

any event in a few seconds. Its ease of reference makes it a valuable aid to both the student and the general reader. Mr. Montgomery tells the history of England within this little volume of 236 pages with so much ease of diction and such a perception of the *literary* side of a history, that it is most delightful reading. We remember never to have read—in any history—the number of important personal incidents, that throw light on the life and character of England's kings. At the bottom of the pages are many foot notes, referring to the various sources of information.

The binding and typography are exceptionally good—large, clear type, good firm paper, neat, strong cloth binding. Both author and publisher have done their duty, and the result is a book worthy of a place in your library by the side of your Shakespeare and Tennyson.

Snow Bound at Eagle's, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes to us in blue and gold. Inside the beautiful covers Bret Harte tells a wild western story, in which desperadoes, ladies, highwaymen and good citizens play their part.

John Hale, a New Englander, goes to California and settles, with his wife and her sister, among the Sierra mountains. He helps chase two highwaymen until they are

snow bound. The highwaymen turn out to be gentlemen who were only recovering those rights at the pistol's muzzle which the looseness of the law denied. One of the highwaymen joins the army fighting around Richmond, while the other falls in love with Miss Kate Scott, Mrs. Hale's sister. 'Tis a most charming story, and Bret Harte is at his best. His stories of the wild, semi-lawless western life are perfect pictures, and give one a fine idea of life beyond the pale of our conventional manner of living.

"*What Tommy Did.*"—John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies" says: "'What Tommy Did' would be worthy of the serious consideration of parents if it were possible for any one to be other than *wildly mirthful* over the saintlinesses and dreadful-nesses of the little hero. Tommy is an ideal boy—one of the kind which are by turns unendurable and angelic, which changes parents from young to old, and from old to young again many times a day. *We pity parents* who fail to read this book; there is no time in the day, nor any day in the week, in which its pages will not dispel care." The *Chicago Tribune* pronounces it a book that "will delight every boy and girl, and every mother too, who will find in it a

book that can be read over and over again to suit the insatiable appetites of youthful listeners, and yet never sicken the reader with any weakness or nonsense in its composition." It has just been published in dainty delightful shape, fine cloth, richly ornamented binding by Alden, the "Revolution" publisher, at half its former price, 50 cents. Alden's 148-page illustrated catalogue (price 4 cents—condensed catalogue free), of his immense list of standard books, is a wonder as well as joy to book-lovers. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.....Agents in this city.

A Chance for a Prize.—The Oldham Publishing House, Winston, N. C., offers to send *The Weekly Sentinel* THREE MONTHS FREE to the first person who applies from any Postoffice in North Carolina, where it now has no subscriber. Find out from your Postmaster, if any one takes *The Sentinel* at your office, and if not, write to the Publisher, claiming the prize, and send the names of five reading men at your office. The subscription price of *The Weekly Sentinel* is \$1.50 per year. It is an attractive and interesting illustrated weekly family newspaper that ought to be read in every home in North Carolina.

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HORACE---Book 1st, Ode 11th.

Seek not to know the term of life, pure heart,
That Heaven assigns to either thee or me ;
Nor rashly tempt the false Chaldean's art ;
Endure it well,—whate'er thy fate may be.

If many winters more stern Jove decree,

Or all thy round complete with this which breaks
'Gainst crumbling rocks the spray of Tuscan Lea,—
Yet be thou wise, and drink thy wine, and square
Thy hope with life's short span. E'en while one speaks,
(Has fled) (the envious Time); seize on thine hour; nor dare
To put thy faith in promised joys or fortune's freaks.

T. H.

University of N. C.

LYNCHING---WHY IS IT GROWING?

The young men of our time who are about to step forth from home or college life and assume the duties of citizenship, will in all probability soon find themselves in the midst of stormy times. From the indications of the present, and of the recent past, there is a crisis impending in both civil and social affairs. Indeed, we seem now to be in the very beginning of this crisis, if the disregard of law and the rights of property that are on every occasion and in every locality so forcibly illustrated, mean anything. There is apparent among the people a growing disregard for old and established rights, and an alarming lack of confidence in the statutes of the country. If this is not so, what significance must we attach to the portentous strikes that have been distracting society and confounding the guardians of the law? Why this wholesale destruction of property, this indiscriminate clogging of the vehicles of public business, and the inconsiderate destruction of the sources of domestic supplies? Have these employees so little regard for the public weal that they must trample upon the rights of all in order to secure a correction of their peculiar grievances? Are their rights

so transcendent as this? I do not wish to be understood as defending the actions of grasping monopolists, but merely to make the point that strikers, in the methods they pursue to obtain remedies for their wrongs, ruthlessly trample upon the rights of the public.

And if there is not a lack of confidence in our laws, why this unexampled increase in the murders and lynchings of the day? Why cannot the members of society wait for the law to punish the authors of the violence done to it? In this last question lies a consideration that is important in the extreme. It is a palpable and deplorable fact that law is not allowed to take its legitimate course against many of the crimes committed against society. The responsibility for such a condition of affairs must rest somewhere. Where does it lie? It is a serious and terrible one! Are we, after centuries of development; after we have embodied in our institutions the accumulated wisdom of the sages of antiquity, and had their thoughts best adapted to our needs by the great intellects of more recent times; after each generation has drawn from the mine of civil liberty what appeared to them jewels, and what have

nevertheless proved but the ore out of which succeeding generations have procured the virgin metal and fashioned it into most lovely models; are we of America, when we have about solved the great problem of constitutional government, now to forsake all and revert to the customs of barbarism? Such appears to be the ultimate result of the practice of lynching. Have we gone to an extreme in striving to attain the maximum individual liberty, and now like a pendulum, about to swing to the other extreme? I cannot believe that we are.

I have a strong faith in the institutions of the country, and I believe that all we lack is the proper following of those institutions. Members of each of the literary societies in the University have doubtless seen occasions when a failure to properly execute their laws resulted in confusion and flagrant violation of them. I believe that it is just so with our State and National laws. We have good laws, the most of them are wise, and if properly executed will meet the needs of all our people from one end of this broad land to the other. The main fault then lies in the execution of the laws. The people are to some extent justified in punishing criminals when they have good reason to believe that if given over to the law they will ultimately go un-

punished, even after the expenses of a long trial have been defrayed by them. When a man in the quiet pursuit of his vocation is brutally murdered, his assassin deserves a speedy and complete punishment, and there is no excuse for allowing them, through the instrumentality of some smart lawyer, to trifle with technicalities and finally rob justice of its due, and society of its protection. When innocence is outraged, and a beautiful woman slain by the coarse hand of her seducer, there is a universal cry that the murderer reap the reward of his deed, and it is neither wise nor safe to ignore the demand. It is the inherent law of order in man's nature, and his desire for perfection, that has evolved from the original wildness of man the present fabrics of civil government. Under these organizations man has provided adequate means for the suppression of crime and for the regulation of society generally, and when the men appointed to execute these provisions fail in their duties, in simple obedience to this inherent principle the people take the execution into their own hands.

I regard this as one of the greatest evils threatening us to-day. I mean not the practice of lynching in itself, but the principle of attempting to administer justice by other than the appointed methods. It is subversive of the pur-

poses for which government is formed, and must lead to a state of affairs in which safety will be assured to no man, either in his person, or in the possession and enjoyment of his property. The importance of preventing such a condition of things must be perfectly apparent to every one.

This will be one of the chief questions the young men of the

present will be called upon to settle, as soon as they are invested with the duties of citizenship, and I take this method of attempting to impress upon them the duty they owe to themselves to be prepared to stand for the right, and to so live that when they declare an opinion it will carry a meaning with it.

M. B. P.

SOME REMARKS ON THE FRENCH TRAGEDY OF THE XVII CENTURY.

At this late day when the tragedy of the ancient and modern stage has been carefully revised by critics eminently possessed both of learning and delicacy, it might not seem wise, within the limits of a brief article, to speak of the French classic drama. One can hardly hope to say anything new. But the fact is, not every body has the time to study, at first hands, the dramatic poetry of foreign nations; nay, but few can render even to Shakespeare his due. Is it not therefore in season to say something about the French drama for those whose studies have led them far in other directions; and might we not also help on some who are sitting weary, perhaps, by the way side?

With this hope, we shall briefly call attention to the peculiarities of this species of composition, and if we do not now find the time to set forth the beauties of which the French are so proud, we invite our readers to satisfy themselves by the best of all tests,—by diligent and careful reading.

We shall illustrate our remarks by Corneille's Masterpiece, *Le Cid*, for while it bears the strong individual marks of its author, we shall find in it a great deal that is typical of all.

It is with Corneille that the French drama became classic, and Corneille's success began with the representation of the *Cid* (1636).

When in 1629 Corneille, twenty-three years old, left the quiet of the province to come to the great

Paris, he found the learned in a warm dispute about dramatic art. Some maintained (ultimately with success) that the great tragedy, simple but majestic and sublime, was the only model to follow. Then there were those other burning questions: Can there be more than one action in a tragedy; must the scene always represent the same place; can the action be represented as lasting more than twenty-four hours?

Aristotle was the fancied supporter of those who maintained these Unities, but in reality he says but little about them (see Schlegel, *Drama Art*, Lecture 17).

Corneille investigated these problems, and accepted, doubtless, what the best criticism of the day required. So we find that in the *Cid* the scene is laid chiefly in the palace of Don Ferdinand. But still the Unity of Place has not been strictly preserved, for the scene is sometimes clearly in Don Diegue's house, and there is no reason to suppose that his house was a part of the King's palace. Moreover, the scene in which Rodrigue meets his father, after the duel with the Count de Gormas, cannot be in the palace, as Rodrigue himself expressly says that he dared not show himself near the King. But no mention is made of these places of a change of scene. Perhaps Corneille hoped to escape the diffi-

culty by judicious silence. In general, in reading the French tragedy, we are aware of a certain juggling with persons and places, in order to meet this fancied necessity for Unity of Place, and we do not feel that the verisimilitude of the action is increased thereby, as we do not feel that it is impaired by a bold shifting of the scene in Shakspeare and the French dramatists of the later Romantic school.

Long before Corneille planned the *Cid*, Shakspeare had lived and given his masterpieces to the world. He did not concern himself about the Unity of Place any more than Schiller minded the rules of the Meistersanger; and we are not at all confused when we read him. What does it matter if the first Act is in Rome and the fifth on the Plains of Phillippi? We wish to follow the delineation of a good idea in life, not to be deceived by the actors on the stage. If perfect fidelity to nature were demanded of the stage, the *Julius Cæsar* of Shakspeare would be impossible. For to begin with, we should all have to write and repeat the Latin of classic Rome.

Another bond that the French dramatists laid upon themselves, was the Unity of Time. It is not quite clear how a performance of three or four hours should necessarily represent the occurrences of

twenty-four, unless it be that for practical reckoning in life, a day is in some sort a unit of time. But such was the law, and Corneille seems to us to follow in it the Cid. It is probable that the action begins one day near nightfall and closes the next day about the same time. The result is that the persons of the play scarcely have time enough to tell about the deeds that are being done, they are almost always out of breath; and so far from being gratified, we are half inclined to doubt that such vast and far reaching events could spring forth, so to speak, full grown.

Like the physicists, we feel that nothing can happen "unless time be allowed."

When we come finally to speak of the action, we find the greatest divergence from the Shaksperian type,—a peculiarity so marked that it rises at once to a national characteristic. The fact is, there is scarcely any action at all; it is chiefly description. The persons come on the stage to explain their struggles and their passions, to relate what has happened, and to discuss the probabilities of the future. So we constantly hear long soliloquies and dialogues. The actors are merely messengers who leave the scene of action long enough to bring tidings to the audience. But the audience does not always, like a general-in-chief,

survey the battle field even from afar.

Two causes combined to banish the action from the eyes of the spectator: the mechanical arrangement of the stage, and the national idea of propriety.

Up to the time of Voltaire, the stage, already narrow, was occupied on both sides by the seats of certain distinguished spectators. The little passage-way that remained was not large enough for free action and motions sufficiently exaggerated to tell at a distance, would have appeared supremely ridiculous to those so near at hand.

But the ideas of dramatic propriety were still more tyrannical. Almost all tragic situations were regarded as too horrible to be exposed to the eye. Hence they could only be described. In the opening of the Cid, Rodrigue is not allowed to fight with the Count on the stage;—they meet, disappear quarreling, and after a while a messenger rushes in to tell that the Count is dead. The closing scenes of Hamlet and King Lear would have been, and doubtless they would now be, altogether revolting at Paris.

There was indeed grandeur and passion and suffering on this stage, but they were analyzed, described, painted with beautiful words, rather than shown to the eye.

We have now said enough to

show, at least, that this drama did not reach what seems to us the truest conception of the Art. It did, however, produce grand poetry. These symmetrical rhyming Alexandrines may not be the vehicle of the strongest emotion, but they are still magnificent verses.

If we express in a word what impresses us most in reading Cid, it is the dignity and nobleness of the sentiment. What a splendid struggle between love and filial piety! What a chaste and delicate expression; It is indeed the poetry of the lordly age of the Grand Monarque. T.

LOVE!

It is a fearful thing
 To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
 The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
 A blank without thee. Never more to me
 Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now
 I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
 I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
 I have no fear that does not dread for thee;
 All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
 Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
 My flowers, I only gather them for thee;
 The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
 Unless it is to thee; my lonely hours
 Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,
 After my own romantic fantasies,
 He is the star around which my thoughts revolve
 Like satellites.

—Miss Landon's Poems.

University of N. C., April 16th, 1886.

NATURE EVER TRUE.

"Knowing that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."—*Wordsworth*.

"Nature never does betray the heart that loves her." She speaks to him "a various language." By this is meant that at all times to those who love nature and can interpret her, she affords either pleasure or instruction, and often both.

Just as we change as we grow older, and things seem to change too, just so are the lessons nature teaches us different in our maturer age from those that we received from her in our youth. We are able at one time to receive the pleasure and instruction that we are unable to receive at others. But it is always pleasure or instruction, and what is more, owing to our nature, it is *the* pleasure or instruction that we want at that time.

Also, these gifts seem to be different in our different moods—gay, quiet, sombre. Bryant says:

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

There is hardly any sentiment of the mind, which is capable of affording either pleasure or in-

struction, which may not be aided by the beautiful, or what some might call ugly, in nature. For instance, take *love*. We have this from Burns:

"Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie
And fondly sae did I mine."

This last line was *bound* to come. Of course it couldn't be helped. In the same strain, Shelley says:

"The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?"

I have heard those who know say that they can enjoy the company of their sweethearts better if they are out of doors in the midst of nature with all its beauty.

Take *veneration*. Who can't worship better out under the stars on a quiet night than when braced up in a close room? Burns, "*nature's poet*," goes on to state in his common-place book in what condition or what aspect nature must have for him to worship well. He says: "There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something

which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, ‘walks on the wings of the wind.’” Under other conditions some other of his feelings would be aroused.

So we might take the other sentiments and illustrate.

Then we can obtain instruction from nature. What does the decomposing rock teach us? What does the “monumental oak,” that

was planted by our grandsire and sheltered our father in his boyhood, teach us. It teaches us that yet a little while and our summons will come “to join that innumerable caravan.” Also, do not the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament show his handiwork? Therefore nature is ever ready to point you to her God.

So in innumerable ways nature gives us pleasure and instruction that raises and refines us, and gives us strength to work. From every communion with her we come away wiser and better. “Nature never deceives the heart that loves her.”

PETER SNIPPER HIGHGRASS.

DOES MORALITY KEEP PACE WITH CIVILIZATION?

I mean by civilization *mental development* and *social polish*, as distinguished from religion and morals.

It is often argued erroneously that upon the education of the masses in the arts and sciences rests to a great extent the morality of a people. In fact Infidelity claims that our system of religion has developed together withal other improvements. But moral-

ity, in my opinion, is an independent quality—separate and distinct, except as other qualities are dependent upon it for existence. Morality cannot be the outgrowth of *mental* or *moral* culture, or it does not in many instances increase in the same proportion as do these qualities.

To effect this proof, we have but show that morality does not *necessarily* keep pace with civiliza-

tion. I stand upon the grounds of historical, observational, and philosophical proof. I refer to a nation and a country whose history is a most fruitful source for instances both of folly and wisdom. Greece was renowned for her intellectual giants and patriotic people. Her seats of knowledge were Sparta and Athens. As their inhabitants reveled more and more in the luxuries of civilization the baser became their morals. In Athens the people became more and more depraved, till truth and virtue were strangers. Her men became by degrees effeminate; her women became harlots. Sparta in all her much sung glory—with all her lauded patriotism and national enlightenment and skill in military operations, gradually sank to the very low depths that female virtue was forbidden by law. Remember, Greece was *then* the most civilized nation in the world. Roman youths came there to drink of her fountains of knowledge, and make themselves profound philosophers and elegant orators. She was the leading nation in literature, sculpture, and all the fine arts, yet her morals so decreased that even her advanced stage of civilization, with all the powers that mind and earth could afford could not sustain her, and the great edifice tottered and fell and crumbled into insignificance.

We cannot find another instance

in history more strikingly illustrative of this truth than the rise and the fall of the Roman government. During the first few centuries there existed among the people great indignation toward vice. The seven thinly populated Hills of Rome echoed the songs of chaste Italian maidens, "soft as their clime and sunny as their sky." The Roman would rather die a martyr than to live a perjurer. The husband had a perfect right to repudiate his wife, yet not one instance of divorce occurred during the first six centuries. But as Rome grew more powerful and wiser, her morality began to decrease. Female virtue began to be outraged. Honor and truth began to wane. And coming on down to the days of Sulla and Cæsar and Cataline, and to the days of the Imperium, the most enlightened period of her existence—the age of her orators, poets and philosophers, and we witness the utmost depravity. Morality died, and civilization better prepared men to lay schemes, to deceive, to rob, and to cheat. These are the days which Juvenal satirizes, when Cicero was made to exclaim, "Oh, Tempora! Oh, Mores!" when Virginalis was compelled to rob home of its brightest jewel to save her from disgrace; when Cato, the only pure man in Rome, urged by an overwhelming tide of grief, put an end to his

own life. These instances prove that it makes no difference what education may do, what science may attain, or to what state of polish or refinement society may reach, morality may, in spite of them all, vanish and be forgotten, and its foot-prints be obliterated by vanity and corruption.

We do not lack for instances of modern times. America has advanced as much in knowledge, arts and science in the last hundred years as Europe has in the last one thousand years. I am certain there has not been such rapid progress in morality. In fact, I can have more confidence in the morality of a hundred years ago, when our fathers met in rude log churches to thank God for new-born liberty, than in the morality of the present day.

I have a poor opinion of our present morals. We have an honest people, but I fear the greater part are honest through policy. Our fathers were free from the scourge of many of the national sins which curse our age. In their day I doubt if Beecher could have continued to draw such large audiences, or could have had so many ardent admirers after he broke the seventh commandment; and I doubt if Grover Cleveland could have been elected. We have made most wonderful progress in civilization during the last century.

Have we made comparative advancement in morality?

Observation teaches us at the present day that civilization opposes morality about as much as it aids it. Science has aroused many minds to the doctrine of evolution and infidelity, and a great part of our people are becoming tainted with infidel ideas. We observe, furthermore, that people in the most civilized communities have less warm and devout religion, and less reverence for it, than those in ruder portions of the land. You cannot find in America two cities populated by a more civilized people than New York and Brooklyn; nor can you find but few where the people of the highest ranks are less moral; where they have so little reverence for the house of God as to stamp their feet and clap their hands in applause of their pastor's rhetorical curl or sparkling wit.

We still further observe that the North is more cultured than the South, yet her morals cannot compare with ours. The clouds of Infidelity are hovering over her horizon, and are beginning to shut out the sunlight of her Christianity. The young have forgotten the God of their fathers, and worship *theory, fashion and rum*.

Not considering history and observation, *reason* teaches us that it is not natural for morality

necessarily to keep pace with civilization. Extreme pride and vanity will create an extreme ambition in a people to excel, and with this stimulant to urge them on they reach the highest stage of civilization. Yet these same characteristics render men so conceited they consider their knowledge too broad, their understanding too acute, and in their bigotedness what they cannot perceive with their own eye and grasp with their own perception they reject as false. They learn to despise humility—so characteristic of a true christian—and the final result of enlightenment is egotism and infidelity. I admit that civilization robs religion of some superstition,

yet it more often robs it of the fervor and earnestness which ought to attend it. Civilization is a great aid to morality as long as it serves to further the progress of morality. But when it leaps its bounds, in many instances it is made a substitute for morality. When it makes men vain and outshines morals in the eyes of men, then it is a blasting curse to humanity. If civilization thus antagonizes religion, upon which depends all our morality, morality does not necessarily keep pace with civilization, nor can it be the offspring of that which can be antagonistic to its existence.

J. F. SCHENCK.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In a certain little valley far back in the mountains of North Carolina there stands the remnant of an ancient mound which legend says is haunted by the spirit of an Indian maiden. The storm of centuries have nearly leveled it with the earth, but enough yet remains to show that it was a monument of much labor and time.

The valley in which it stands is unusually beautiful, as well from the mild seasons that seem peculiar to it as from the majestic hills that rise on every hand. The In-

dians called it *Nantahala*, "the valley of the noondaysun." For so high are the mountains around, and so steep the walls which enclose it, that only the beams of the midday sun can reach the level meadows. But the encircling hills shut out as well the blasts of Winter, and Nature has lavished upon it all those gifts that make one spot of earth more fair than another, and bind to it the hearts of a people with an indestructible tie.

Further up in the gorge a river

rushes madly along its rocky channel, leaping and sparkling among the great boulders like a wild spirit of the mountain. But no sooner does it enter this valley than its laughter and gambols cease, and, as awed by some mysterious presence, it steals darkly under the sombre pines and creeps silently past the grey walls and ruined sepulcher, and then with a plunge and a roar, like a frightened thing, it bounds again on its way towards the ocean.

Where the stream passes the ancient mound it is deep and silent, but often in the still twilight the mountaineer pauses there to listen at a mysterious voice which comes in musical cadence from the dark cliffs on the further side of the river. It is a voice of passing sweetness, rising and falling as in passionate pleading, murmuring in tones of infinite tenderness, moaning, sighing, then breaking into a sob and dying away in a stifled wail that sounds as from a heart that is breaking. None who listens to it escapes the mysterious spell; the shadows of twilight seem to press with a weight of sadness, and indefinable longing seizes the heart, and tears without a cause swell into the eyes of them who linger and listen there. Some say the sound is but the murmuring of the river in the cavities of the mountain wall, but the Indians declare it to be the voice of

a maiden who long ago perished in the river while searching for the body of her murdered lover, and that her spirit still haunts the spot continually seeking the warrior, and ever bewailing their long separation. The mound was built over her body near the place where she perished.

While resting upon the mound at the close of a summer day an Indian related the legend which for generations has been handed down among his people. And, listening to his story told there in the twilight, it was not difficult to fancy the form of the Indian maiden seeking her lover among the dark shadows that wavered on the river and wringing her hands as she uttered those sorrowful tones of despair.

Many years ago, so runs the legend, this valley of the Nantahala with others hidden in the shadow of these great mountains, was held by the Creek Indians. Who these people were or whence they came tradition does not tell. Buried in the depths of the Alleghanies for generations they remained secure from the incursions of hostile tribes. With long continued peace they lost their warlike character. Their time was given to cultivating the valley and hunting the game which abounded in the great forests, or oftener still to the enjoyment of that idleness which the luxurious climate in-

vited. With the decay of savage pastimes the arts of civilization increased. The little valley bloomed like a garden, and habitations substantial and neat arose in the midst of it. The men became peaceful and the women slowly emerged from the slavery of savage life, and developed under the influence of their genial climate into the beautiful type of womanhood which is peculiar to some mountain countries. In this little cove where the mound remains the Chief of the Creeks had his home. And here every year at the time of the gathering of the first green corn the young men of the nation assembled for their annual games. From all the adjacent valleys the braves gathered to measure strength with each other and to display their feats of prowess before the eager maidens and the old people of the tribe. All these festivities the youths assayed the feats of their legendary heroes and at the same time tried to excite the emulation of their younger brothers by deeds of strength and daring. Many a maiden's heart was lost by the manly beauty of the braves as they struggled with bared limbs in their fierce sports; and many a youth was wounded then by dark eyes that watched him intently.

But there came a time when among all the maidens who assembled at the summer games

none could compare with Silolee. Perhaps it was the noble spirit which she inherited from the old chief her father that shone in her face as added beauty, but certain it is that as year by year had given height to her figure it had given also charms to her person till none among her sisters could equal her in dignity and grace and beauty. Many a youth's eye rested upon her tenderly as he paused in the contest, and when the assembled throng applauded a daring deed or feat of strength the actor turned to see if Silolee had observed him and was applauding too. There was scarce one among them who was not her sui or, but as yet she had favored all alike.

Upon a certain summer day while the young braves were struggling for the approval of the Chief-tain's daughter, a stranger was seen approaching from the hills. He carried upon his shoulder a huge buck which yet bled from an arrow wound near its heart. As he approached the revellers paused to observe him, for a stranger in these parts was an unusual sight. As he came towards them they could not but observe his fine form and wonderfully developed limbs. Sraight and wiry he was, and the muscles stood from the flesh like sinew alone made up the man. He bore the great buck as lightly upon his

shoulders as it had been a brace of squirrels. The stranger carried his burden to where the old chief was seated and laid it before him. His language was unknown but by signs, that common language, he told them that his home was far beyond the mountains where the sun went down into the plain. That following the swift game he had crossed the hills alone and came now as a friend with an offering of peace.

"Whoever comes in peace," said the old man, "is welcome. We accept your gift and receive you as a friend." Then the young men returned to their games each anxious to display his strength before the unknown brave. But presently when the stranger entered the list the mightiest one among them was dwarfed into a pigmy. He hurled stones they could not lift and their most renowned wrestlers were thrown over his head like children. He broke their strongest bows and two of them together could not bend the bow which shot the deer he brought them.

What passed in the hearts of the maidens as they watched the feats of the stranger the legend does not tell; but he, it declares, had noted one among them whose dark eyes had watched him intently and whose voice had been first to applaud his feats of strength. When the day's sport

was ended the hunter unobserved slipped away into the mountains.

Days went by and brought a cloud upon the valley. A wild band of warriors who had come from no one knew where were on the war-path in the mountains. Already they had made a raid upon the adjacent coves. There was a hurrying and gathering of Creek braves. The peaceful valleys became alive with preparations for war. But the mild Creeks were no match for these vagabonds whose pastime was battle. They would sweep down like eagles from the mountain carrying destruction with them and leaving death and terror in their train. Little by little as the months went past the tribe was cut off till the valley of the Nantahala held all that remained. For some reason the little cove remained unmolested. For some reason which the Creeks could not understand no raid had ever been attempted upon the home of the old Chief. Yet time and again rumor came that a Cherokee warrior had been seen at evening along the skirts of the forest. And those who observed closely declared that Silolee resorted thither often at twilight alone.

Had she been observed one evening she might have been seen to enter the forest and wait for the coming of a Cherokee brave. And as he approached cautiously

in the shadow his sinewy form would have declared him the spy who had handled her brothers so roughly at the summer games, and had since proved more than a match for the bravest warriors of her tribe. She might have been seen listening half fearfully to his entreaties to fly with him back to the mountain fastness. Long she hesitated, but at length overcome by his urging and the prompting of her own heart half yielding, together they climbed the bluff that shadows the river. There she paused, and as her eye fell across the little valley which held her home and the kindred she was leaving, old affections swept over her heart like a flood, and she refused to follow him further. All that his fierce passion could suggest he said. Time and again she turned to follow, but as often paused and looked back upon her home in the valley. If she would go with him, he would draw his warriors off and leave her father's people in peace. But she knew that never and never again would she see her native hills. She would go to a strange country, among a strange people, and be cursed forever by her kindred for wedding an alien and an enemy. She stood silent upon the cliff struggling with her heart, now turning in passionate love to the warrior by her side, and again looking back into the valley with infinite long-

ing. Far below was the winding river aglow with the evening sky, the dark valley of the Nantahala dotted here and there by the watch-fires, and around it the towering cliffs tinted in the soft light and mellowed by the hazy autumn-tide. Her life had been spent there, these scenes had become a part of her being; her father, her people and her home were there, yet still she hesitated, listening to the warrior entreating her to follow him into a strange land among a strange people.

But while they wait they are startled by a sound. They are followed! Now she no longer hesitates: father, kindred, home, all are forgotten in fear for her lover's safety. She urges him away! She will fly with him to the setting sun: only away. But she is too late. A score of Creeks spring from behind the rocks and laurels. The Cherokee presses the maiden behind him and defends himself with a strength and bravery that his enemies had long since learned to fear. But he is felled by a blow. They drag the maiden from him and bind his hands. He will be taken into the valley and put to death. But he recovers, and suddenly gaining his feet, springs over the precipice. The maiden uttered a shriek as she saw her lover leap, and would have followed had they not held her back. The warriors peered over

the cliff with drawn bows and spears, but the glow of daylight had faded from the river, and nothing could be seen of their enemy in the darkness below. There was a sound when he struck the water far, far beneath, then all had been silent again. They searched long about the river for the body, but it was never found.

But it seems the maiden lost her mind through grief, for day after day she wandered along the river, continually calling to her lover to return to her from the shadow land, and bewailing their long separation. And often on moonlit nights she would be found swimming among the dark shadows on the river, ever calling in that sad voice of madness, pausing awhile to listen at the answering pines or the sob of the gurgling water, then would be lured on again in her vain quest by some wavering shadow. Protected by the awe which Indians feel for such as she, the girl wandered where she would, unmolested. But

her people no longer loved her, and when one winter's evening her body was found drifting down the river stiff and cold, with the ice frozen in her hair, none but the old father was found to mourn for her. He buried her there by the river, and over her grave erected the mound which still remains a monument of love. But the spirit of Silolee yet lingers, and her voice is yet heard calling at evening to the lover that has never been found.

After the death of the maiden, war was carried on by the Cherokees more fiercely than ever. And often the semblance of the dead chief with a ghastly scar across his forehead struck terror into the hearts of the Creeks as he led his old followers into battle. The Nantahala was no longer free from attack, and in a few years those who yet survived turned their backs upon the fair valley and left it forever to the rude conquerors.

JOHN W. HAYS.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-SIX.

DELIVERED ON CLASS DAY BY STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

My Classmates :—Time in his flight has borne away four years since we entered the University of North Carolina. Then, when we saw the four years of hard and tedious work before us; when we saw the Greek roots we were to discover and bring to the light of day; when we saw the number of problems in mathematics it would be our duty to solve; when we beheld the intricacies of Latin syntax we were to unravel and translate into classic prose; when all these loomed up before us in their terrible grandeur, how could the time seem anything but long? Had an orator, possessing the hundred mouths and brazen lungs for which Homer prays, attempted to convince us that the time would be short, his eloquence would have fallen on unheeding ears. Had even the Sweet Swan of Avon sung to us then and taken this as his theme, even his notes had been passed in silence by. But let the scene change. The four years are now passed, and who will say that they have not been short, very short?

Time, when past, is but a spot or a mark
On the boundless waste of eternity.

Let us view ourselves as we appeared four years ago. August 31st, 1882, is the starting point in the history of the class of '86. Then our connection with our *Alma Mater* began. We reached the Hill, and our greeting by the soph was cordial; but we did not impress him very favorably. In the greatness of his wisdom he looked down upon us with infinite contempt, and called us *green*. Even the MAGAZINE spoke of us in a very disparaging way. "Fresh, fresh, seventy-five of them, some handsome, some un, mostly un; some intelligent, some un, mostly un," is a paragraph copied from the personal department. Before this we had had a very exalted opinion of ourselves. We were perfection personified—in our own eyes. But who can stand before the eloquent and irresistible torrent of ridicule as it flows from sophomoric lips? We felt like some nineteenth century Hastings flayed alive by the two-edged tongue of another Burke.

Then came that relic of barbarism known in college slang as the "Fresh treat," more properly called the "Freshman's retreat."

It was held in the new West Building. The fresh were invited to "walk up and help themselves." They walked up and were helped. They did not *walk* away; their gait was somewhat faster than a run. In five minutes from the time the signal for attack was given, there was not a fresh to be seen. They had taken unto themselves wings and were seeking rest, and the soph was left in the dim distance behind, sighing that there were no more worlds to conquer.

But all was not hopelessly lost; there was still one bright spot on the dark horizon of our future, and that became the loadstar of our hopes. We were the pet of the faculty. The chastening rod was applied to the back of the humbled soph, and we began to experience a turn in the tide of our fortunes. We were acknowledged by all the faculty to be the best looking, the most intelligent and brassiest set of freshmen who had appeared on the Hill since the re-opening. This surely was some comfort to us in our despondent hours.

There ne'er was yet to worn and weary mortals given

An hour so dark that did not light the way to heaven.

The first months of our college course glided quickly by, and then the examination came. These were strange unheard of things to us, and our introduction to them

was short, sudden and unceremonious. Then came "*Summa dies et ineluctabile tempus.*" We were pronounced bad on Latin, common on Greek, passable on English and tolerably good on Mathematics. The faculty found that

"All is not gold that glisters."

The spring session opened with several additions to our number—men who swelled the ranks for awhile, then turned and fled from the scenes of college life to mingle in the great mass of humanity. But I must hasten. In the June examinations our former reputation was somewhat retrieved, except in mathematics. Our professor found he had been too lenient at Christmas, so he determined to make up for the past. The geometry class had sixty-six members. Of this number forty-one were engulfed by the overwhelming wave of "69." Such is the fate of him who trusts too little to study, and too much to cramming.

The commencement has come and gone. We have visited our homes. The vacation is ended, the session is open, and we are

SOPHOMORES.

A change has come over the spirit of our dreams. We no longer feel that deep-seated hatred of hazing which animated our breasts only a year before. How men can change when it best suits their purpose!

We greet the gentle fresh with more cordiality than we ever experienced, and the inventive faculties of the class of '86 are nigh used up in finding some new methods of torture. At last an idea strikes the mind of the member from the Indian Territory. A council of war is called. At first he suggests that the fresh be hitched to wagons and be required to draw the exulting sophs where it pleases them best. The proposition is rejected in scorn as too utterly tame and unworthy of the soph of '83-'84. Then "Tuck" Harkins, our Apache chief, brings forward his ultimatum. It is accepted, and the taurine element is immediately introduced. Henceforth the riding of these bellowing beasts by fresh at midnight was to be our favorite amusement. The fresh groaned from the bottom of his heart as he went flying through the air from the back of his infuriated steed, and silently ejaculated:

"When shall we three meet again?"

But alas, we have lost our place in the esteem of the faculty! We are now lectured as others have been before us. Nor is lecturing all. Our leaders are caught. They are brought up before that awfully solemn body known as a faculty meeting, tried, and expelled. But the societies came to the rescue then:

"The ruined, Soph'more now no longer proud

Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed."

By action of the societies hazing is suppressed, the faculty relent, and the sophs are saved.

This finishes us as Sophomores.

Commencement and the vacation passed away, and we drifted quietly into the harbor of

JUNIORITY.

Our paths of study began to diverge. The year was uneventful. Each one pursued the even tenor of his way quietly and unnoticed by others. At last we reached that great goal for which we had been striving so well—that goal which excites the most intense longing of the fresh, commands the respect of even the soph, and rouses the envy of the junior, the goal of

SENIORITY.

"Anticipation is greater than realization," say they.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

say Campbell.

In those earlier days, with us to be a senior was greater than to be a king. This was what time-honored custom had taught us; but, oh how unlike the reality is this ideal. But it is now passed, and we gather to-day for the last time as the class of '86. What a throng of sweet memories come floating back as we turn and pause and turn again. How memory swells at our breasts and turns the past to pain, when we remember

that this is our last meeting. Well has the poet-priest written :

"When hands are linked
That dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell."

It is time for me to give some statistics of the class. We number twenty-six, fifteen Di's, nine Phi's, two belonging to neither society. Cline, C. Grandy, H. and

S. Jackson, Rice and Self joined us as sophs; Dixon and Schenck came in as juniors. The class has numbered in all 104 members; one-fourth alone have survived the four years of work.

The following schedule will give their ages, professions, etc. In the denomination column an italicized letter indicates a church member :

NAME AND ADDRESS.	BIRTH.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	DENOMINATION.	PROFESSION.
L. J. Battle, Raleigh.....	Aug. 6, '65	140	5 9	E.	Banking. - <i>Physician</i>
O. C. Bynum, Bynum's.....	May 10, '64	145	6 1	M.	Undecided.
W. H. Carroll, Magnolia.....	Sep. 30, '63	160	6 2	B.	Law.
E. B. Cline, Hickory.....	April 17, '66	135	5 8-5	L.	Undecided. <i>Law</i>
P. B. Cox, Raleigh.....	June 16, '67	145	6	E.	Law.
Frank Dixon, Shelby.....	Feb. 9, '66	148	6 2	B.	Medicine and farming. <i>Preacher</i>
W. S. Dunston, Creswell.....	May 6, '63	152	5 10	E.	Law. <i>Teacher</i>
C. T. Grandy, Camden C. H.....	Sep. 29, '64	121	5 8-5	B.	Journalism.
L. B. Grandy, Oxford.....	April 3, '65	150	5 9	B.	Undecided. <i>Phys</i>
H. W. Jackson, Ashboro.....	Feb. 15, '65	163	6	P.	Undecided. <i>Banking</i>
S. S. Jackson, Pittsboro.....	Jan. 3, '65	154	5 11	P.	Law.
J. J. Jenkins, Riggsbee's Store.....	Oct. 6, '61	145	5 11	B.	Teaching. <i>Shipp. - Banking</i>
F. M. Little, Wadesboro.....	Feb. 7, '65	155	6	M.	Civil Engineering.
P. B. Manning, Sunbury.....	April 16, '61	157	5 11	B.	Undecided. <i>Law</i>
J. M. Morehead, Charlotte.....	July 20, '66	152	5 10	P.	Undecided. <i>Mfg</i>
G. L. Patrick, Kinston.....	Feb. 8, '62	150	5 8-5	E.	Civil Engineering.
G. B. Patterson, Shoe Heel.....	May 29, '63	185	6 2-5	P.	Undecided. <i>Law - M-C.</i>
H. W. Rice, Raleigh.....	Mar. 31, '67	165	5 11	E.	Undecided. <i>Teacher</i>
J. F. Schenck, Cleveland Mills.....	April 17, '65	160	5 9	B.	Undecided. <i>Mfg.</i>
W. A. Self, Hickory.....	Sep. 16, '66	158	5 9-5	L.	Law.
M. McG. Shields, Carthage.....	Oct. 9, '65	131	5 8	P.	Undecided. <i>Physician</i>
James Thomas, New Berne.....	April 23, '65	125	5 8	P.	Law. <i>Physician</i>
K. S. Uzzell, Goldsboro.....	May 10, '66	165	6	M.	Medicine.
R. L. Uzzell, Goldsboro.....	Oct. 27, '68	140	5 8	M.	English. <i>Law.</i>
S. B. Weeks, Elizabeth City.....	Feb. 2, '65	140	5 11	M.	English. <i>Historian</i>
N. H. D. Wilson, Jr., Greensboro	Jan. 26, '66	143	5 11	M.	Teaching or preaching.

One has taken unto himself a wife, and is now enjoying a honeymoon three days old. May he live long and always be as happy as he is to-day. I refer to Robert Lee Strowd, of Chatham county.

Once has the grim monster whom we must all face visited our ranks, and removed from us our brother, George Wimberly Arrington. He had left college, it is true, but still he was our brother.

He was kind and generous, and beloved by all. Nor can I finish this sketch without paying some tribute to that noble woman who was to have been his bride, and who during his long and painful illness watched him with that tender and sleepless vigilance which proclaims the depths of woman's love. But like Eloise, she was forced, in the midst of her tears, to exclaim:

“ Oh, death, all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we
love ”

Such, my classmates, is our history. It is ended. We have agreed

to meet again on some future occasion. How many of us shall see that day? How many shall have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns? How many shall have crossed the Rubicon of death to stand before the Righteous Judge? How many in that day can say that we have feared God and kept His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. Let us take them as our guide. Obey them, my classmates, and there will be nothing to fear.

April 30, 1886.

CLASS POEM.

The day was calm, a feeling strange
Possessed me. A desire to range
Alone into the woods and seek
Some fitting theme on which to speak
To you in verse to-day. I went
Down through the campus. Then I bent
My course south-eastward. 'Twas a road
So dim and quaint, that to the abode
Of humankind you'd ne'er suppose
It led. Nor does it. There arose
Within my breast a sort of fear
To be alone. Nor far nor near
Could danger be. The gentle breeze
Seemed to affect no other trees
Save the few pines which here and there
Reared their green tops high in the air.
Onward I strolled—musing and slow,
Thinking of what, I do not know,
'Till I was come to where I viewed
An obscure op'ning in the crude
Gigantran rocks which seemed the front
Of some huge phalanx 'gainst the brunt

Of nature's forces to do fight,
Armed with almost eternal night.
I looked about in vain to see,
What nature in her fantasy,
Had waywardly seen fit to rear—
Nature now homely—and now fair.
Grand images there were—so grand
That on a smooth rock near at hand
I sat me down to meditate
In thoughts half wandering, half sedate.
Soon to the echoing hillside old
Rang “ silver threads among the gold.”
Faintly the last few notes were dying—
When lo, from out that crevice prying
I saw a pair of great, gory eyes
In steadfast, wandering surprise.
Wild was the look, yet 'twas so weird
That from its influence I feared
To turn myself away. Anon
A feeble voice was heard—“ play on.”
It was obeyed—and mellow sound
Greeted once more the rocks around.

Then with a tenderness that swept
 Away all fear that could have crept
 Into my soul—as it had done—
 I heard the gentle voice say “come.”
 Thither I went. And there, behold,
 A rock-hewn dwelling, which of old
 Dame nature builded as a home,
 From whence the Oreads might roam—
 For within and on the right,
 A sort of phosphorescent light
 Showed through a narrow entrance where
 Was a small room. The spirit here
 Came to a pause, and kindly bade
 Me rest upon the mossy pad
 Which had been laid with skill and care
 Upon a boulder bleak and bare ;
 He sat down near me, and I gazed
 Upon him, wandering—half amazed.
 His eyes alone shone bright and clear
 From out the long white, shaggy hair
 Which hung down low upon his face.
 Silence prevailed, a moment’s space
 And he began. Slowly each word
 Came from him that all might be heard :—
 Strange youth, thou hast to-day been wander-
 ing forth

Across these wooded hills and pleasant dales,
 In search of poesy, in search of thoughts
 Which leap about among th’ unwieldy rocks.
 Thoughts which build palaces in mountain
 crag,

Unbar the granite gates of Æolus’ home
 And ride upon his winged steeds. Now, boy,
 Give earnest heed, I will a tale unfold.
 ’Tis not ‘the creature of an idle brain,’
 The phantom of no ‘vain imaginings.’
 Long, long ago within those college walls,
 By more than nine decades of rolling years
 Made sacred. I was then a happy lad.
 I studied earnestly that I might learn
 From those about me what this world is,
 What human nature is in all its forms.
 E’er since that time it has my privilege been
 By mental vision to view man’s ways
 Through those who go out from this flowing
 fount

Of knowledge. I have seen the noblest types
 Of human excellence go bravely forth
 Into life’s battle, and I, too, have seen

The lowest wretches that e’er breathed the
 breath

Of being eternal, go forth as well.
 One mighty man held in his kingly hand
 Th’ imperial scepter of this nation’s power.
 Just now before “my mind’s eye” do I see
 A noble youth whose destiny on earth
 Was not what men are want to call sublime—
 But in his bosom dwelt a wondrous soul.
 The spirit of an honest man. His heart
 E’er beat to the eternal harmony
 Of truth and right, of love, and joy, and
 peace—

Happy he lived and happy died. He passed
 Into the great mysterious world beyond—
 No cares encompassed him—no doubts, no
 fears.

I see another—a more lucky man—
 A seeming “favorite of fate.” His life
 Ne’er was a burden to him. He rejoiced
 In all the good which is to mortal giv’n—
 But “for a’ that” no better man was he.
 Next I recall a poor weak erring lad
 Who, alas, early had begun t’ apply
 “Hot and rebellious liquors in his blood.”
 Poor soul, his was a luckless, awful doom—
 Drink, drink, drink, at last death came—
 Sadly it came—by his own mad right hand.
 Others I see who were the preferred heirs
 To all the faults and frailties of mankind—
 And as for these, my pity is sincere.

I grieve that they were thus. But then to
 judge
 Harshly their lives, I cannot. They were
 weak,

I could for all the world pray endless bliss—
 A heaven beyond of perfect joy and peace,
 Wer’t not that on the blackened side of life
 My thoughts force me to dwell. When I be-
 hold

The inhuman wickedness, the awful crimes
 Of satan’s offspring dressed in human forms—
 My heart grows hard as stone—no pity then,
 No pleas of weakness can affect my soul!
 A profound pause then did he make,
 I durst not speak. He had flung back
 From off his brow stern as the rocks
 About him all his hoary locks.
 A scorching heat came, as it seemed

From out those piercing eyes, undimmed
 By father Time's slow-blinding breath.
 Thoughts black with meanness, woe and death
 Could I divine from that grim look
 Fixed on his face as thus he spoke :—
 I see that wretch, a wondrous will he had—
 A power of mind and words invincible.
 I see him plying his infernal arts
 Upon that beauteous unsuspecting girl.
 He woos and wins her. She—all his own,
 She loves him, all the deep intensity
 Of woman's unbounded affection
 She pours confidingly upon that man.
 His heart is cold as ice, his soul is dwarfed
 His spirit black as are the shades of Tartarus—

He tempts the maiden—overcomes her fears—
 He leaves her then—his farewell is a *sneer*.
 Vainly she looks up to a haughty world
 And piteous begs forgiveness and mercy,
 She dies—no sigh is breathed above her grave.
 O fiends of Hades, O, eternal gods
 Of darkness and of terror haunt the path
 By day and night of that vile damned wretch
 Who to the breaking of his sacred vows
 Adds jest, and scorn, and mockery and hate !
 More could I tell thee—inexperienced boy,
 Of men who scarce were worth to walk erect,
 So narrow was the spirit in their breasts—
 So like unto a demon's were their lives—
 But I forbear. No pleasure to me is 't
 To pause at length upon the sombre deeds—
 The ignoble records of the sons of men !
 And here the man seemed wrapt in thought,
 Till hesitating, I besought
 That he his strange life's history—
 Which must be one of mystery—
 Would kindly deign to give to me.
 You'd ne'er surmise what it could be,
 Again he spoke—more mildly than before.
 These were the links he slowly counted o'er :
 Thrice thirty years within this rock-bound cell

I've kept my dwelling-place. Ne'er until now

Has any mortal being come within
 From all the crowded world around.
 The woodman turns his course another way
 As he begins to near this spot. Ne'er borne

Upon the night winds to my ready ear
 Is e'en the sounding of the hunter's horn.
 These rocks are haunted. Be thou not afraid.
 Supernal beings nightly revel here
 And weave their magic grim and ghostly
 spells—

My life is nourished by a father's hand—
 I'm fed "by Him who doth the ravens feed."
 By what fate came I hither dost thou ask?
 I'll tell thee then,—one chill November's
 night—

'Twas in the "old east" as it now is called—
 A youth, half-dreaming, by his chimney fire,
 Sat, reading some dark legend of the times
 When our brave forefathers with dauntless
 hand

Beat back the red man and the howling beasts
 Into their wooded thickets and their caves.
 He was aroused by hearing all at once
 The sounding of his name in accent quaint.
 So muffled, so unearthly did it seem,
 That he scarce knew that it was his own
 name—

But he arose and left his quiet room.
 Next morn, a fellow-student—a dear friend
 Went to his room—found the unlatched door
 Somewhat ajar. Upon the table lay
 An open book with back upturned. A chair
 Sat by the fireside, and 'twas empty—
 He who last rested in't had disappeared—
 And no one ever knew where he had gone.
 No one has ever dreamed of how those fiends
 Lawless, and conscienceless bore him away—
 And made him swear by all the universe
 That if they spared his life he would consent

To dwell within a dingy, dusky cave,
 And never more fourscore years and ten
 Look on a man's face, or listen to man's
 voice—

Except those who might dare to his cell
 Make adventure. Nought he did for which
 To meet such a fate. No crime, no stain
 Of blackness here against him is set down
 Upon Jehovah's book of remembrance.
 But foul, suspicious, poisoner of beasts,
 Of envy and of green-eyed jealousy
 The dire offspring—adopted child of hell,
 On virtue paints a vicious tinge ; on good

A line of evil, and in motives pure
 As angels—stainless as the glimmering stars,
 Sees a base prompting, unmanly and mean.
 But life is not sadness e'en to him
 Who has been banished from contact with
 men.
 Fate had decreed that as a sweet solace
 Unto his soul, a strange power, supernal
 Should be—to gain full knowledge of the
 world
 Through blessed spirits—they whose winged
 thoughts
 Float on the whispering breezes—on the
 winds
 Which sigh and moan at midnight. Thus it was
 That he this power superendural
 Of viewing mankind and their ways
 Was kindly given,—who this strange fated
 youth

Was, no one who is now alive can tell,
 Even his name has long since been for-
 got :
 Behold that being now before your eyes.
 My stringed companion then he took
 From off the granite floor, a look
 Of joy was on his face, and much
 I wondered. Then with such a touch—
 With such perfection of chord and tone
 He drew the notes of "Home sweet home,"
 That I well knew no mortal hand
 Did e'er such wondrous power command :
 I looked around, no longer shone
 The dim light, and the spirit was gone :
 Oft have I sought, time and again
 To woo it back—but all in vain :—
 Thanks for your kind heed to my lay ;
 I humbly bid you all good-day.

W. A. SELF.

S. BASIL THE GREAT.

The accession of Valens of the East, in the year 364, brought with it great trouble for the church. The death of Julian the apostate restored to their sees the Bishops who had been expelled during his reign. The succeeding reign of Jovian, short though it was, enabled the Catholic doctrines to be once more promulgated without fear of persecution. It is true the Arians were still numerous; but without the Court influence they were powerless to do much harm. But Valens was a thorough Arian, and determined to root out the Orthodox Clergy, and supply their places with Priests and Bishops of his own

stamp of churchmanship. Fortunately there appeared another actor about the same time, whose influence was to be directly opposed to that of the Emperor; and upon whom had fallen the mantle of the great Athanasins. This was none other than S. Basil, the leader of church thought, the staunch supporter of the Orthodox Faith, and, afterwards, Archbishop of Cæsarea and Primate of the Provinces of Pontus, Paphlagonia, and Armenia.

I. EARLY TRAINING.

His early training had fitted S. Basil for the duties which fell upon him. Trained at the best

schools in Cæsarea, Constanti-
nople and Athens, he was, before
his ordination, famed for intellec-
tual ability and attainments, espe-
cially in rhetoric, philosophy and
literature. In Egypt he had be-
come acquainted with the monas-
tic life; and saw that it could be
made very useful in helping for-
ward the growth of the church.

II. MINISTERIAL LIFE.

S. Basil's ministerial life, proper,
began in 364, when he was or-
dained to the Priesthood. He im-
mediately took a prominent posi-
tion in church affairs, and became
so influential that his Bishop, Eu-
sebius, was rather jealous of his
superior qualities. To prevent a
schism in the church at Cæsarea,
S. Basil retired from the city for a
season, and carried into execution
the plan he had adopted for mo-
nastic life. Later, when the church
in Cæsarea was threatened with
persecution, all differences be-
tween his Bishop and himself were
healed, and he returned to Cæ-
sarea, and became again the trust-
ed counsellor and commissary of
Eusebius. A lull in the persecu-
tion gave S. Basil ample opportu-
nity for great religious activity.
Speaking of this period of his life,
his friend, S. Gregory Nazienzen
says: "He was engaged in the
care of the poor, of strangers, of
virgins, in giving laws orally, and
in writing to monasteries, and in

the ordering of public prayers and
devout worship of the sanctuary;
indeed, in whatever a man of God,
working with God, could be prof-
itable to the people." In his
charity he was unwearied; the
greatest part of his private prop-
erty was bestowed in good works.
And especially was he unsparing
in liberality and personal labors in
the time of the great and terrible
dearth and drouth, which afflicted
Cæsarea in 368. Two years later,
Eusebius died, and Basil was elect-
ed to succeed him, though with a
great deal of opposition. His
merits were so great that they
formed a hindrance to his election.
His orthodoxy was too definite,
his discipline too rigid to suit some
of those in whose hands rested
the appointing power. With this
lack of sympathy in his corps of
clergy, it was not to be expected
that his would be a Bishopric of
ease and tranquility. From the
very beginning, there was great
dissatisfaction among those who
should have supported him in all
his undertakings. The clergy were
factious, ungenerous, suspicious.
S. Basil wished to do all in his
power to aid and excite the devo-
tions of his people. He was great
in special services, in psalmody, in
vigils, in the decencies of the Al-
tar. All this caused his clergy to
look upon him as an innovator,
one who had advanced beyond
the "good old times," and who

consequently was to be watched closely, and hindered as much as possible. His Bishops took exceptions to his doctrines. They thought he was too lax towards the Semi-Arians, and too anxious to conciliate all honest differences. Among other things, his former intimacy with Eustathius, Bishop of Sebaste, whose disciples had become very extravagant in some of their views, was made one of the principal charges against Basil. These Eustathians were excessive in their disparagement of marriage, in their asceticism of all kinds. That they were condemned by the council of Gaugra, which was thought to be largely under S. Basil's influence, removed from him all obloquy which he otherwise might have incurred from his connection with Eustathius. Another great cause of complaint against S. Basil was that he issued such severe laws against the laxity which prevailed in the Provinces with regard to ordination. Many unworthy persons had been admitted into the ministry for worldly reasons; and this abuse of the ministry he sought to correct. S. Basil was also accused of denying the Divinity of the Holy Ghost. His declaration on the article of Faith anticipated the action of the next General Council. He affirms in an Epistle, about this time, that he adheres to the

Faith of Nicæa; but, that on account of the Macedonian heresy, another article should be added to this creed, declaring the divinity of the Holy Spirit.

But there was great need of a leader in the whole Eastern Church. Persecution was raging against it; heresy was rampant; the church torn by divisions. Accordingly, Basil tried to enlist the sympathies of Rome and the West, to get counsel and aid from them in restoring the unity of the East; to join the East and West together against Arianism, and in maintaining the Faith of Nicæa. But he appealed to Rome in vain. The Western Church either held aloof, or interfered in such a way as to promote disunion rather than unity. From Ambrose, alas, Bishop of Milan, did he get that sympathy which he had elsewhere in the West sought in vain. In 372, Basil gained the good will of the Emperor by his firmness and gentleness; and Valens, at that time, seemed to make amends for the wrongs he had formerly done the Archbishop. This favorable impression, however, was not of very long duration. The fires of persecution were not long allowed to smoulder.

III. CÆNOBIUM.

The *Cænobium*, or *Collegium*, of S. Basil differed from the mo-

nasteries of Egypt in several respects. Instead of solitary and indolent anchorites, who spent their time in pious meditation, his was the life of the industrious religious community, which seemed to him to be the perfection of Christianity. Industry was to be the animating principle. Frequent religious services were held; and these, with the study of the Scriptures, and theology in general, manual labor, hard living, and frugal fare were the characteristics of their life. Certain hours were set apart for manual labor; and upon this time nothing else was to intrude. The labors were such as were of real use to the community. The inmates were to be trained for missionary work in the surrounding countries; and everything necessary to make a successful missionary was to be learned and experienced.

IV. WRITINGS.

Among the writings of S. Basil, very important are what are called his three Canonical Epistles. These are interesting as showing what was the Canon Law of the Eastern Church at that time. They contain only what had been received by tradition from former generations. One of the questions was about Heretical Baptism. The Epistle declares that Baptism is not to be repeated where water has been used in the name of the

Blessed Trinity. In another, rules are given concerning marriage. While he highly exalts the "angelic state of celibacy," he by no means prohibits the marriage of the Clergy. Rules are given concerning virginity, widowhood, rash vows, and many other things. In one Epistle, he discusses the question of frequent Communion. Daily Communion, he thought, a good thing; though the church in Cæsarea communicated only four times a week. In times of persecution, when neither Priest nor Deacon could be present, a person might receive the Eucharist which had been already consecrated. One of the causes of his successful teaching was in his knowing how to apply the arguments of the best works of Poetry and Philosophy to the confirmation and attestation of Divine truth. Gregory Nazianzen speaks thus of one of his writings: "When I peruse the books he has written on the Holy Spirit, I find out God, and I preach boldly the truth, treading in the steps of his theology and contemplation. When I read his other expositions, I do not halt at the mere outward letter, but I pierce down deep into the spirit, and hear as it were 'one deep calling to another,' and I behold light streaming in upon light, and thus grasp the sublime meanings of Holy Scripture."

V. LITURGY.

"One of the wisest acts of S. Basil's Episcopate at Cæsarea was to revise, methodize, enlarge, and consolidate the Liturgy of his own church, and to reduce it to writing." His Liturgy was based upon that of St. James, of Jerusalem, and was the groundwork of that of S. Chrysostom, which is now in use in the Eastern Church. The Liturgy of S. Basil is used on certain occasions, *e.g.*, on all the Sundays of Lent except Palm Sunday; Monday, Thursday, Easter. Even the Vigils of Christmas and Epiphany and the Festival of S. Basil (Jan. 1). From its being used only on these occasions, it would seem to be especially of a Penitential character. Of this Liturgy there are three revisions, the Greek, the Armenian and the Coptic. Its length was twice that of the earlier Liturgies, so far as the use of Clergy is concerned, but not so for the People. The daily office for the people began at day-break, and consisted of confession of sins, antiphonal psalmody, reading the Scripture; then a pause for meditation and confession to God in silence. A longer form for the clergy and religious orders followed. Before his time, S. Basil intimates that the substance of the Liturgies was the same in all churches, but each church had its peculiar variations. In the cele-

bration of the Holy Communion the precise form of words to be used was to be retained in the memory of the celebrant, but was not committed to books. It is supposed that S. Basil first committed the entire Liturgy to writing. The following is a condensed statement of its contents, taken from Wordsworth's History, (vol. II, p. 282):

"The earlier part of it comprised psalms, and the reading of scripture, and the sermon; and after it intercessory prayers for Catechumens and others, who were successively dismissed. Then came the prayers for 'the faithful,' that is, of the communicants; and 'the kiss of peace.' Then the 'Minor Benediction' and the 'Ter Sanctus.' Then a commemoration of our Lord's acts and words at the Pascal Supper. Then the oblation of God's creatures, the bread and the wine. Next the Invocation of the Holy Ghost to make them to become the blood of Christ. Then intercessory prayer for all men, and for blessings temporal and spiritual; then the Lord's Prayer; then the Benediction, the breaking of the bread—the holy things to the holy'—Communion of Clergy and Laity; then Thanksgiving and final Benediction."

It has been stated that the Liturgies at this time were substantially the same. Even in heretical

communities there were not any notable deviations in the *Order* of the Liturgy. The Liturgy was among the most powerful agents for sustaining, strengthening and expanding the Christian life; and, therefore, the benefit conferred by S. Basil in committing his Liturgy to writing cannot be too highly estimated.

VI. DEATH.

S. Basil's public or ministerial life was almost co-incident with the imperial life of Valens, beginning 364 and lasting until Jan. 1st, 379. The affectionate reverence

in which he was held was shown by the great multitudes, Jews, Heathen and Christians who flocked to his Juneval. Borrowing again the words of S. Gregory, we conclude. "His body body was at last laid in the sepulchre of his father; and he who had been the chief of Bishops, was united to other Bishops; and that voice of power which still rings in my ears was joined to other Preachers, and another Martyr was added to the Martyrs who had gone before him to glory."

"HISTORICUS."

March 24, 1886.

REFORM IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"Public life" embraces so many public servants,—so many different characters and occupations that it would weary the strength of a Hercules and exhaust the "expressive force" of a Swift or Macaulay to treat the subject with a prospect of success in a short article for a college journal.

That reform in public life is a public, an individual and an imperative necessity, no one will attempt to deny. The history of our own country for the last twenty-five years is replete with examples from every source of re-

sponsibility,—from every grade of society.

Government officials, ministers of the gospel, teachers, physicians, bank cashiers and officials of private corporations, according to the daily papers, add ten fold force to Burns' pessimistic sentiment expressed in,

"Mankind is an unco' set,

And little to be trusted,

When self the wav'ring balance shake,

'Tis merely right adjusted."

If we are to learn anything from the historic march of those nations whose names exist only on parch-

ment or printed page, we must consider the causes of their oblivion and profit by their misfortunes.

Had the nations of long ago heeded the warnings of wisdom their destinies could not have been such a blot upon history's instructive page, and many that exchanged their glory for the follies of luxurious, idle and licentious habits, would now stand out upon the maps of the world with boundaries "surveyed" by a frugal, patriotic ancestry over two thousand years ago.

Then taking history as a guide, we must necessarily predict a revolution or national disgrace of any people, however high and apparently invulnerable their bulwarks, unless their public policy is guarded and guided by sentiment that richly enable individual existence. Unless public men and women stand aloof from the alluring seductions of avarice,—unless their integrity is strong enough to bear them safely over the quicksands of ordinary temptation, the tide ere long sweeps them out into the vortex of desperation, and hypocrisy, insincerity, debauchery and ruin mark the boundry of vain hopes and depraved ambition.

The time was when brute force, physical superiority controlled all the social and political relations of life; man's power was abridged

only by physical impossibilities and what he believed to be the unalterable decrees of fate. In many respects, man has outgrown these barbaric evils, but in his maturer day he has supplied their places with others equally, if not more sure in their fatal results.

Our society and political leaders, in the midst of success and pursuit of pleasure, seem to ignore the great lessons of the past, seem to forget that if a people are not moved by some inherent principle of right—if they do not form proper conceptions of justice and morality, they may soon expect the avenging angel bearing in his hands the scourge of ruin and desolation.

Greece once had the promise of perpetual existence, not only for her military and intellectual glory, but also for the arbitrary lines that gave her the proud title of nation. But her public servants forgot the simplicity of virtue, soothed their consciences with the delusive whispers of revelry and allowed avarice, jealousy, intrigue, licentiousness and an inordinate ambition to dictate and control her councils. And as a result, upon the ruins of the most celebrated nation of antiquity, the mistress of the world laid the foundations of her own imperial grandeur. Yet, she too, in turn, though for a season prosperous beyond the ful-

filament of the most extravagant prophecies, fell a prey to the same insidious foe by which she had conquered her unfortunate sister nations. To-day her priests together with many of their unfulfilled predictions are buried so deep in oblivion that dig where you will, scarcely a vestige is found to tell us of their former successes or departed greatness, and the descendants of the proud boasters of the Seven Hilled city are universal vagrants, passing their lives in tuning guitars and playing the merited funeral dirge of a mighty nation whose legions fell before the stealthy march of luxury, indifference, social and political venality. Spain, that a few centuries ago covered the waters of the world with the white wings of commerce and national activity, has long since lost her place beside the "Great powers of Europe" and has fallen so low in the scale of national respectability that almost any power may insult her king and shoddy aristocracy with perfect impunity. By her utter disregard of the rights of others, when in the plenitude of power, by her inappeasable avarice, the inherited incapacity of her public servants, the beastly superstition of all classes and the debauching influence of her "best society," there are none now, "so poor as to do her reverence." Russia is a living example from

which the nations of the world might learn a most profitable lesson. Her people are now and have been for years upon the verge of a revolution that will ultimately sweep over Europe with terrific destruction; and when it comes, it shall send to earth's remotest bounds the reverberating crash of useless thrones and drive thousands of royal vagabonds who "live and flourish" upon another's sweat, by no other right than the accident of noble (?) birth, either to suicide or to some useful occupation.

Unless the ruling classes hear and heed the cry that breaks forth from millions of throats morning, noon and night, it will, when it comes, more effectually change the maps of Europe and Asia than the campaigns of William the conqueror, or the immortal achievements of Charlemagne. But enough of "old and foreign" examples. These are the warnings by which time teaches and admonishes us to reform and keep reformed, lest we be instrumental in adding another to the long list of departed nations.

Our own country, "Time's latest and best offspring," is somewhat afflicted with the malady that poisoned the centres of vitality in the nations gone and going.

We can scarcely read a newspaper that does not give an ac-

count of some trusted public servant who has forgotten the sacred pledges of confidence, forsaken the path of rectitude and brought an eternal disgrace upon himself and family. Scarcely a week passes but we are retold of the wild, ruthless, and often indecent extravagance of "High Life in good society."

Our national capital is and has been for years filled with a lobby of aristocratic corruptionists ever ready to effect legislation so as to cover their outrageous villainies and to still further enrich themselves "by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

It would take a volume to name their crimes and another to show the impotent efforts of justice in trying to reach them. The time has come when a good campaign speech consists wholly in directing the envenomed shafts of malice, revenge and calumny at the opposition, and characters hitherto regarded as blameless are held up to the public gaze, tattooed with almost every name of reproach known among men. Scandal of the grossest character fills column after column of our newspapers, and imputed shame and fraud usurp the place of justice, morality and decency, and hold high carnival over the boasted rights of a free, yet submissive people. In following the spirit of nearly all our society and political

leaders, we are drifting fast with the same tide, upon the reefed and barren shore of those nations whose examples are forgotten in the midst of fashion, frivolity, temptation and debauchery. A few years ago Civil Service Reform was all the rage. Politicians and their partisans of all parties vied with each other in their enthusiastic devotion to the little crust of bread cast upon the turbid political waters of American civilization. Almost everybody seemed to think the millennium was at hand—a day which all confessed would deliver the country from Post Traders' stealage, Star Route Corruption, Navy frauds, Pension perjuries, and all other general or private rascalities. But how now! The shoe has pinched, the old corn hurts and nothing except free access to the public salve can furnish relief. It has been discovered on the one hand that it will throw some pet out of office and on the other will keep some favorite from filling it,—hence the universal cry: "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries hold, enough." Two years ago both parties wanted the whole country educated. The Blair bill or something like it was all the talk. Even the "little county newspapers" throughout the whole country caught the infectious inspiration and favored their readers with an occasional

and "original editorial" on the prospect of the blessing "so near, yet so far." Why, in that day to be against the Blair bill, the great panacea for rural ignorance, was to be a blind fool, willing to be led through all the tortuous paths of shame and disgrace by the sin-cursed hand of a misanthrope. But now this bill or any other in which "Uncle Sam" is concerned is an object before which our virtuous and patriotic law givers "hold up their hands in holy horror."

Sometimes indeed our political councils excite our admiration, and our politicians seem to have forgotten the old lust after power and revenge, but while party platforms are used to deceive a confiding public and while Canada holds so many of our criminals out of the ranks of high, social and political life, our admiration is turned into distrust and we fear that honor and integrity are yet less esteemed than political preferment.

The revolutionary movement, now making such seeming honest efforts against fraud and oppression, is the natural outgrowth of

broken promises and lost confidence. We predict however that it cannot last very long or revolutionize very much, because the more sturdy and contented classes believe that one night of rest is worth two ordinary Knights of Labor. Congressional and legislative committees cannot remedy the evil. Just laws properly, yet rigidly enforced, a healthy public sentiment that looks over and beyond the accident of birth, gold or greed—a feeling that will reward virtue or labor and condemn vice or idleness, wherever found, is what our country needs more than all else to perpetuate her progressive career.

Then in view of the appalling circumstances that may possibly surround us and our country in the future, in view of the impressive lessons history teaches even the casual reader, let us as citizens strive to guard well the avenues of public life, and by our own actions help to so direct individual and public sentiment that we may save ourselves and posterity, the reproach so justly due to lost nations and tottering thrones.

O. C. O.

EDITORIAL.

True to Life.

SCENE I.—*College Campus.—Two Students Meeting.*

M. Hello D.! What mail to-day? Oh! the MAGAZINE out again I see. Just let me glance at the "contents" a moment.

D. I'm rather in a hurry now; you'll find yours at the post-office I guess. Seems to be quite a nice issue this month.

M. But the fact is I do not take the MAGAZINE.

D. Why, that's strange! I thought all the boys subscribed and helped support the organ of their own Societies.

M. Well, it does not cost much, that's true; but I can always borrow B's long enough to read it, and this saves me a little extra pocket money.

D. But how can you expect it to survive unless some one gives it substantial aid?

M. I say—let the other fellows do it then. We place the business in the hands of the editors and they must manage somehow to bear the burden or resign. Thanks for the glance. I must be going.

SCENE II.—*B's Room.—Enter M. and R.*

M. Can I get your MAGAZINE a little while this evening, B?

B. Sit down, both. I have not quite finished it yet.

R. Guess I'll not get one this month. I received a dun for two years' subscription some time ago and thought I would settle before long. Last week an editor asked me for the money; I told him to strike my name from the books and now sha'n't pay it at all.

B. Hold, boys! Listen a moment. Here's an article I consider entirely too personal:

[Reads] The MAGAZINE is struggling hard for existence and with the steady assistance of its numerous true friends hopes to maintain its position, but is tempted to publish next month the names of those whose duty it is to subscribe, yet will not do it and those who prey upon it by never paying it their lawful dues.

M. and R. [springing up.] We take that to ourselves and will see who the editors mean it to reflect upon.

B. Let me accompany you, as I am behind in my "dues" I consider myself interested. [Exeunt all.]

SCENE III.—*Editors Sanctum.—Enter B., M. and R.*

R. We have just learned that you purpose publishing certain names in your next issue, and wish

to say that, should you do it, those men will hold each member of the staff personally accountable for an insult.

Ed. May I ask, gentlemen, why you come to champion the cause of "those men"?

B. Because this article (handing a MAGAZINE) refers directly to us.

Ed. Then, sirs, it was intended for you, and if it strikes a tender place we cannot help it. It is impossible to furnish it to all free, and we can not discriminate in your favor. Subscription means a promise to pay if the paper is received, and is as binding as any other debt. We have to meet our obligations and must force others to do so if we can. If other explanations are hereafter necessary you will always find us at home. Good-day. [Curtain.]

To be Married.

The acts of President Cleveland during his whole administration have been, more or less, a surprise to a great number of his subjects; but if there is any truth in popular report, the sturdy bachelor promises to give us the genuine surprise in June by his marriage with Miss Frankie Folsom, of Buffalo, a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments. Though the parties immediately concerned have little to say, their relations

and friends seem not to have retained the wonderful secret. It is the talk of the press and leading society circles. Washington has decided that the ceremony must take place at the White House and a wondrous event it must be. The lady has been travelling for some time with her mother in Italy, but goes now to Paris to complete her bridal trousseau and will return to America during the month. She is said to be eminently qualified to fill the high position she will be called upon to occupy. There are those who think the President is yielding to the pressure of public opinion, while others are confident that he would pursue his usual way, had he not been completely captivated by the fair "belle of Buffalo." At any rate it is good that the head of the nation should be what every one calls the best citizen, "a married man."

Not Dead Yet.

Not more than three weeks ago the students, and others on the Hill, were thrown into great consternation by the report that St. Clair Hester, a student of the University last year, had been hung to a lamp-post in Colorado. So firmly was this report believed that an indignation meeting of the Phi Society, of which the gentleman had been a member, was

talked of. He was the subject of conversation for more than a week. Some were heard to say: "How trying it must be for his parents to see him brought home a corpse, when only a few months ago he left them in the bloom of his youth, with a bright future before him." The editor, who, like all others, was pained to hear of the death of his old friend, was in Raleigh a few days ago, and attended Christ Church. Standing just in front of him was a familiar figure—that of St. Clair Hester, or his *ghost*. Only those who have experienced it can imagine the feelings of the writer as he stood there face to face with the supposed dead. After church we welcomed him most heartily, at the same time feeling to see if there were any broken bones in his neck; being assured that his neck was all right, with the exception of being a little dislocated by a high standing collar, we remained quiet, to hear the gentleman say that the report about his being lynched was *untrue*; he supposed it originated from the fact that he went to Colorado to nurse his brother, who was injured in a railroad accident.

Justice to Erin.

Mr. Gladstone, the conscientious and pious Premier, the firm and

powerful leader, the central figure of the world to-day, has at last crowned his brilliant career by offering in the House of Commons a bill for amending previous legislation toward Ireland and making an eloquent appeal for "justice to Erin."

This effort had been awaited with the most intense interest, because it seemed almost the last call upon English power to redress the well-known Irish difficulties by some method of Home Rule. On the day for the great speech one enthusiastic member gained admittance to the House at 5:30 a. m., and secured the choicest seat. He was soon followed by others and early in the day the large building and adjoining streets were filled to overflowing. The vast crowd surged and pushed in good-humored expectancy until 4:30 p. m., when Mr. Gladstone entered the House amid loud and prolonged cheers. On taking the floor he acknowledged that the question must be fairly faced at once. He thought something should be done to restore the Irish to confidence in and sympathy with the law, "apart from which no country can be called a civilized country."

He advocated the severance of the Parliaments, Irish members and peers no longer sitting in the palace of Westminster. The proceeds from the levying of customs

excise were to be set aside for Irish obligations. Foreign relations, those of trade, coinage and of the army to be held by the British Parliament. The higher portion of the Irish legislature to consist of twenty-eight peers, remaining for life, and seventy-five elected members; the second portion consisting of 206 elected members.

There was to be no taxation without representation. The Viceroy was to remain and the crown to retain control of the constabulary. Ireland to pay one-fifteenth of the imperial expenditures. The New Parliament should have no power to establish a State church.

The Premier closed his speech of three hours and twenty-five minutes with a brave defense of Irish loyalty and resumed his seat amid bursts of enthusiastic cheers.

The bill in a number of particulars is objected to by Mr. Parnell and his friends, but with some changes harmony may be secured and the plan become a law.

Our Views.

There seems to be no question about the fact that a laboring man is at liberty to connect himself with a union if he so desires. But there begins to be a serious question as to whether the members of a union have the right to force

into their organization those who are satisfied and prefer to work unfettered, or to intimidate customers so that they cease to purchase goods from a house against which the union happens to have a grudge. If men become convinced that the formation of a league will better their condition in life, then it is to be expected that they will act accordingly; but where even one is found who is willing to do individual battle with the world and take his chances for success, it is a simple principle which protects him in that right, and there can be but little sympathy with those who would force him to lay down his tools, and hence go without food, just because he will not connect himself with their wild schemes and desperate struggles for power.

All such agitations and uprisings of the working classes as confront the safety of our commonwealth to-day, are certainly to be deplored, and should, if possible, be anticipated and prevented.

When wives and children are dependent upon the hour's labor, its loss to thousands must be attended by excitement and pain. However, if, choosing between two evils, men prefer a cessation of work and wages, they have certainly a legal right to do so. Yet it does not follow that they have the same right to inflict injury on others by violently forcing them to abandon

their trades and follow the reckless course of a riotous mob.

It has recently happened that a woman conducting a northern bakery properly refused to discharge her non-union employees who were perfectly satisfied with their wages and would not join the labor organization. For this she must be boycotted and her place of doing an honorable business surrounded by loafers and subjected to insult by men who call themselves members of a grand movement, yet are engaged in crushing a lone woman by driving away, with threats, her customers. But from the grand jury finding a bill against some of these men and their immediate arrest, the people begin to see that there is still protection under the law for law-abiding citizens.

All strikers must learn sooner or later that their cause will be judged by their actions; that they must not enter into quarrels but conduct themselves as sensible men if they would rightly solve the problem as to whether men shall rule or illegitimate wealth shall rule.

Was he Marshal Ney.

There are a great many people in North Carolina who do not believe, and with reason, that Marshal Ney, one of the foremost spirits of Moscow and Waterloo,

was shot at the gate of the Luxembourg Gardens, but that his bones lie in the obscure Third Creek church-yard of Rowan county. Others are content to smile at the idea and think it a pleasing illusion of which those who believe it ought not to be deprived. However improbable it may appear at first, those who have noted the discussion going on for some time in the State papers, notably the Statesville *Landmark*, as to whether or not P. S. Ney the obscure school-teacher of Davie and Rowan was really the great marshal, have found strong grounds for believing the two characters identical. Peter Stuart Ney, as he gave his name, landed at Charleston, Jan., 1816, and came to the section of North Carolina above mentioned in 1822, where he died in 1846. He was reserved in manner but his fine military bearing and polished education attracted attention and made him friends. He taught the boys of the neighborhood for nearly twenty years, being a master of the French language, mathematics and penmanship. It also delighted him to teach Cæsar, comparing the campaigns of the great general with those of the even greater Napoleon with the ability of only an experienced officer and sometimes describing his own positions in the grandest battles of this cen-

ture. Though often speaking of his past life, when intoxicated, he generally kept it carefully concealed during his sober hours. In his deep distress, however, at the accession of Louis Phillip to the French throne in 1830, he confessed to a friend that he was indeed that eminent personage, Marshal Ney. Two years later on learning of the death of the Duke of Reichstat, Napoleon's son, he became almost a maniac. While at one of the voting precincts when President Harrison was elected, he was recognized by an old German who had served as a soldier in Europe. On one occasion he marked out on the sand for his pupils, the whole plan of the famous battle of Waterloo. Readers of history will remember that the French Marshal bore a ghastly sabre cut upon his forehead and was once trampled under foot by a troupe of cavalry.

P. S. Ney always arranged his hair so as to conceal a terrible forehead scar and is certainly known to have been wounded in the lower limbs. The signatures of the two have been decided by experts the work of the same hand, and the likeness in face singularly striking:

On the other hand it is claimed that there was no necessity for Ney's concealing his identity after 1815, the time of beginning the reaction against the French Bour-

bons. This is replied to by the fact that he always feared an assassin here and had been sentenced, not as an adherent of Napoleon but as a traitor. Furthermore, we are told that the conduct of his family directly denies the probability of Ney's escape to America; that his body certainly lies in the Pere La Chaise beside his old companions, Davoust and Massena; that, had it been placed in an obscure portion of America, it had been removed by his son, who rose to prominence under the second empire; and that, closely as the history of this period has been scanned, it is entirely silent on this point.

There are other facts needed to make the chain complete on either side. We can not follow them further at present. Does North Carolina hold all that remains of the "bravest of the brave"? We know of no more interesting point of unsettled history.

Did he who was ever a type of the grandest courage in victory or defeat and the light of whose life gleams across the early pages of this century's record, sink to rest in our very midst almost unknown and unloved, an exile from the soil for which he fought? If not, then who was the man who could write in a girl's album:—

"One sigh to the hopes that have perished,
One tear to the wreck of the past;
One look upon all I have cherished,
One lingering look—'tis the last,

And now from remembrance I banish
 The glories that shone in my train ;
 On vanish, fond memories, vanish ;
 Return not to sting me again ;"—
 or whose last words could be :

"Bassieres has fallen, and the
 Old Guard is defeated. Let me die !" ~

The Trials of a Student during Commencement.

A student's first commencement at the University is looked forward to with the most pleasurable emotions ; he anticipates hearing fine speeches during the day, and the pleasure of escorting the young ladies to the dance at night ;—it takes but one occasion of the kind to convince him that he will have many trials to endure. The chief trial, I am sorry to say, is caused by the young ladies, and to them I will make the declaration that the custom of not being ready to go to the exercises and the dances at the appointed time is attended with many evil results, which I feel sure they are not aware of or the custom would be discarded. For instance, there is to be an address by some distinguished man which a student wishes to hear,—he has an engagement to escort a young lady,—he goes for her in good time,—sends in his card,—he waits, and waits and waits,—he paces the floor, he takes out his watch,—the bell ceases to ring and still he waits,

and still "my lady" does not come ; after his patience is well nigh exhausted she appears upon the scene ;—they proceed to the Chapel and get there in time to hear the closing of the address. Besides the torture to which she has subjected the young man, she has disturbed the speaker by her late arrival, and made herself the subject of remarks. I can imagine the feelings of the student, and *know* of an instance where a young man by reason of such experience resolved that whenever there is to be an address again he will ask no young lady for her company. This is only one instance out of many, and the result is that some very exemplary young lady may be left without an escort.

Next—The habit of going to the Ball at 11 and 12 o'clock should be abolished. Just here let me suggest to the Ball Managers the advisability of having the Ball to begin at 9 o'clock and close at 3 o'clock, sharp. If they will establish this custom, and not depart from it, every young lady will willingly yield to it, and be ready when her escort calls for her. The present custom of dancing till dawn is attended with evil results to health and morals. Many young men resort to the intoxicating cup to relieve their physical weakness, whereas a longer communion with nature's "sweet

restorer" would insure the desired relief.

Before closing I will cite an instance where a young gentleman had an engagement to escort a young lady to the Ball; she was so long in making her toilet that he became very impatient and to kill time he drank too freely; this was caused by the inconsiderate tardiness of his lady friend. To use a stronger expression, I will say it is selfish in any young lady to keep her escort waiting unnecessarily long. A woman can be very

tyrannical when she chooses to be. "Tis excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant."

I have no doubt but that the above suggestions will meet with the approval of every father and mother whose eye may chance to fall upon this article, and hope the subject will be referred to by some other paper, and that our young people may be convinced that a reform is necessary.

A LADY FRIEND.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Prof. Holmes has been taking his class in Geology on excursions around about Chapel Hill. Practical and theoretical Geology are taught by him.

* *

Each of the two literary societies here award three medals annually. The recipients of the the medals this year were: In the Philanthropic society—G. L. Patrick, Debater's Medal; H. W. Lewis, Essayist's Medal; F. D. Thomas, Declaimer's Medal. In the Dialectic Society—W. A. Self, Debater's Medal; J. L. Crowell, Declaimer's Medal; O. C. Odell, Essayist's Medal.

The voice of the Senior and "Rep" will soon be heard in the land.

* *

April 30th was Class day. A large number gathered in Gerrard Hall on that day to participate in the exercises. At the appointed hour the senior class entered the hall, headed by the president of the class, Mr. F. Dixon and the marshal, Mr. L. J. Battle. Mr. J. J. Jenkins, Jr., introduced the historian of the class, Mr. S. B. Weeks, who acquitted himself well. His history contained a number of poetical allusions and humorous and happy hits at the

different members. He alluded with touching words to the death of a classmate, Mr. George Arrington.

After some music by the University Band, Mr. W. A. Self, class poet, read an interesting poem. Mr. Self is an attractive and pleasant reader.

Next came the prophecy by Mr. J. F. Schenck. If the oracles are true, what a future for the class of '86!

Mr. S. S. Jackson, Class Day orator, gives his thoughts about

Freshmen and Seniors. His oration was good.

Mr. Dixon then delivered a farewell address to the class. He returned thanks to the people of the village for their kindness and hospitality, and spoke of the gratitude which the class owed to the Faculty for their untiring zeal in promoting the welfare of the senior class.

After more music the class song was sung, and the crowd dispersed.

Long live the class of '86.

PERSONALS.

—Examinations.

—New Catalogues.

—Hard work—Midnight oil.

—Commencement coming.

—Vacation looming up in the distance.

—The Seniors have had no vacation this year, owing to the rejuvenated state of the University doubtless.

—These are the times when the woods and vales re-echo the sounds of the Senior's voice as he prepares for that great and grand trial on commencement. Each tree hears on an average six speeches per day.

—The Phi. Society will republish the Register of its members the first of next session. The work of correction has already far advanced, and will soon be completed.

—Miss Lizzie Kerr, a daughter of the late Prof. Kerr, spent a few days on the Hill in April. She was visiting Mrs. Prof. Love.

—Brother Long, our business manager, has started out in political life. He has been elected for a second term Treasurer of Chapel Hill. His competitors were numerous and the contest was exciting.

—Winders of Warsaw, fresh '83 and '84, has been heard from. He dates his letters at a place by the classic name of Root Pig. This is some where down in Duplin county. He says: "I am busier now than a fresh just before examinations. * * * Am farming this year, am a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. I think my occupation suits me very well. * * * I will attend court in Sampson next week. Am not practicing at the bar yet, but am going up to have a general good time."

—Rev. T. E. Skinner, D. D., of Raleigh, preached at the Baptist church here a few Sundays ago. He is a member of the class of 1847, the class of the late Gen. J. Johnston Pettigrew and Senator Ransom.

—Prof. A. W. Mangum, D. D. preached the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Senior class of Greensboro Female College on May 23.

—Scene: Members of law class calling on ladies of the village. Mr. A., to young lady, No. 1. I like to come down here for I can throw off all restraint and formality and feel at *home*. Second L. S.: HOME you say, I say you home *here*. After awhile the conversation turns on matrimony, and the second L. S. (whose beard has not yet begun to grow), remarks: We

are the only marriageable class in college. Y. L. No. 1: Are *you* in it? The subject is changed to Sunday schools. Second L. S. (very anxious to join a class taught by Y. L. No. 2): I shall come down and join yours. First Y. L.: No, no, I have the *infant* class, come and join mine. (*Aside*) guess I have finished him now. Second L. S. collapses.

—"Lost, strayed, stolen or caged —'Jodie'" is the reading of a unique advertisement which appeared on a door in the Old East recently.

—Prof. Henry has introduced something new into the University. In his first class in teaching he has impromptu debate on such questions as the Blair Bill and compulsory education and invites the ladies up to hear the discussion. One evening the ladies appeared when the boys were not exactly in a calling dress. The next day they diked out, and prepared elaborate addresses, but unfortunately no ladies appeared. The professor has also been giving instructions to a class of young ladies in the art of teaching at his home.

—Dr. Hume made two visits to Raleigh recently. He preached in the Second Baptist church and afterward in the First. We understand that he has received a call to the First Baptist church of that city. He declined.

He was also recently offered the presidency of Richmond College, Richmond, Va. The salary is \$2,000 a year and a house, a little more than he receives here. This he also declined. We should consider it a very serious misfortune for him to leave us now. He is doing too much good and is arousing too much enthusiasm among the students to leave us before his active, earnest work has had time to bear fruit. He also visited the Baptist brethren of Hillsboro recently. These are his first absences from the Hill and the first opportunities he has had to become acquainted with the people of the State. He is not now acting as pastor of the Baptist Church here. They have no pastor at present.

—James Thomas, of the College Record department, spent Easter week at his home in Newbern.

—R. W. Winston, class '79, was visiting his brother, the Professor, not long since. Bob was the Mangum medalist. He studied law and settled in Oxford, is married and has two promising heirs. Last year was a member of the Senate from Granville county. He is one of the men who stay at home and make a success. Give us more of his energy and his pluck.

—Robert Lee Strowd, of Chat-ham county, formerly a member of the class of '86, is a changed man.

He has committed matrimony. The bride was the accomplished and fascinating Miss Fannie Headen of Pittsboro. She is a sister of W. E. Headen, '88. The ceremony was performed on April 27, by Rev. W. S. Black, D. D., at her father's residence. A fine reception was then given by the father of the groom. Thanks to a lady friend for cake.

—Kemp P. Battle, jr., M. D., class '79, has gone to Europe. For some time he was in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Staten Island, N. Y. The place paid him \$1,600 a year, but he resigned and came to Raleigh where he lectured before the medical department of Shaw University. He spent a few days with us before starting on his extensive trip. He will go to London, and will devote himself to the diseases of the eye and ear. He expects to go into partnership with Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Raleigh, on his return. He is another of those who prefer home to abroad. May their number multiply and still increase.

—THE VISITING COMMITTEE spent a few days with us the last of April. Only four of the seven members came. Their visit was short, but pleasant. They went around to the recitation rooms and examined the different methods of the professors, and seemed

to be highly pleased by the results of their investigations. They attended the chapel exercises the first day of their arrival. The faculty and students were out in full force to greet them. Some short speeches were made by them, some very interesting, witty and instructive.

Henry R. Bryan of Newbern, class '56, was prevented from being present by sickness.

Hon. J. C. Scarboro, a graduate of Wake Forest College and late Superintendent of Public Instruction for North Carolina, and the chairman of the board, was prevented from attending by reason of a contract with the University Publishing Co., for which he is travelling.

John M. Galloway, another U. N. C., boy was absent. He gained considerable reputation in the last legislature by his conservatism and was called Young Shyllock; but when our bill came up he was one of its most ardent supporters.

James M. Mullen, of Halifax county, was born in Pasquotank county, in 1845, and was reared there. In Feb., 1862, at the early age of seventeen, he volunteered in the Confederate Army, serving first as a private, then as a corporal and thirdly as a gunner. The war closed and he was thrown

upon the world. He taught school awhile and studied law in the town of Hertford without a teacher. He removed to Scotland Neck and opened his office, and his practice has been steadily growing. His main office is in Weldon and he is a member of the firm of Mullen & Daniel. Was made State Senator for Halifax in '85, and served with credit to himself and to his constituents and was a warm supporter of the appropriation. At the same time he was elected a trustee in place of the late H. L. Grainger, Esq., of Wayne. He will soon remove to Petersburg, Va.

Lee S. Overman, Esq., was born in Rowan county in 1854, and graduated from Trinity College, N. C., in 1875. He taught school for two years, and in 1877 was appointed private Secretary to Gov. Vance. When Vance was elected to the U. S. Senate, Mr. Overman was reappointed by Gov. Jarvis and served with great acceptability until 1880, when he resigned. He studied law under the late J. M. McCorkle of Salisbury, and under R. H. Battle of Raleigh, and settled in Salisbury. Served his first term in the lower house of the legislature in 1883, and was re-elected for the session of 1885. He introduced the University Bill, made the first speech on it and was only restrained by less ardent friends:

from making the appropriation much larger. Was elected a trustee during the last session and visits us for the first time in his official capacity. He is a brother-in-law of Prof. A. W. Mangum.

—Thomas W. Mason is a member of the class of 1858, and was an editor of the Magazine for 1857-'58, seventh volume, old series. He was born in Brunswick county, Va., in 1839. Among his class mates were John A. Gilmer, Judge of the Superior Court, Hamilton C. Jones, Esq., of Charlotte, and Brigadier General Robt. D. Johnston. After graduating he spent a year in the study of law at the University of Virginia, and afterwards spent some time in Louisiana. When the war broke out he volunteered as a private, and after serving in that capacity was made Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Matt Ransom. When the war ended he began planting in Northampton county, and also in Louisiana, dividing the time between the two. Began the regular practice of law in 1879, and represented Bertie and Northampton counties in the Senate in 1885. These counties usually return a very large republican majority, but by a judicious course his election was accomplished. There was a contest over it, but the House decided in his favor. Was elected trustee at last session and

now re-visits the Hill for the first time since his graduation. "The boys are changed" he says, "there is none of that hubbub and uproar to which I was accustomed when in college. No ringing of bells at night, no shuffling of presidential feet in slippers through these halls in pursuit of sly sophomores bent on mischief. But my heart wells up with joy as I think of those happy days and the grand times we used to have at the suppers of the old D. K. E."

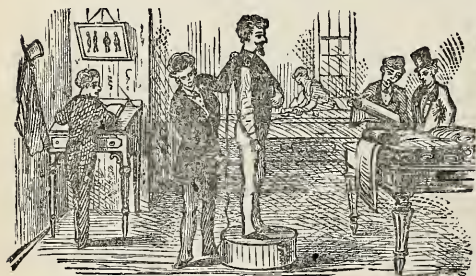
The name of Col. Walter L. Steele appears last on the visiting committee, but is by no means the least. He is a member of the class of 1844, and graduated along with Prof. James H. Horner, of Oxford, and Rev. Geo. B. Wetmore, D. D., of Wood Leaf, N. C. He was born in 1823, studied law and represented Richmond in the House of Commons in 1846-'48-'50-'54, and in the Senate in '52 and '58. He was Secretary of the Convention passing the ordinance of secession in 1861. Was elected to Congress in 1876 and again in 1878 from the sixth district. At that time declined re-election and became a "horny-handed son of toil," and is now president of the Pee Dee Manufacturing Company. He was first made a trustee in 1852, and excepting a short interval has been one ever since. Of the 37 Commencements since he

became connected with the University for the first time, he has attended at least twenty. What other Alumnus can show such a record as this? The boys always expect him, and it is a treat long anticipated to hear him speak in

the chapel after prayers are over; for his wit, with its brilliant scintillations, both amuses and instructs. We hope he will not neglect the class of '86 by not appearing this year.

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THE INFLUENCE OF MATERIAL PROGRESS ON MORALITY AND RELIGION.

(May, 1886.)

In material progress and the production of wealth the present century stands præminent. The utilization of steam and electricity, and the introduction of labor saving machinery have revolutionized all the industries of the world. The ease and rapidity with which wealth is produced so far surpasses the capacity of any other age, that could the men of the last century have seen in a vision of the future the wonderful industrial triumphs of this century they would not have realized that these were the results of man's ingenuity, and must have thought

that the golden age of poesy had come. At no other period in the history of the human intellect has the inventive genius of man been so bold in its conceptions, so brilliant in its achievements; at no other period has human industry been so refined and so productive; or the triumph of mind over things material been so successful and so complete. Food and raiment, all that satisfy the desires of men are made in thousand-fold abundance as with the touch of creative magic. Man sends his messages on the wings of lighting, the trackless oceans are his

known highways, the mountains have been riven asunder, and dark Cyclopedian fire-monsters harnessed to land-carriages and "sea-chariots," dragging the commerce of the world to the centers of civilization, dash wildly across wide continents and foaming seas.

The proportion of the wealth of the civilized world to the inhabitants of the civilized world is immensely greater to-day than in any other period of human history. The material progress of this age has made the creative power of labor more than one hundred times sufficient to satisfy all the necessities of man, to administer to all the comforts of life, and the welfare and happiness of all the people of the world. In the great centres of civilization wealth seems too abundant and men build cities superior in magnificence to the fabled greatness of Thebes or those that stood by the rivers of Mesopotamia, palaces of luxury surpassing the ancient glories of Tyre and Carthage, and temples more gorgeous and costly than the seventh wonder of the world where dwelt the shrine of Diana of the Ephesians, or that overlaid with gold "garished with precious stones for beauty" where stood the hundred basins, the censers and candlesticks of pure gold.

What should be the social condition of mankind where wealth

is so abundant? Surely there should be no want in a land overflowing with plenty. "When these slaves of the lamp of knowledge, these muscles of iron and sinews of steel have taken on themselves the traditional curse," labor's burdens should be lifted and days of dreary toil should be no more. In primitive ages man, ignorant of the arts of progress, unequipped with the weapons of civilization, must wring from the resources of nature his life sustenance by dint of toil. His time and his talent are occupied with the struggle for existence. He must fell primeval forests, and around his home do battle with wolves and savage men. Let civilization advance, man conquers nature and tames the elements. In our day of advanced progress his should no longer be a life of endless labor for the forces of nature are his bondsmen, the iron and the steam, the winds and the lightning do his bidding. It is now that the higher and the nobler man can be developed; that avarice and ignorance, brutality, degradation and crime, that spring from poverty and the fear of poverty, should no longer exist, where there is enough for all; that the victory over material things being won, material desires should no longer be an object of anxiety to consume man's whole existence, that the clouds being lifted, intel-

lectual and moral progress should raise society from its very bottom, that all men might strive after that which is higher and nobler than the satisfaction of physical wants; that now should come the kingdom of peace and civilization whose splendors have been seen in the inspiration of prophesy and song; that, in the light of ever increasing knowledge men might grow wiser and better, fulfilling the divine mission of life, doing the will of God on earth and growing like Him more and more, even unto the perfect day. That such is not the tendency of these times, and the consummation of this civilization is not because it is beyond the possibilities of man or of the insufficiency of nature's bounties. It is true that man has solved the problem of the creation of wealth in great abundance with little exertion, but how to distribute that wealth, how to apply it as it should be applied to the promotion of human happiness, to the prevention of poverty, of crime, and of moral degradation, of the development of the pure and beautiful, and to the growth of the intellectual and spiritual man is a problem the solution of which the welfare of nations and the existence of modern civilization demand. Notwithstanding the excessive amount of wealth, it is only a few that are rich, nearly all are poor, notwith-

standing all that can satisfy man's appetite can be made with so little exertion and is made in such great abundance, those that labor are poorest, and to-day, in this world of plenty, there are millions of honest toiling men and women who suffer for the necessities of life, who hear their children cry for bread, and see them clad in rags, reared in ignorance and the shame of beggary, while the products of their labor are enjoyed by the rich and the children of the rich, who do not work but dwell with luxurious ease in king-ly palaces, and wear purple and fine linen. As discovery follows discovery and invention follows invention those that toil must toil longer and those that are poor become poorer. The products of labor are monopolized by the few, and the poor become more numerous as material progress advances.

Wherever the material progress of this age is most advanced, wherever in the great centers this civilization of ours has reached its highest development, wherever wealth exists in the greatest abundance, there we find the most abject poverty and all the depravity and crime that are born of the despair of poverty, there the licentiousness and corruption begotten of superfluous wealth.

The tendency of the progress of this age is to the corruption of

the whole people, either by the enervating evils of luxury, or by the despair and wretchedness of poverty. In our most progressive and advanced communities, especially in our great cities we see the increasing evil of this tendency. While the lives of one portion are spent in endless revelry, while the rich from infancy know nothing of the wants and toils of life, while they are reared and live in idleness and have never learned that life was given but to be spent in voluptuous pleasure, and for the wasting of inherited wealth, while in this Eastertide, the beauty and nobility of this world will revel in their palaces of marble and feast with songs and dancing, or glittering in silks and gold, bedecked with jewels, they roll in beds of asphalt to high-domed Cathedrals and listen to deep-toned swelling anthems, and bow with Pharisaical reverence according to the memory of an ancient creed, while society is rife with the corruption and vice of excessive wealth, while the rich are cursed with licentiousness and enervating evils of a degenerate aristocracy, what, Oh what is the lot and condition of the dumb toilers, the lowly millions, the substance of whose labors ye waste in riotous living? Life to them is a dreary waste of labor without holidays and without feast-days, a weary journey

through a land of darkness with no light rays shining on their pathway. Like gin-horses they toil without ceasing, and live without hope. The swaddling clothes of depravity, the chilling wants of penury, the associations and temptations of crime and degradation and a life of endless labor are the perennial heritage of the children of the poor.

In this age of professed Christianity we read in a newspaper of a father and mother brutalized by poverty "found guilty of murdering three children," of young mothers hiding their babies in damp cellars leaving them to die, and almshouses where little waifs are starved, their bodies sold by the dozen to dissecting rooms.

"In the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God," beleaguered by the hosts of war, in the deepening anguish of ghastly famine, the prophet could conceive of no blacker gulf of wretchedness, than when the hands of starving mothers were stained in the blood of their first born. In our great cities, around which no hostile armies stand, in this fruitful peaceful earth, in the midst of the waste and blaze of luxury there are dens of wretchedness and shame where crimes like these are not uncommon. These are not isolated cases, but the visible effects of the putrefying lake underlying our so-

ciety, whose borders are widening, whose stagnant waters are rotting away its pillars, and whose deadly vapors ascend forever poisoning the lives and souls of men. Is it strange that infidelity and Atheism are destroying the faith and hope of man when the church, this religion which we call Christianity, that should be as the Rock of Ages to which men might cling in the trembling gloom and despair of universal ruin not only refuses to hurl forever her anathemas as burning lightning from heaven, burning up this black iniquity, but teaches that such is "ordered by the inscrutable decrees of providence." The pain of hunger, the dread of starvation make men the slaves of crime, to live in darkness without aspirations and yearnings after that which is higher. "Beauty lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives." Groaning beneath oppression and injustice, unbelief has taken away the Godlike and spiritual. They cannot worship though Memnon's music breaks in morning songs, though breezes blow upon Æolian harps and in the azure dome of the world-cathedral, starlit tapers burn sweet incense evermore for vesper prayers. "O why was the earth so beautiful becrimsoned with dawn and twilight if man's dealings with man

were to make it a vale of scarcity of tears, not even soft tears!" To make the God of this universe responsible for the crimes and sufferings of poverty is blasphemy, a slander of Him who came to preach a gospel to the poor. Again, will the master come and in indignant wrath spurn the money-changing priests from this, his world-temple, for it is written upon the eternal skies that "this is the house of prayer and ye have made it a den of thieves." Men can bear hardships, they can suffer hunger, they can labor like dumb animals and bid defiance to the fiery agencies of death; there is one thing they cannot and will not bear: injustice: nay, though sanctioned by ancient creeds, and all the laws and prophets and customs gray with age. From the hearts and souls of all men there rises forever God's protest irrepressible as the swell of natures from infinite deeps. Every day that suffers it is but adding wrath unto the day of wrath and sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. Think you not that the earnest work and heroic deeds of this world and all the suffering and tears not known on earth yea, even the curses and shrieks of agony go not up as an everlasting prayer and are seen and heard in eternal love on Heaven's high throne? "The answer, too, will come in a horror of great dark-

ness and shakings of the world and a cup of trembling which all the nations shall drink." Our civilization has arrived at that stage where there must be reform or there will be national decay and national death. Present systems and present methods have run their course. This wonderful material progress that should have lightened toil and destroyed poverty has increased the power of wealth and enslaved the poor until to-day Jay Gould treats in arrogance with 50,000 of his subjects and calls out the militia of seven sovereign states to force submission and vindicate his power. Industrial depression, stagnation in trade, idle capital and idle labor and the universal prevalence of "hard times," especially among the laboring classes are deranging political parties and business interests of the country and filling the whole nation with a sense of unrest and anxiety. Never before was the condition of the working classes so hopeless and intolerable—hopeless because, in spite of the invention of labor-saving machinery, the accumulation of wealth and the advance in civilization, they must work harder, their poverty is more abject, the difficulties of improving their condition become greater and the moral and intellectual man become more and more degenerate:—intolerable because

they realize that they are robbed of their earnings by a system of injustice, which they cannot understand, that they labor to create wealth but for the enjoyment of the idle and to become the slaves of the arrogant. It is vain to attempt by scraps of statistics to prove that the wages of labor are increasing and the condition of the laborers improving. That there exists in our society a class of people more wretched in poverty and more depraved in moral condition than preceeding times give any example of, is a fact beyond dispute, that the two extremes of society are absorbing all intermediate classes and that the laboring classes tend to an equality with the most abject and degraded is a truth becoming more and more apparent. The Commission of labor statistics in the State of Illinois, a state yet in the prime of youthful vigor, so rich in wide prairie lands, where wages are comparatively high, state that over half of the intelligent working-men "are not even able to earn enough for their daily bread and have to depend on the labor of women and children to eke out their miserable existence." They do not attempt to estimate the condition of the helpless, ignorant, and destitute multitudes, who live in the large cities, and whose only statistics, they say are "epidemics, pauperism and crime." It is

said that about one half of the population of New York and Brooklyn just manage to live and "to whom the rearing of two children means inevitably—a boy for the penitentiary and a girl for the brothel." Young girls must work in factories or bend over sewing machines for sixteen hours a day, and yet they barely live. The beauty and nobleness of womanhood is crushed out and then they prowl the streets in shame. Humane laws forbid the hiring out of children under thirteen years of age but the law must be evaded by the parents, for the children must work or they will starve. In Canada where a similar law existed, it was evaded by working the children at night, from six in the evening to six in the morning, a man on duty with a strap to keep them awake. It is true that the wages of skilled labor may be greater than ever, but the demand for skilled labor is and must always be limited. The millions, the hewers of wood and drawers of water are not skilled, they can never be rewarded as skilled labor, for not skill, but only human strength is required to do their work. When by every invention their competition is increased, and hundreds—perhaps thousands are thrown out of employment, when they see themselves becoming more abject and dependent, it seems but mockery

to tell them that their condition is improving. The savage demon of despair has not yet possessed the hungry millions. It is only the better classes that have the spirit to complain, but their complaints are growing louder and now in the city of Chicago they are heard in volleys of musketry and written upon her pavements in blood. Well if it be not the restless wakings of volcanic earthquakes, the ominous moan of rising tempests and wild tornadoes.

Of the evils of this age produced by the great, unequal and unjust distribution of the products of our wealth producing civilization, the most alarming and dangerous is the universal prevalence of unbelief, and the cant and Pharisaism that has taken the place of what was once a church. Of all man's attainments, ideals or symbols, the most significant, the noblest and sublimest is his church. "The church—what a word was there, richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little kirk, the dead all slumbering around it under their white memorial stones, in hope of a happy resurrection! Dull wert thou, o reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such kirk-hung spectral in the sky, and being was as if swallowed up in darkness) it spoke to thee—things

unspeakable, that went into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a church, what we can call a church; he stood thereby though in the center of immensities, in the conflux of eternities, yet, man-like toward God and man; the vague, shoreless universe had become for him a firm city and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in belief, in these words, well spoken—*I believe*. Well might men prize their credo, and raise stateliest temples for it, and reverend hierarchies, and give it the title of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for."

All great and strong peoples have had their creed by which they worshiped in deep, earnest sincerity, the faith to which they clung and by which they were victorious and did whatsoever was grand and noble in their history. Man's life has been a grasping for the eternal truth; a worship of the Infinite. The inspiration of hope has always come as a day-spring from on high, and through the Korans, Vedas, and Bibles he has caught fitful gleams of the mysteries beyond.

It was a deep-souled, earnest faith when first the childlike, God-inspired men upon the plains of Shinah, gazing in radiant Eastern heavens, shining their splendors from deep immensities, heard the morning stars sing together, and

fell down and worshiped them as revealers of the God-like and God. Nourished and supported by a faith like this, there came the pride and beauty of young Babylon, the glory of the kings of Chaldea. Paganism, the hero-worship of Greece and Rome, and of the wild warriors of the North was once no sham or mockery, but true religion, born of Heaven for the salvation of man, the adamant foundation for the building of great peoples and empires. Well did they worship their bravest and noblest as the true Shekinah and brightest revelation of God among men. Well did they sing in epic song of their heroes who dwelt on storm-begirt Olympus, who rode on the bosom of the tempest-cloud, and spoke in the voice of the whirlwind and tumult of the seas. When the pale herald had beckoned their hero across the dark river, lovingly, reverently, with rude hands did they build monuments to his memory, and then in fine sculptured marble, speak the majesty of his beauty, and through their Idol or thing seen, worship the invisible child of Heaven. Hence came the art and poesy of Hellis, a people ruling far and wide, establishing the reign of law and the daring Norse valor, the heritage of Saxon men.

Great became that people and country, when dashing away the

meaningless formulas and dead idols of antiquity, with the inspiration of their prophet, they unsheathed the sword against all the idolatry of the world, and with the shout "Allah achbar!" (God is great), swept victorious, with wild Arab valor, over the religion and Empire of Constantine, from the banks of the Ganges to the walls of Grenada, not forgetting to turn three times a day in deep sincere devotion to the shrine of holy Mecca. Thrice great and strong have been all men and peoples in the worship of Him who preached the brotherhood of man, the everlasting love and brotherhood of God. This is the last and sublimest chapter in the history of universal religion; thus far the Evangel includes all others. Well might the brightness of the star of the morning shine on Bethlehem to tell the shepherds where the young child lay, and that song of the seraph host go down to the wise men of all times eternal as the melodies of the spheres.

As the reality of a people's religion, the strength and earnestness of their faith, is the measure and foundation of national strength and vigor, so has the decay of civilization been always co-existent with the general prevalence of skepticism, atheism, and a formal and meaningless worship. The foundation may have been

strong and sound, capable of enduring forever, but if the superstructure be imperfect, and allow the corrupting elements to enter, they will soak to the bottom, the whole structure will become unsound, and totter to its ruin. Jupiter and Oden were once divine missionaries, heroes, ideals worthy the worship of noble and advancing peoples; but when those peoples became degenerated, careless, and unable to know the spiritual truths that guided their fathers, their worship became empty forms and ceremonies, and the religion of the heroic age the idolatry of the degenerate age.

Christianity, too, was once a revelation of divine truths, so subtle, so mystic, that the learning and religiousness of the Scribes and Pharisees could not comprehend it, and was such as to require years of teaching by the Master himself to enable the chosen disciples, the spiritually quick minded, to grasp. Yet, when we have formulated these truths into such words as "incarnation," "regeneration," "atonement," we think we have explored the deep and holy mysteries. We are but looking at the golden candle-sticks and altars, the pictured vail of the temple, while behind is the Holy of Holies, where dwell the cherubim and flash the Shekinah splendors. We are gazing contented on stagnant

frog-ponds, while beyond the narrow sand-bars there urges in majestic beauty the deep and infinite ocean of truth.

The church to-day at best is but a moral society. It has become amalgamated with the world, and in spiritual elevation is but little above the plane of the world. It has no gospel to preach, and its vital spark is well-nigh extinct. Men must worship, and the highest manifestation and impersonation of the prevailing ideas of their time is generally what they wonder at, and worship their controlling principle and acknowledged leader. Who was David, the Psalm-singer, called from the fields to become the shepherd of Israel, the father of princes, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah? Because *not only* was David after God's own heart, but the people's as well. The struggle for wealth is absorbing all thought, and supplanting all noble ideas of this age, and its power becomes absolute, when in its great accumulation, it is next to impossible that the millions rise above the slavery of poverty and the dread of starvation. Thus men have forgotten all the gods but Mammon, and fall down and worship him. This material progress of ours is sweeping down in its resistless current all institutions of government, and the church itself. By the highest object and ultimate result

of the religion of a people, namely: their heaven, for which they strive in deep earnestness, and sacrifice all things to attain, we can judge of the character of a people and the worth of their faith.

In old Rome it was to be the greatest and noblest of her patriots, to be honored as one of her heroes, and live in the memory of posterity as examples of Roman virtue and Roman manhood. With our German forefathers it was to be true and valiant, and be raised by brave warriors with the clashing of swords on buckler to the throne and be declared their bravest and their king; to be ready and able to ride triumphant into Valhalla, and dwell forever in the temple of all the brave. With our Puritan fathers it was to work out this life as in the great Task-master's eye, and stand with pure hearts and spotless garments in the presence of the great and holy Judge. But what is the heaven of this generation? What is it that the nation and all men are struggling for, and giving their lives for, and sacrificing all things for? What is it after you pass through the cant and hollow church formalism? It is to make money, to be rich, and to *appear* great. As they cannot serve two masters, they have chosen Mammon. Neglecting that which is high and holy, they cultivate the sordid and the degrading, heeding not

the everlasting load-star they are rushing down, down to wild Niagaras and to the whirl-pool of the abyss.

Oh! once again let some inspired Orpheus strike upon celestial harp-strings sweeter music than Syrens' songs, and charm us away from the deadly shore, from Charybdis and the rocks of Scylla. Oh! once again let some Great High Priest from Heaven, though in the horrors of darkness, with the voice of earthquakes, rend in twain this veil of Mammon's temple, that men may see again the Holy of Holies, where dwell Shekinah glories and symbols of God's covenants, that their work and worship may be no longer as discordant shrieks, but rise forever as an "everlasting psalm of triumph."

The suffering and discontent among the working classes, the vice and skepticism is co-extensive with the material progress and civilization of this age. It exists under democratic governments as well as monarchical governments. In countries where protective tariffs are lowest, as well as in countries where they are highest. In countries where both gold and silver are money, as well as where gold alone is the standard of value. The evil is world-wide, remedied by no superficial reforms, and shaking not only feudal thrones, but the pil-

lars of all republican governments. We complain that the discontented classes of Europe, with their skepticism and revolutionary ideas, are threatening our institutions. But what begot this spirit of discontent and atheism among them? They are as good as we are by nature, of the same blood kindred and family of nations. They live under the same civilization, and similar social and political systems, and if there were no foreign emigration, the same causes must inevitably accomplish the same results in Europe and America.

The wonderful advance of knowledge, the greatness and magnificence of our civilization, are no indications that we have not begun to decline. They may be glories of the setting sun coloring the heavens with dying grandeurs. The virtue and integrity of a nation's manhood, the strength and purity of a nation's faith, and not the outward show of magnificence, perpetuate a nation's life. The taste of Vespa-sian and Augustus could adorn the imperial city with every refinement of art and luxury, but could not compensate for the loss of that heroic faith and manhood that once supported the Roman State. The integrity of Marcus Antoninus, the wisdom of Diocletian, and the martial strength of Aurelian could re-

store but a momentary splendor to the fading glories of the Empire, and Alaric and Genseric could insult with impunity the fallen mistress of the world. How could France, when hunger-stricken vagabonds infested all French existence, and her millions, with "dull, stagnant hearts" and heavy laden souls, toiled like dumb, blind animals, but plunge into the abyss of scepticism, despair and revolution, though proud in magnificence and "farglancing chivalry?"

Neither must we flatter ourselves that universal suffrage is a bulwark behind which our liberties and civilization can rest secure.

Government based upon universal suffrage cannot be wiser and better than the average wisdom and integrity of the people. That wisdom is incapable of solving the vital problem, the sphinx riddles that to-day are presented to this country for solution. Enslaved by the perennial and tyrannical growth of a social system, in its conception unjust, they are rendered incapable of freedom, much more of government. We know by fact as well as theory, that government by the people means the government of corruption and ignorance. Their representatives in wisdom and purity are their rulers, and so long as they are ignorant and corrupt they

cannot choose those best fitted to govern, and universal suffrage cannot mean government by the wisest and best. Thus it was natural that in an age of degeneracy similar to our own they chose in triumphant majority Barabbas, the robber, when the great and divine King stood accused of blasphemy and treason against heaven.

These times are calling as in deep agony for a leader, who in his divine right and kingship is stronger than all men, and able to govern, and who will lead us away from ruin and everlasting death. And now, as the nations in the gathering darkness of night and tempest have lost their way, and wander through wild solitudes swept with storms, let him show us again the pathway, and point us to the beacon that shines above the Paradise of God. And when he shall come and strike down the rotten creeds and institutions that are cursing this world, let us not call him heretic, traitor, blasphemer, but to him let us sing the pæans of grateful peoples, and crown him with immortal vivats. The history of great men has been the history of all that is heroic in the lives of nations and the birth of creeds. "These are the brightnesses out of Heaven that have irradiated our terrestrial struggles, and spanned our wild deluges, and weltering seas of trouble as with celestial rain-

bows and symbols of eternal covenants." They stoned the prophets, in bloody rage they killed the Gracchi; they slew Danton, the stay and hope of France, plunging down in the wild terrors of delirium, and One, purest and noblest of all, that came to save a world from wreck, they crucified and reviled in the ignomies of death. Courage! Oh brother, there is hope! The principalities of earth may seal the sepulcher, but angels will roll the stone away, and imprisoned truth will rise triumphant over death, to shine in resurrected splendors. The fiery soul of Danton, too, speaks in death, for Danton lives in the Pantheon of History. His voice reverberates through all lands and times, preaching death to all hypocrasies and shams, and when the "coalesced kings" shall threaten the rights of man, he will "hurl at their feet as the gauge of battle the head of a king."

As the fierce tumult and din of a great industrial city, mingled in the distance, melts in music like the song and majestic swell of waters, so do all the sufferings and heroic deeds of a man unite as in harmony for the working out

of his deliverance and final triumph. Was it not promised of old that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head?"

The ruins of cities, the history of dead empires fulfill the promise. Never yet there fell a people but whose iniquities and the sufferings and the woe tears they brought upon man made their fall the triumph of truth and right.

Know you not that in that period we call the Reign of Terror which made earth tremble and the heavens lurid as with the fires of Tophet, and filled the world with its shrieks and wailings, the 25,000,000 of France suffered less than any other portion of her history? Thus from the uttermost depths of hunger and despair they rose as ever they will rise, in a fiery seething deluge like the ocean heaved with earth-works. All injustice and unrighteousness shall be burned in fire unquenchable, and in the purifying flames nations must pass through the travail of sorrows, and all manner of tribulations before the kingdom of Righteousness come and they stand "clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands."

LOCKE CRAIG.

A CAVALIER POET---ROBERT HERRICK.

I have taken for my subject "A Cavalier Poet." I shall endeavor to call your attention to a generally unknown port of the seventeenth century, and to show that in spite of all the trash that has hidden his merit from the public, there can still be extracted from the pile of rubbish gems of the truest poetry.

If you wish to study the history of a people you must not go and search its stately records, its annals, its histories alone. In fact, you will miss the greater half of history if you confine your search to these, for that history of the people, in contradistinction to the history of kings, wars, intrigues, and other matters in which the main body of the people were not very much concerned, has seldom been written. Ordinary history does not give the ground-currents that brought about events. The histories that I would prefer are such as "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Jones," "Spectator" and "Tattler," if I wished to study the people who lived when these histories were written. In them I could see the people as they really were. If you wish to study the history of a people you must study their literature.

In England, during the reign of

Elizabeth, powerful foes were at work. It was a day of political, intellectual and religious activity. A rival queen had to be destroyed, a great Spanish Armada had to be overthrown. The life of the very nation was in peril, for Protestant England was against all Catholic Europe. The Revival of Learning had just taken place, and England was witnessing an intellectual activity never experienced before. Added to this was the impulse given to theological study and discussion by the Reformation. All Europe was alive and throbbing under the influence of the previous Renaissance. The result in literature was that a class of writers and poets was produced whose equals cannot be found in any period of history.

Turn from the picture of the time of great Elizabeth to that of the time of Charles the Second. Separated as they are but by little over a half century, what a difference. The very opposite in almost everything! The great principles of political and religious liberty had seemingly failed, and in the eyes of the Puritan the very Anti-Christ was exalted on the throne. French thought, French fashion, French manners and French corruption had been brought over

with Charles and his French courtiers. The nation was dead. The crown of England had sunk to be a vassal of France. The literature of the time is its portrait, and has all its marks of degradation.

It is just between the noble literature of the Elizabethan Age and that of the degenerate times of Charles the Second, that the "Cavalier Poet," Robert Herrick, lived and wrote. In his poetry we can trace many of the changes that took place as the Elizabethan muse was merged into that of the Restoration. It forms a sort of connection between the two literatures, and has many of the qualities of both. But it represents a degenerating literature—the literature of the older poets degenerating into that of Rochester, Wycherly, and men of their stripe. He preserves much of the Elizabethan spirit, but on the other hand, has a tendency towards the literary fashion which immediately followed him. The Elizabethan muse had about taken its flight, but before going had stopped to linger awhile with Herrick—

"A wandering witch-note of the distant spell."

The majority of readers slavishly read only what is recommended to them, and they make a study of poetry for example of only one great poet, without ever gathering the gems of the minor poets. They are too often ignorant of

their existence. The "man of one book" is a notion that makes us overlook such authors as Herrick. But they have a use as well as the others. No mind can bear the tension of studying continually a great author. For example, when coming from the oppressive thought of Bacon's essays we need the relief of Herrick's lyrics. For the general class of readers this will always be his main use, but in many of his poems he rises above himself, and gives us something besides mere pleasure.

Herrick was a loyalist, and a sufferer in the cause, and his poetry was very popular with the Cavalier party. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the most distinguished men of his time. In further evidence of its popularity many of his lyrics were set to music by such distinguished musicians of the day as Henry Lawes, Lanier, Wilson and Ramsay. Throughout his works we find that he, himself, had the most exalted idea of them. Only the mention of a man in his book in his opinion was enough to confer upon him lasting renown. Therefore it is difficult to account for the indifference shown his works by the generations that immediately followed him. He certainly does not deserve being forgotten. He is barely mentioned by the early writers in English literature, and it was not until the beginning

of the present century that any effective efforts were made towards his resurrection.

Herrick is the greatest pastoral and lyric poet of the English language. Those who have plodded through the languid so called pastoral poems of some of our poets, and have become disgusted at the sickening whinings of imaginary Phyllises and Corydons, need to be pointed to the real pastoral poems of this poet to show them that there is such a thing as pastoral poetry. In this sort of poetry his characteristics, playful fancy and sensuous reverie, combined to make him a master. These and his unsurpassed sense of beauty in both matter and form, enable him to produce lyrics that have seldom been equaled and never excelled. To the sublime heights of Milton's "lofty rhyme" he cannot soar, but secure in the Arcadian repose of Devonshire he occupied himself in pouring forth ditties to the perfections of his mistresses, in telling how roses became red, and in similar grave productions. He confined himself almost strictly to this sort of poetry, and it is one of the greatest evidences of his fertility and genius that in such a narrow department of poetry he could produce so much that was really excellent. The repose that he enjoyed throughout his life was particularly needful to a writer of

such, and of all the cavalier poets Herrick alone followed, undisturbed, the bent of his genius, and throughout his poetry we look in vain for traces of the frantic times in which he lived.

The poetry of Herrick is amatory, bachanalian, sentimental, as the critics use the term, and to these may be added his epigrams, epistles, and religious pieces. To understand his poetry we must understand his character. He was of that gay, easy temperament which enables its possessor to ride out the storms of life without receiving very many buffets. His character has been very aptly given in his own words:

"Born I was to meet with age,
And to walk life's pilgrimage :
Much I know of time is spent
Tell I can't what's resident ;
Howsoever, cares adieu !
I'll have naught to say to you
But I'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine and crowned with flowers."

He associated with all the jovial spirits around him and "quaffed the mighty bowl" with Ben Jonson himself. In one of his poems he gives us a glimpse into the revels of himself and literary friends, among whom were such distinguished men as John Selden, Cotton, Denham, Endymion Porter, Sir John Berkely, and at last "rare Ben," the verse of the latter of which he tells us

"Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."
Such a character the fine cavalier

gentleman lost in worldly pleasures would not be apt to look upon the sterner side of life, and would not understand the significance of the great political and religious movements that were taking place around him. While these were taking place he, to use his own words, was writing

“ Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and
bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I sing of hockcarts, May-poles, wassails,
wakes ;
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal
cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.”
 &c. &c. &c.

The “cleanly wantonness” of which he sings might not seem to us of this age to be very clean, and it has doomed many of his otherwise beautiful conceits to oblivion. None of these poems are long—many not more than four lines. They are short because the occasion of them were real, just like those of Burns, and a real poem must always be short. Besides, Herrick was too lazy and too much given up to the pleasures around him to have ever written a long poem. His carelessness, his impurity, and his affectation of conceits have marred the great majority of them. In all there are about fourteen hundred, but of these only about three hundred deserve being read for their pure poetic merit.

It is as an amorist that Herrick best succeeds, as his poetical powers peculiarly fitted him for this kind of composition. In quantity and quality of amorous poetry there is no poet, with the exception of Burns, who surpasses him. On account of the great resemblance between him and the Greek poet he can appropriately be called the English Anacreon. Indeed we find that in thought and form of expression he closely resembles the classic poets, and throughout his works show that he must have had with them a most intimate acquaintance. How like Horace for example is this—Ode to Posthumus, XIVth Ode:

“ The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left no one plant found
To follow thee
Save only the curst cypresse tree.”

But to understand his poetry, quotations must be given.

I will begin by giving a selection from one of his most characteristic veins:

“ Some asked me where the rubies grew
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

“ One asked me where the roses grew
I bad him not go seek :
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

“ Some asked how pearls did grow and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips and shew them there
The quarrelets of pearl.”

This is old Anacreon himself.
Here is another in a similar style :

"Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry.
Full and fair ones—come and buy !
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ?—I answer there
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land or cherry isle
Where plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow."

Here is one on "The Kiss—A
Dialogue"—

1. Among thy fancies tell me this :
What is the thing we call a kiss ?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is :

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red ;
By love and warm desires fed ;

CHORUS :

And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies of the eyes.
And charms them there with lullabies ;

CHORUS :

And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies ; now here, now there ;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near

CHORUS :

And here and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say ?—2. Do you but this
Part your joined lips, then speaks your
kiss :

CHORUS :

And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings ;
And as it flies it gently sings,

CHORUS :

Love honey yields but never stings.

The piece "To Corinna to go
A-Maying" has been justly consid-

ered as one of Herrick's finest
pieces. It is too long to be quoted,
but deserves to be read, as it rep-
resents Herrick's high water mark
in this kind of his poetry. It be-
gins :

"Get up, get up for shame, the blooming
morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colors through the air :

Get up *sweet slug-a-bed*, and see

The dew bespangled herb and tree."

"Sweet slug-a-bed"—a sweet
expression, and one which only
Herrick could have coined. Even
in his poorest and coarsest poems
such expressions occur like jewels
set in dirt. The poem has many
allusions to popular customs. In
fact, Herrick's poetry is full of
such, and this is one of its great-
est values.

The following upon the, "Nip-
ples of Julia's Breasts," illustrates
the fact that much of his poetry is
a little too indelicate, and yet de-
serves reading on account of its
beauty :

"Have you beheld with much delight
A red rose peeping through a white ?

Or else a cherrie double grac't

Within a lillie's center placid ?

Or ever marked the pretty beam

A strawberry shows half-drowned in creame

So like to this, nay all the rest,

Is each neat nipplet of her breast."

The following famous poem
most of us have probably seen,
but few knew that its author was
this unknown 17th century poet.
It very well shows with its beau-

tiful conception. and expression
how the spirit of song seemed to
dance through all Herrick's veins:

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may
Old time is still a-flying
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

"The glorious lamp of heaven the sun
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his course be run
And nearer he's to setting.

"That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worse, and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry,
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

In it we see much of his philosophy of life. Enjoy, enjoy! To-morrow you will die!

Along with this, and growing out of life's shortness, we find pieces of the greatest tenderness—a tender melancholy which strikes at once the heart of the philosopher and the clown. Here is one "To Blossoms"—

"Fair pledges of a faithful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay here awhile
To blush and gently smile
And go at last.

"What were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight
And so bid us good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

"But ye are pretty leaves, where we
May read how things soon have
Their end, though ne'er so brave.
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave."

With this may be noted the poem "To Daffodils" and the one "Upon a Child that Died."

We now come to Herrick's poetry of sentiment. In this he is rich, as his mind was well suited for its production. Although he was a classic scholar he is nevertheless so unpedantic that he brings the gods of Olynepus to rude, rough Devonshire. He was a pagan, but instead of going to more classic fields it was there he worshipped his gods. It was there he crowned Bacchus with flowers and sung hymns to Venus. In this world he lived and died. Of his friend's works, Ben Jonson, he only admired such as "The Forest" and "Oberon, the Fair Prince." The broad humour and studied machinery of "The Silent Woman," "The Fox," or of "Every Man in his Humour" he could not appreciate. The former were in his own style.

One of Herrick's prettiest pieces in this kind of poetry is his "Oberon's Feast." It abounds with beauties, some of which I will quote. Among the dainties of the feast upon

"A little mushroome table spread"
Are—A moon-parcht grain of purest
wheat;—

"A pure seed-pearl of infant dew
 Brought and besweetened in a blew
 And pregnant violet;"—
 "A well bestrutted bee's sweet bag;"—
 "The broke-heart of a nightingale
 Ore-come with musicke;"—and a wine
 "..... Gently pressed from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
 Brought in a dainty daizie."

It is worthy of Shakespeare and indeed makes us think of those sweet passages in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

At last we come to Herrick's devotional pieces. After meeting with so much coarseness it is strange that we find such poems and it is still more strange that they should reflect the very highest kind of religious spirit. Yet some do have a fervent piety that is not surpassed even by those of holy George Herbert. This makes us believe that his coarseness was put in solely in compliment to the age. He is conscious of the evil and tries to get out of it in a very sorry manner—

"For these my unbaptised rhymes
 Writ in my wild unhallowed times
 For every sentence, clause, and word
 That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book that is not thine;
 But if 'mongst all thou findest one
 Worthy thy benediction
 That one of all the rest shall be
 The glory of my book and me."

It would have been better for him and for his book if he had blotted them out himself. Impurities not only damage the memory of the author, but they also put a ban

over the works themselves, as is seen to day in the case of Byron's poetry.

The first of these religious poems that may be mentioned is "A Thanksgiving to God for His House," commencing—

"Lord, thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house whose humble roof
 Is weather proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where thou my chamber foe to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep," &c., &c.

Probably we have nothing in all our literature where more contentment and gratefulness to God is shown. Herrick's "Litany to The Holy Spirit" is as fine as he ever wrote. It was remembered and repeated as a prayer by one of his old domestics, who never dreamed that it had been printed—

"In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When I lie within my bed
 Sick in heart and sick in head
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

"When the house doth sigh and weep
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

"When the passing bell doth toll
 And the furies in a shoal
 Come to fright a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

“ When the tapers now burn blue
And the comforters are few
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

“ When the priest his last hath prayed
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

“ When God knows I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

“ When the tempter me persu'th
With the sins of all my youth
And half damns me with untruth
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

“ When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !”

In conclusion, I appeal to you to give Robert Herrick and the class of poets of which he is a representative a more careful attention. They are representatives of

one of the greatest crises in our literature—a period when one great form of poetry was passing away and another being substituted in its place—and demand attention on that account. And though they are classed among our smaller poets, yet to-day their influence is being felt and the “*verse de societe*” of Praed, Gosse, and others is the direct outgrowth of the study of Herrick, Suckling, and Lovelace by these distinguished scholars. Besides nowhere can be found a class of poets who could be called more *readable*. I ask you again to study them, and those who wish to do so may rest assured that they will be abundantly repaid for their pains. R. L. UZZELL.

June 2, 1886.

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS.

Language is the repository as well as the vehicle of thought. In it is stored up the experience and sentiment of those who have lived before us. Modern languages contain much that is valuable, but their scope is too narrow. We must turn to the classics for examples which can guide us in governing a nation and for sentiments which are not mixed with the now

almost universal idea, that nothing is worth learning except that which leads directly to the getting of gold.

Besides this fund of experience to which a knowledge of the classics gives us access, the training to the mind and the assistance in the study of our own language rise as powerful incentives to their study. The opponents of classical

studies cry that the use of good translations will furnish the information, while, by the same labor, we can acquire equal training and additional information. No English translation can give those shades of meaning which lend such point and beauty to the composition of ancient writers. Not even the best scholar would be able to render in English distinctions, which the poorest can well understand when reading the original.

Again, would we wish to read translations which are the mere shadows? Or can we expect just translations? We would certainly not desire the first. Nor could we expect the second. For, what poet can we find to translate Homer? Into the hands of what orator shall we consign that "matchless piece of Grecian oratory," Demosthenes on the Crown? Or who is worthy to render the orations of Cicero or the beautiful odes of Horace?

The mind is taught to look beneath the words for the idea. In finding out and stating the meaning of complex sentences, the mind is taught to study closely and the tongue to state accurately. The memory and, indeed, the whole mind is strengthened and better prepared for further study. In reply to those who urge that this training can be effected equally well by other studies, I will

quote the verdict of the most highly educated body of teachers in the world, the faculty of the University of Berlin. They say: "It has not been possible to find an equivalent for the classical languages as a center of instruction."

Modern languages are built up on the classics as a basis. Therefore, the thorough knowledge of the grammar of our own language can be acquired only by the means of these. Moreover, Latin is the mother of a large part of our words, while Greek is the source of all our scientific terms. We owe to these now "dead languages" both our grammar and much of our vocabulary, and as we go to the source of the stream to find pure water, so we must go back to the classics to learn language in its purity.

In studying the classics, we read the grandest productions of reason and imagination,—productions which are at the same time the nearest approach to *perfect* rhetoric. This were in itself sufficient reward for the labor expended, but we also gain training for our intellects and find the key that unlocks the doors of our own language.

Still these questions must be answered: shall we exchange the perfection of the classics for the worse than imperfection of translations? And, shall we give up

this time-honored and time-tested mode of training for the study of modern science, which is ever changing; to-day teaching one thing and to-morrow, the opposite? Or shall we allow French and German to take the places of those pure languages of which they are but the most degenerate

offspring? To each and all of these questions, I answer "no." Other studies are well enough in their places; but let every man who desires to be educated get a knowledge of the classics; for without it he has fallen far short of his aim.
N. W.

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

History furnishes many examples illustrative of what can be accomplished by prowess and persistency. These exploits which have gone "rolling down the ages, penned by poets and by sages," have contributed in no small degree to the patriotism of posterity.

Did not the heart of the Greek beat with patriotic fervor, when mention was made of Marathon, Thermopylae or Platea? The defense of the bridge by Horatius enkindled in the breast of the Roman a feeling which caused his seven hilled capital to rule from her throne of beauty the then known world. The American's mind is flushed with poetic imagination incentive to patriotism, when he reflects upon the

"Manner, who first unfurled
An Eastern banner o'er this Western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In these confines of descending day."

The Southerner is thrilled with a peculiar emotion when he can say to himself, "I was a soldier of the army of Northern Virginia; I was a follower of Robert E. Lee.

So on could we take the list of countries and find some great deed in their respective histories, which serves as a sacred shrine upon which blood is freely sacrificed for love of country.

Yet, of all such historical gems, there is one, though not so frequently mentioned, which stands out in bold relief illustrative of the grandest achievement through the perseverance of a single man—the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal.

Greece had already acted her part in the drama of nations, and her mighty achievements were numbered among the things that were.

Rome and Carthage were now the rival nations, and each was putting on its buckler for the second time to strive for universal domain.

Now Hannibal, the hero of our sketch, appears on the scene to wreak his foresworn vengeance on the imperial city.

Before the declaration of war, Hannibal wisely proceeds to Spain to weaken Roman influence and recruit Carthaginian resources.

This indeed seemed pendent to an inquisitive world, but how was he to proceed against Italy his goal, unless he retraced his steps. This seemed plausible to all, hence the Romans were preparing to resist such an attack. No, he was determined to proceed directly against Italy, and strike Rome a blow where she least expected it. But was this possible? Nature herself was arrayed against him to prevent this strategy. Immediately before him stood the needle-like peaks of the Pyrenees, pointing heavenward, as so many sentinels of the still more majestic Alps in the distance. Even here the courage of many failed, yet he, by his personal magnetism, succeeded in enthusing their drooping spirits, and one of Nature's obstacles was removed.

Yet, his desired goal was only to be reached with the greatest of difficulties. Before him lay the marshes of the Rhine, the swift

current of the river added to by the immense array of natives assembled to prevent his passage.

By unparalleled strategy this great barrier was surmounted.

Behold! In the distance, the Alps loom up in all of their majestic grandeur, whose snowy peaks reflect, like sparkling jewels, the mellow beams of the setting sun.

What a grand, what an awful sight!

He is reminded that the thundering Jove, surrounded by his Olympic court, is seated thereon to oppose.

Now he approaches the foot of the mountain; his army, seeing the almost superhuman task before it, refused to advance. Hannibal proceeds to the front of his mutinous army, and in his most eloquent strains thus addresses them:

"Soldiers, 'tis useless to falter now. Behind you lay the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and even the great sea, which we are unable to cross. Before you lay the Alps. Beyond these, the teeming fields of Italy, and even the spoils of haughty Rome herself. I have now only to remind you of your duty to Carthage. So choose ye now your course. I will abide by your decision."

They being electrified, shout—applause and begin the ascent.

Truly must have Hannibal's influence over his army been so

strong as even to baffle death ;
their fidelity to him was equal to
that attributed to Dido,

“No, he who has their vows, shall forever
have

For whom they loved on earth they worship
in the grave.”

The Greek, dying in defense of
his fatherland, thought that his
shade would be speedily wafted
into the Elysian fields, and there,
according to Virgil, he numbered
among

“Those happy spirits, which ordained by
fate

For future beings and new bodies wait.”

The dying Teutonic soldier
thought that his exit from this
life was to enter boldly into Wal-
halla, the happy home of the dead.

The dying knight of the red
cross dreamed of the holy Jerusa-
lem above, of its Jasper walls,
pearly gates and streets of shining
gold.

No such incentives had the
Carthaginian soldier. That word
‘duty’ of all others the most
sublime, administered by his great
chieftain was the only balm of his
dying moments.

During this perilous ascent,
Hannibal leads the way in person
to inspire hope, by his example,
to his languishing army.

Again there is a halt on account
of famine. Many weak and star-
ving fall an easy prey to the vor-
acious wolves, and the mournful caw
of the mountain raven served as

their only requiem. As they lay
down at night half starved and
half covered, save by clear wintry
sky, even the stars twinkling in
the far off zenith seemed to shed
dewy tears of a forlorn hope.

Yet, Hannibal from the front
shouts onward, onward, my brave
comrades! Their courage is re-
vived, and the summit is gained.

Now Hannibal, like Moses on
the sacred heights of Nebo, points
out to his assembled army, the
teeming plains of Northern Italy.
They fill the air with applause
and begin the perilous descent.
After many hardships, they stand
upon those fertile plains—their
long desired goal.

What now is the reward for
their labor and sufferings?

The ever memorable victories
of Ticinus, Tubia, Lake Thrasi-
menas and Cannae will answer in
clarion tones from the crumbling
sepulchre of antiquity. Indeed,
do not these victories surround
Hannibal and his army with a halo
of glory, that will survive the
wrecks of ages and of empires?

Thus indeed, we find that well
known maxim, “the end crowns
labor,” is true in this case as in all
others.

A Greek philosopher once main-
tained that “events moved cir-
cles.” Truly has this great event
had its influence felt in succeed-
ing ages. It was virtually re-en-
acted at the beginning of the pre-

sent century by the great Napoleon, who acknowledged Hannibal as his example, and Marengo crowned the end.

To accomplish anything of importance, one must have an example, which he may imitate, and from which he may seek encouragement.

Then truly can we profit by this example, as did Napoleon, even in the humbler paths of life, and according to the maxim the end will crown our labor.

Shakespeare has told us that, "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood leads on to fame and fortune." Many seem to rely on this, and await the entrance of fortune upon their threshold, forgetful of the fact that to stem this tide requires their utmost vigilance and

labor. Hence so many failures in life.

Often in life some great barriers present themselves in our paths of progress. Before these many succumb, while others of stouter hearts and inspired by nobler examples, succeed in making their lives a success.

So like Hannibal, let our motto be Onward! Onward!! and remember that,

"We should never stand in doubt
For nothing is so hard, but that search will
find it out."

As a reward, our lives will be such
as make it life to live.

Then indeed will we realize the
value of those examples,

"Which resists the empire of decay
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed
away,

Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.

L.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The beginning of the nineteenth century was characterized by a regime of pure individualism of unalloyed free competition. But a higher civilization has been rendered possible. The times are ripe for an economic revolution. Along with a change in the environment of a nation must follow methods adapted to the exigencies of the times. The bar-

ren dogmas of political economy are being rejected. A problem confronts us, and no rule can be found in the arithmetic of the past to solve it. Unless some Oedipus arise to answer the riddle of the Sphinx of labor, our Republic may fall a victim. Even in our own State its deadly enigma has been propounded.

That there is somewhere in our

social organization a radical defect is a glaring, indubitable fact. The existence of a world of woe and suffering within our world of joy and pleasure is the most inexplicable paradox of the age. The truth is patent and incontrovertible that under our present economic system the doom of the working man is sealed. Wages are at the starvation point. Capital is concentrating in the hands of a few, and it seems that the chasm between capital and labor can only be filled with blood and ruins. Great monopolies are gaining control of all our institutions. Ever and anon the terrors of a financial crisis are precipitated upon us. Small manufactories are engulfed in large enterprises. Men, unable to maintain their wives and children by their wages, must suffer their family to be sundered, and over half a million women and two hundred thousand children are forced to earn their bread. This addition to the throng of laborers lowers wages and renders their condition more helpless. The introduction of new machinery throws numbers out of employment, till society can adjust itself to the altered state of affairs. No one who has any acquaintance with the modern factory system will deny that it is no longer possible for a common laborer ever to become an independent employer. He is surrounded

with the adamantine wall of capital and fettered by the chains of an inexorable competition. Unsustained by the stoicism of antiquity and hating christianity (religion) because he believes it to be the religion of the rich, his struggle for existence has been bitter, fierce and unproductive. But the liberation of the toilers is now inevitable. The scattered hosts of labor have been aroused from their amazement as the legions of fallen angels that lay covering the flood thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Valambrosa were startled by the voice of their commander who called so loud that all the hollow deep of hell resounded; but unlike those they are marshalled under the flag of eternal justice. Purblind economists who can see no conflict between labor and capital will read their doom upon the lurid heavens. The battle must terminate in the triumph of labor, yet this does not necessitate the ruin of capital nor the annihilation of the rich. Capital has rights that are clearly defined and supported by human and divine law. It needs no defence, it is folly to attack it, it cannot be coerced. Its just claims have been recognized since the earliest dawn of civilization, and will remain intact so long as humanity progresses. The cry that "all property is theft and property holders are thieves" is an utter-

ance of the French Socialist, Prandhon, which has the ring of madness in it, and finds no echo in America from Americans. When Jay Gould uses the vast wealth at his command to the detriment of individual or State, society adjudges him guilty of a heinous crime. But when retaliation on the part of the oppressed leads to the destruction of property and the infliction of incalculable injury upon an innocent public, Jay Gould's appeal for protection as an American citizen meets a universal response of sympathy.

The crusade that is being waged is not against capital itself, but against the oppressive use of it.

Labor demands recognition as a human agency and the chance to develop the agent. Slavery was not exterminated from our land by the rage of civil war. Thousands of human victims of a nobler race than the African are writhing in abject bondage. They are not shackled by the chains of a legal serfdom, but are imprisoned in the clasp of a relentless fate. The working man is still considered a mere machine, and his condition is based upon the assumption that man lives by bread alone. A system based upon such a narrow foundation cannot bear the shock of social hostility. Our high order of civilization has created new desires without furnishing additional means for their sat-

isfaction. The compensation of labor has failed to increase proportionally with its productivity. Such injustice man condemns and heaven avenges. The omnipotent forces of the universe have decreed a change. Lassalle said, "I am convinced that a revolution will take place. It will take place legally and with all the blessings of peace, if, before it is too late our rulers become wise, determined and courageous enough to lead it; otherwise, after the lapse of a certain time the goddess of revolution will force an entrance into our social structure, amid all the convulsions of violence, with wild streaming locks and brazen sandals on her feet. In the one way or the other she will come, and, when, forgetting the tumult of the day, I sink myself in history, I am able to hear from afar her heavy tread." Her heavy footfall has already been heard in St. Louis and Chicago, but the revolution will not be accomplished by violence in America. The ultimate adjustment of the labor difficulty will be a compromise. The rational and legitimate claims of both parties will be conceded. It may be but a sentiment that calls for justice to the laboring class, but history is a record of the victories of such sentiments. The piteous cry of toiling millions has been heard, and good men throughout our land have res-

ponded magnanimously. Wages are being raised wherever possible without any demand from employees. It may be that our greatest hope lies in arbitration, but it is more probable that peace will be restored by the rendering of justice unto the poor by the rich, prompted by a christian love for the right. Already oil is being poured on the troubled waters. The darkness that hovers over the

face of our land will soon pass away, and "rosy morn from out the eastern clime advancing shine over this earth with orient pearl." The cold, selfish individualism of the nineteenth century will yield to the cosmopolitan spirit that will usher in the twentieth century and out of the old a new civilization will be born.

FRANK DIXON.

Speech of William of Orange to the Burghers of the Hague in 1672.

Louis XIV. came to the throne of France in 1643. He was a vain-glorious, haughty and bigoted monarch. His great desire was military glory, and his wishes were to a great extent realized. His finances under the careful management of Colbert became greater than those of any of his predecessors. Luvois, skilled in all connected with war was his minister and Turenne, the greatest military commander of the age, was his general. With these resources at his disposal Louis invaded Flanders and seemed to be marching to certain conquest. The rest of Europe became alarmed. England and Holland quit their quarrel and united with Sweden against their common enemy. Louis stop-

ped short in his career and haughtily proposed peace. The terms were dictated by a Dutchman and signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, 2nd May, 1668.

The pride of the "Grand Monarch" had been insulted by such bold proceedings on the part of a few insignificant tradesmen. Louis burned for revenge. Holland was most accessible to him. In 1672 this Republic struck a medal in commemoration of some of its exploits. Louis chose to consider this an insult to crowned heads and after winning over her allies by intrigue burst upon the defenseless province with all the fury of a madman. To his finely disciplined army the Dutch could oppose nothing except a few mer-

cenary soldiers. The march of Louis was like a triumphal procession. He was approaching their capital. They are in a state of desperation. Some propose to emigrate to Batavia and found a new Republic there. Some wish to open the dikes and submerge the country. The principal burghers meet in the Stadthouse to discuss the state of affairs and take some measures for their relief when William of Orange afterward king of England with that animation which he always wore in battle thus addressed them :

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: This is a time when we must take some measures for our relief. The enemy's banners are now almost in sight of our capital. He is laying waste all before him. Our lands reclaimed from the sea are the prey of the savage invader; and our fruitful fields are becoming a desert under his ruthless hand. All seems lost. We have no forces to march against his innumerable hosts. What can we do in this crisis? Is there no refuge for us except in submission? Will all our efforts and all our hopes of freedom be crushed by the French despot? Shall we surrender and humbly beg for mercy at the feet of the haughty tyrant? Shall we give up to France the liberty which we prize so highly and which we bought at such

a cost from Spain? Will the blood of our heroic ancestors who fell at Mechlin, Zutphen and Naardin have been spilt in vain? Will the barbarities of Duke Alva accomplish their purpose at last and will Republican Holland be swallowed up in Imperial France? No, forever no!

Some have indeed proposed for us to leave our own land, the best on which the sun shines, sail to Batavia and there rear a new and a grander republic. But shall we, my countrymen, leave the land of our nativity to become the prey of a foe whose war-cry is "revenge"? No, forever no! Look down ye spirits who fought so nobly for Holland. Look down on your apostate sons who now wish to flee and leave her naked and bleeding at every pore. Surely, these cannot be the sons of Holland! Oh degenerate sons of noble sires, well might they blush to own you now!

My countrymen, let us not leave our own dear country opened and exposed to its foes. Let us gird on our good swords and die in the last trench if need be. Let us even open the dikes, flood our country and thus drive the enemy from her borders. This is our last resort. There can be no passing until winter and a little delay will be as all the world to nothing. We can do this; we must do this, there is no other alternative.

Open the dikes. Fight with strong arms and brave hearts. Trust in God and He who paints the lily of the field and caters for the spar-

row will defend and protect our infant republic. S. B. W.

Jan. 18, 1886.

AN ORANGE COUNTY TRADITION.

It was several years ago, when nature was just breaking the icy links of winter's chain, that a friend and I took a walk in the western part of Orange county. As we ascended a hill we caught sight of a grave, nestled upon its very summit. Approaching with reverent deference we found the grave built up of brick, now fast crumbling into dust, surmounted by a marble slab bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of —," some old Revolutionary hero who died in 1793, and who was remembered only in the traditions of the neighborhood; one of which my companion now related. Upon the surrounding farm this old time worthy lived in his princely mansion and counted his slaves by scores. He was a hard master and wrung labor from his servants' hands with un pitying severity. His broad acres were well tilled, his barn well filled, but in the heart of the slave love for the master found no place.

Gray slowly whitened the locks of the planter and the shadows

were lengthy, until one day when the sunlight came shimmering down in golden waves across his threshold, and the glad bird warbled his spring-time song, the Angel of Death touched him with his sable wand. As he lay dying, he heard a conversation just outside his door between two of his slaves.

"Well, John, they say old marster's gwinter die; he been a hard marster, and worked us hard, and now we'll enjoy ourselves and won't have to work much."

"Well, that's so," said John, "and as soon as old marster dies I'll be a happy man."

Slowly the receding life current paused and for one moment the master seemed to regain his vigor. Calling in his slaves he rose in his bed and said:

"I heard your conversation. Yes, you'll be glad when I am dead. Look, do you see yonder hill overlooking this whole farm? Well, when I die I am going to be buried *standing up*, so that I can see every field, and if you

once shirk work my spirit will haunt you forever."

He ceased speaking and the next moment was a corpse. The funeral procession bore him to his cold and narrow dwelling, and placed the coffin in a vertical position—according to his last wish. The slaves toiled from morning

till night, believing that the master's spirit hovered above ready to avenge any delinquencies in labor, and to-day, when the shadows of night have fallen, the negroes of the neighborhood will go a long distance out of their way to avoid "Old Marster's Grave."

MIGMA.

DONORS OF THE UNIVERSITY SITE.

A tablet has been placed in Memorial Hall to the memory of the men whose liberality caused the location of the University at the place called in old times, New Hope Chapel Hill. The following sketches by President Battle and Captain John R. Hutchins give information about these early benefactors of the University not heretofore published. Their names were: Christopher Barbee, James Craig, John Daniel, Col. John Hogan, Edmund Jones, Matthew McCauley, Wm. McCauley, Hardy Morgan, Mark Morgan, Alexander Piper, Benj. Yeargin.

Thomas Connolly.
"CHRISTOPHER BARBEE and WILLIAM BARBEE, his son, were large land owners and lived three miles east of the village, were wealthy and influential. William Barbee at one time represented Orange county in the lower House of Legislature; he died twenty-

five or thirty years ago in the house where his father, Christopher, lived and died."

Of their numerous posterity nine were students of the University. The family have been represented here lately by a great-great-grandson of Christopher Barbee in the person of William B. Stewart, of Sampson, son of Rev. J. L. Stewart, a Trustee of the University. Mr. William R. Kenan, of Wilmington, also married a descendant. Mrs. Jane Guthrie is the only descendant residing in Chapel Hill. A granddaughter of Christopher Barbee, Mrs. James Patterson, an excellent lady, afflicted with blindness, resides on her plantation on New Hope. The Barbees of Chapel Hill are collateral relations. The homestead called "the mountain," on a high hill above the valley of Bolling's creek, a conspicuous object in the landscape east of the village, has recently passed out of the family.

"JAMES CRAIG was a pious Scotchman who lived and died within the present limits of the village. He is said to have been 'absent minded.' On one occasion he rode horseback to preaching at New Hope church seven miles distant, and returned on foot. His wife inquired the cause. He replied that he had forgotten the horse and walked home. A negro was sent for the horse and found it tied within twenty steps of the church door.

"Two of his children lived to the advanced age of 84 or 85 years on the homestead. His son, James Craig, graduated at the University in the class of 1816 with John Y. Mason, Wm. Julius Alexander and others. Three of his grandsons have attended the University. James F. Craig is a grandson, and lives in the same house in which his grand-father lived nearly one hundred years ago."

President Johnson stated in a speech at Chapel Hill, that he remembered well when he ran away from Raleigh, walking foot-sore and hungry along the main street of the village, on his way to Tennessee—that he asked a night's lodging and some supper at Mr. Craig's, and that he was most kindly treated. Not only did the good old man give him supper, lodging and breakfast, but supplied him with enough to last the whole of the next day.

In "old times" "Craig's" was separated from the inhabited part of the village by a large forest. It was a favorite trip for the students to go there for better meals than were furnished at "Steward's Hall," of which much complaint was often made.

A brother of James F. Craig, the present owner of the homestead, Wm. Harrison Craig, is a successful lawyer in Arkansas.

"JOHN DANIEL lived and died on his farm two miles south of the village recently known as 'Cane's mill' tract; his descendants moved to Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi many years ago. One of his sons, Robert, was a Divine of some note."

John Daniel was probably the "Mr. Daniel" who surveyed the lands for the Commissioners, and was paid, as the accounts show, \$16 for his services.

"COL. JOHN HOGAN was an officer of the Revolution. His descendants lived in Randolph and Davidson counties. One of them was married to the late Dr. Wm. R. Holt, President of the N. C. Agricultural Society." She is still living, a most estimable lady, in Lexington—Mrs. Louisa M. Holt. She is the nearest relative to the late benefactress of the University, Miss Mary R. Smith.

The late Wm. J. Hogan, of

Chapel Hill, was descended from a brother of Col. John Hogan.

OF EDMUND JONES nothing is known by "the oldest inhabitant." He probably moved off to Tennessee or Kentucky according to the fashion of his day.

"MATHEW McCAULEY was a Scotch Irishman whose departure from Ireland was romantic. Being prosecuted for a political offence, to escape the vigilance of the authorities he was headed up in a hogshead until the vessel was well out at sea."

He is represented as a man of great energy, indomitable will, kind and generous. Soon after his arrival in this country he found a Rattle Snake, and not knowing what it was took it by the neck, and, carrying it to the nearest house threw it on the floor, and asked the housewife what it was. As an instance of the rustic simplicity of the times, he was on one occasion presented with a pair of Candle Snuffers. Ignorant of their use, he pinched off the burning wick with his fingers and put the charred snuff in the snuffers.

He settled on a farm two miles west of the village, where he lived to old age and died respected by all. His son, Matthew, now an old man, still lives in the homestead. His son, William, was educated at the University, and was a practicing lawyer in Chapel Hill until his death. His two sons

removed to Union county. One of them, Charles Maurice Taleyrand McCauley, a good lawyer, has been a faithful Senator in the General Assembly. His brother, Samuel, married a daughter of Esquire McDade, for many years Post-master of Chapel Hill. and has been Mayor of Monroe, the county seat of Union. They were both educated at the University. Mr. Matthew J. W. McCauley, who owns the excellent mill three miles west of Chapel Hill, is a grand-son, and David McCauley, the prosperous merchant of Chapel Hill, is a great-grandson of the old "land-giver."

The "McCauley's mill" of old times was on the land of Matthew McCauley, senior, lower down on Morgan creek than the mill of M. J. W. McCauley, and nearer the village. It was such a notable place that the roads of this section had mile-posts showing the distance from it, and not, as is usual, from the Court-house: Purefoy's mill, anciently Merritt's, is lower down on the same creek.

"MARK MORGAN, one of the earliest settlers, lived three miles south-east of the village, although his lands reached to the site of the University. He had two sons, John who moved west in 1823, and Solomon who lived and died on the homestead. Solomon's daughter (wife of Rev. J. P. Ma-son), and grand-son, John Morgan,

now own the land, which has remained in the family continuously since its purchase from Earl Granville." The two lovely daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mason, their only children, Misses Martha and Varina, who recently died just after budding into womanhood, were great-grand-children of one of the founders of the University.

HARDY MORGAN was brother of Mark and father of Lemuel and Allen Morgan. Lemuel, a bachelor, was once owner of the Bolling Creek farm of William F. Strowd. The descendants of Allen live in Wake and Chatham.

ALEXANDER PIPER was a plain farmer, who moved to Fayette county, Tennessee, many years ago.

"BENJAMIN YEARGIN was the school-master of the neighborhood. He lived for a long time on his farm near the village, the land being now owned by Mr. Oregon Tenny. The dwelling was near the creek."

In this house James K. Polk

roomed part of his time while at College, and boarded with Mr. Yeargin; and although over a mile from College at the foot of a hill, he was perfectly punctual in his College duties. Mr. Yeargin is represented as a man of great business capacity, was a useful and influential citizen. He was buried about three miles east of the village. A few of his descendants live in Chatham county. Yeargin's mill, at a place on Bowlin's creek, called Glenburnie, was the first house built in this section. A part of the mud-sill still remains.

The farm of Benjamin Yeargin descended to his daughter, the wife of Thomas Tayloe, a son of Buck Tayloe, the first Steward of the University. It was afterwards owned by Bishop Green, of Mississippi, when Professor in the University. The dwelling was at the foot of the hill, near the creek, and was the boarding house not only of President Polk, as above stated, but of Judge Battle and many other students of the old days.

THREE GREAT WAVES.

All motion is rhythmic. All force is communicated by vibrations between extremes. Sound, light and heat are explained upon the hypothesis of the "wave theory." The oscillations of the leaves in the breezes and the trembling of a body drawn laterally through still water, show that the resistance of air and water is unsteady. The blood of our bodies does not run in an unbroken current, but is dashed in waves to the ends of our fingers by the rhythmic beating of the heart.

We observe this law also in more complex phenomena. In the fluctuation of prices, and the ever varying relation between supply and demand in the business world; in the changes and returns of fashions, and the rise and fall of classes in society; and in the undulatory progress of civilization in history. Poetical ages and practical ages have alternated—dark ages have been followed by ages of light. Ever since the races separated on the great Bactrian Plateau in Asia, and each began its own individual struggle for supremacy, each government, like every individual life and every geological species has had its rise, its culmination and its decline.

There are two forces acting in the world.

1st. There is a tendency in all nature which gives it an upward impulse. Aspiring man is envious of the gods; and the lowest and fiercest beasts would take the place of man. Indeed; in this vigorous, blooming summer season this spirit is in all growing nature. "*Now* is the high tide of the year." "Every thing is upward striving."

"New even the clod feels a stir of might
An instinct within it which reaches and
towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

But there is a counteracting force, which brings all the world back upon a level. Though a man tower above his brother's to-day, he will be with them or below them to-morrow. Though the leaves now be green and the air sweet with the perfume of summer, the fall is coming. These two opposing forces produce waves in the moving world. All things move in waves.

Let us apply this law to thought. That immortal part of man, vastly superior to matter. The world of thought in which we live is like a fluid. Every man is either a cipher—a mere agitator or a contributor; and whatever be the cause of motion, thought will, by this law, move in waves; and

each wave, according to the law of persistence of force, will go on forever.

One of Three Great Waves each of us must produce. Will it be the *wave of reaction*, or the *wave of progress*, and whether the one or the other will it be *harmonious*, will it be a *musical wave*?

There are some who are only ciphers and will never make so much as a small ripple on this ocean's surface. Let us have no patience with these neutralities—they do not deserve discussion. Let us in silence pity them.

There is a class of men in the world, whose lives are not so sordid, but whose conduct is as useless and shameful as laziness is base. These agitate the world by mere disturbance, and produce the destructive waves of *reaction*.

You wish to be renowned. You fall upon the plan of creating a great sensation. But that cannot render you happy. You want to be honored and loved as well as known; and if this be your aim, never agitate the public mind about nothing. Sensation must either be very short lived or soon become offensive. Never try to crush truth by green-eyed, hot headed prejudice. Live all the days of your life in painful obscurity rather than belong to that disgusting class of sensationalists known as demagogues. Why? For the sake of your own individ-

ual happiness, if not for the sake of others. The bread you cast upon the waters is not more certain to return to you than the slander you invent and circulate. Show me a man who has by false arts deluded the people, and every lie which he has heaped upon the head of innocence, will return to sicken his own heart, and cling to him as an index of the blackness of his own character; his death will be unwept, his grave will remain unadorned; his deeds unsung.

The wave of injustice and oppression must react upon the transgressor. Every nation has felt it, every tyrant has been overwhelmed in it. Every man whose ambition has been his master has bowed beneath his own heavy burden, has tendered his neck to his own bloody guillotine, and, like Haman, dangled from his own high gallows.

Injustice will react upon *nations* as surely as upon individuals. For a wave of sympathy spreads over the world for the martyr's cause, no matter to what sect he belongs, or what religion he professes; and whatever there is of truth and reality in the principles which he advocates will accompany this tide of sympathy into every heart, and there become a sacred and sanctioned principle of life.

The piercing of the side, and the loud scoffing of the mob of

Jews and Romans may have intimidated the followers of Christ in Rome and Judea. Yet long after the mob's blasphemous outburst had died away; long after the cruel sword of Nero had crumbled into rust and his wicked hand had issued its last bloody mandate, the still small voice of appeal from hearts anguished and oppressed that have long lain ashes in the martyr's sacred tomb to-day inspires the souls of men to noble deeds of christian justice and humanity.

But where are the oppressors themselves? That grand old Hebrew race has felt the wave of reaction and is scattered and broken; and among the ruins of the World Empire the owl of desolation makes his home. Oh how long will it be until *nations* can use common sense?

Shall people never learn the power of truth and the demands of justice? Is not the falling of one Babel sufficient to teach men that they cannot build a way to heaven upon the heads of their brothers and kinsmen? In other words, know you not that if you rise with the waves you must fall with them?

There *is* a way to set this ocean of thought in violent motion, and with glorious results to name and person. Add to it. Produce the second great wave. The *wave of progress*. Pour out wisdom into

this great basin and it will spread in every direction in irresistible motion; and this ocean of thought, which a poetic infidel is pleased to call "the narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities," will rise higher and higher, and spread further and further, until those seemingly barren peaks will be submerged and our ocean will join its waters with those of vast eternity.

If you would merely excite the world *disturb it*. If you wish to be a cipher, commit suicide and take care to conceal the fact; but if you value a nation's praise and love and reverence, and wish to live in the great heart of humanity leave something *good* and *real* to speak in eloquent remembrance of you to coming generations. Speak truths to the nations at the risk of revolution. Though corrupt sentiment overwhelm you, your name shall rise out of the dust and ashes of your desolation and shall be honored and worshiped by your oppressors.

Those who have *contributed* to thought are the world's grandest heroes. That great leader of Israel's hosts, who from amid the smoke and thunders of Solemn Sinai, received in triumph, and bore to a groveling world below the Decalogue, upon which rests the laws of every prosperous reign, is easily the first among a tremendous host whose lives have

made additions to the world of thought.

In opposition to the Sophists, who were mere agitators, are names like Socrates and Plato; and it would be an injustice to the subject not to mention those twelve satellites which revolve so harmoniously around that bright and glorious star which rose out of Nazareth. They have never ceased to give us light, but have grown brighter and brighter as the years glide by; for our eyes have become clearer and the clouds have flown.

The truth has survived and to-day glorifies its givers. Athens slew Socrates but failed to suppress his teachings. Paul's was the martyr's death; but his doctrines are immortal. The Roman church once chained the Bible and hovered over the world with her bat-like wings, and shut out the light; but John Wycliffe of England, and Martin Luther in Germany, inspired with the energy of love for humanity, arose in their might and burst the bands of church tyranny and let the truth flow free. And it will ever flow free. Let nations build their Chinese walls if they wish, the mighty billows of truth will break through their fortifications and flood the heathen kingdom.

A few years ago a great question was put before the people of North Carolina, whether or not we

should longer allow men to traffic in alcohol. This was a new step, and a thousand politicians, who knew that here conservatism is popular arose and with a feigned voice of warning cried to the people, "Look to your liberties: This is an encroachment upon them!" Under this impression the bill was crushed by 180,000 majority. Ah! but these politicians did not smother the sparks of truth that fell from the earnest fervent lips of men who care not for the rabble's foolish whims and sentiments; and horrid crimes, and loathsome sins, and the wild-eyed howling burden of our asylums *still* do open their mouths, like Cæsar's wounds, and plead for humanity. *And they are being heard.* The waves of truth are spreading, and the signs of the times and the women of the State predict that the Prohibition Law, in spite of prejudice and demagoguery, is coming, fast coming in North Carolina.

In whatever way we agitate this ocean of thought let us at least produce the third great wave; the *wave of harmony*, or the *musical wave*. Have you never seen human conduct which you could call musical? Musical characters, whose ways are so smooth and charming that you have often wished they were your own? Musical families, whose members so conduct themselves that their in-

terests never clash and not a discordant note ever breaks the sweetness of their domestic song? I have seen a thousand heads erect, and faces flushed with feeling, and watched them move in complete harmony under the strains of some melodious air, as if each individual was a part of one great body, and that body was inspired with one great soul; and I have felt myself moved with the throng by that same strange and irresistible feeling. Sweet chords are productive of a feeling of universal brotherhood. They drive away the ordinary cares of the mind and under their enchantment all nature has a tendency to join in one harmonious movement.

The young and gay that shall to-night assemble in our ball-room will beautifully and gracefully illustrate that power in music to produce harmonious action. It is born in man to keep time to music; and when you oppose the dance you object to one of the strongest tendencies implanted in human nature. Nor does cultivation or refinement affect it, except in as much as it adds gracefulness and elegance to the display; and I tell you, whether you are a minister or not, and however great your prejudice against the dance, when a beautiful waltz is well played by Kessnich's band, if you are young and vigorous, and do not belong to that class who are

fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, your soul will dance within you, and your heart will beat time to the music. Isn't it so? Then why shackle your feet?

If music is productive of harmonious conduct and feeling, we have reason to believe that beautiful action and concordant lives amongst men will at least suggest music.

Ruskin calls beautiful architecture "frozen music." Pythagoras, seeing the well balanced and symmetrical movement of the planets heard that harmony which he called the "music of the spheres," and

"Such music is in immortal souls
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we can-not hear it."

The past history of the world is full of discord. The waves of thought have clashed and broken. The path of civilization has been through bloodshed and carnage, fire and smoke. The great edifices of this enlightened age stand upon the bones of human sacrifices. But the times are getting better. In my mind's eye I see a day approaching when all the world's vast waves will harmonize. We are approaching a grand musical era. I have a right to predict it. Nations are beginning to recognize that peace is far more glorious than conquest—a spirit of brotherly love is abroad. The church of the living God is pre-

vailing, and heralds the glad news of redemption throughout the world. Music itself prophesies it. It suggests ideas, divinely beautiful, which we cannot fully comprehend, but we can interpret its meaning better to-day than we could yesterday. Showing that we are approaching nearer and nearer to that high state of enlightenment and appreciation when harmony will no longer be *ideal*, but a practical thing with us in *action* as well as in *song*.

In that musical era, all humanity will have one star of hope; will acknowledge one common origin, worship one common God and have one common movement. Then our spiritual ears will be opened. *Then* we shall hear the harping and the singing which are but the blending of harmonious

waves of action, every life shall sing a part in the great choir of eternity, and universal love and human sympathy will be the key upon which the millennium will be played; and all that shall *seem* discordant will be those waves, which when heard alone are harsh, but when blended with the past which precedes and the part which follows are but the minor chords which are mingled with the majors to form the grand diapason and make the harmony sweeter. It will be,

“ Such music as 'tis said
Before was never made;
But when of old, the sons of morning
sung;
And the Creator great,
His constellations set
And the well balanced world on hinges
hung.

J. F. SCHENCK.

COLLEGE RECORD.

The Ball given in honor of the graduating class was a great success. Gymnasium Hall was filled with couples on Wednesday as well as Thursday night, and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

* * *

A new feature in the Commencement was the sociable given at the residence of Mrs. Long's, by the

trustees, for the benefit of those who did not dance. Ice cream, cake, confectioneries and pretty girls were in abundance, and everything passed away pleasantly. The thanks of all are due to Mr. L. B. Edwards for the excellent manner in which he attended to the preparations.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The Commencement of 1886 is now a thing of the past, and the Class of '86 has begun its great battle with the world for fame and fortune. Tuesday morning was bright and clear. We assembled in the old Chapel, and as we remembered it was for the last time a feeling of sadness came over us which was akin to pain.

The devotional exercises were conducted by Prof. Henry. After they were over, Pres. Battle gave us a brief account of the advance of the University since its first opening eleven years ago next September. Then the North-east building was roofless and the others were much in need of repairs. An appeal was made to the old Alumni and \$18,000 was raised. This enabled them to repair the buildings and make them habitable. Then there was no museum, now there are two—the University and Prof. Venable's industrial museum. Then there was only one laboratory, now there are five, fully equipped and in good working order. One building, the old Person Hall, was destroyed by fire in 1879. It was immediately rebuilt, and during the present summer a large, commodious, and well lighted laboratory will be added to it. Prof. Wm. B. Phillips, who has been in Europe for a year fitting himself for his department of Agricultural Chemistry

and Mining, will return soon and take it under his special charge. Ten years ago the State had never given the University more than \$15,000 in all. \$10,000 loaned when it was first founded and afterward converted into a gift; \$5,000 soon after the end of the civil war when everything was going to rack and the faculty were starving. In 1881 the Legislature made an annual appropriation of \$5,000 to the University and in 1885 increased this to \$20,000, making the amount received yearly from the State treasury, when the amount of interest on the land script due the United States Government is included, \$27,500. With this amount the number of students has increased from 69 in 1876 to 204 in 1886, while the faculty have increased from 7 to 16. The number of students in 1886 is somewhat smaller than in 1885, but this is due to the successive failures of the crops in many counties of the State. Besides, the preparatory department has been abolished. This has kept off some ten or fifteen. This department was not intended originally as preparatory to the regular classes, but was intended to give those intending to become teachers some little knowledge of Latin and Greek. It was found to injure the high schools and academies and was abolished, thanks to a wise and thoughtful Board of Trustees.

TUESDAY NIGHT

The Commencement meetings of the Literary Societies was held. Honorary members were admitted, short addresses by old alumni were made, diplomas and medals presented. The halls and libraries were then thrown open to visitors and were among the greatest attractions of the Hill.

WEDNESDAY

Is the beginning of Commencement. Owing to the change of gauge on one of the Western N. C. Railroads, the attendance was small. Kessnich's Band of Richmond, Va., was unavoidably delayed until the evening.

THE LITERARY ADDRESS.

Wednesday morning, in Memorial Hall, at 11:15 Dr. Battle, after announcing that it had been a custom since 1826 to have an oration at each Commencement, and that the orator this year from the Dialectic Society requested Mr. Samuel S. Jackson to introduce him. Gracefully and in a very few words Mr. Jackson introduced Judge Augustus Van Wyck, of New York, who looking at President Battle began his address "Respected Sir," and then turning to the audience, "Ladies and Gentlemen :

He came to this commencement, he said, not because he thought he could add to its pleasures, but in obedience to a manly affection for the society to which he belonged, to the high regard

he entertained for the other society, and to his gratitude to the University, his beloved Alma Mater. He came not as a stranger nor an alien. He was a brother and a friend. The sight of these hallowed scenes was one of mixed sadness and pleasure. He spoke of Memorial Hall—its beauty, its magnificence, its fine proportions, and of the noble men whose lives and work the marble slabs erected therein perpetuated. This led him to advert to the glorious history of North Carolina in which he was particularly felicitous. His tribute to the North Carolina soldiers—memorials of many of whom are to be seen in Memorial Hall—was received with rounds of applause. The eulogy pronounced on Hon. David L. Swain was that of a loyal son to a Father in education. Gov. Swain, said he, surveyed all the various necessities of the State and leaped to the head and front of educational affairs in North Carolina. He (Mr. Van Wyck) left the class room amid the alarm and intense excitement that pervaded the country. The tocsin of war was sounding. The young men of to-day were congratulated that no angry war disturbed their studies; that the issues submitted to the highest tribunal—to the wage of battle were settled forever; and that the moral integrity and unity of the Nation has been preserved. There

is now a flag in each State and a pole for each flag. The States are supreme.

All this, pursued the speaker,—the ability of this country to withstand the shock of civil war—is due to the permanent character of our form of government. It is due to the wise scheme of government devised by the framers of the Constitution. It is due to the enlightenment and morality of an educated people. To-day the valor of the South and North are joint assets of the country. Following this line Judge Van Wyck discussed the reasons which gave stability to the United States and insured to it a long life.

The high degree of learning in the days of Moses and David; the altitude reached by Grecian literature; the Egyptian wisdom; the knowledge of the Romans—all these were attributed to free agency, which, said the speaker, developed and understood, was the rock foundation upon which free institutions and popular education was based.

The Judge gave many of "The Chief Landmarks of Progress," all of which rested on free agency and popular education. The results of the discovery of America, the migration from Europe to America, was not less than that of Moses from Egypt. In America—peopled by all the races of the old hemisphere—all national lines van-

ished in amalgamation producing the American people—a people who combine all the good qualities of the English, Celt, Scotch and others. Here in America, with these Americans, the people are sovereigns; the people make, interpret and execute, as well as obey the law.

There was no uncertainty about Judge Van Wyck's advocacy of popular education—he told plainly and truthfully how it had been the bulwark of American independence. This writer wished that every man who prates about "education ruining the country and spoiling good workmen" could have heard him as, tracing the growth of the people from the earliest stages till the nineteenth century, he showed what great things popular education had accomplished—how it was and had been the very mud-sill of all progress. And he defined what education was—the developing of the moral nature of the student, training his mind to think and reason, and taking care to be a physical strong man. This is what leading thinkers throughout the country are now advocating.

The speaker deplored the tendency of the people to look to the General Government for aid, especially in the matter of education. If it is granted it will be followed by the appointment of teachers and will endanger the

most sacred rights of the States. Federal aid to education—or to other similar things which lie peculiarly in the province of the State—is a constant menace to our freedom. Upon this expression of hostility to the Blair bill Memorial Hall rang with applause. Does this indicate that our people oppose the Blair bill? It looks so.

Graphically did the speaker then picture the progress of the world, from the music of the human voice to vocal sounds preservable forever in the phonograph; from muscle to gunpowder; from many gods to the supreme deity; from intellect buried in ignorance to education; from rude force to persuasion, and with other like comparisons did he illustrate the progress which he said, if we counted by the ages of the world had been most rapid, but if counted by the age of an individual had been most slow.

The progress made makes education a necessity. To preserve all the advances of the centuries *men must be educated*. Everything is more complex and therefore there is more need of wisdom. The foundation of the University, early established, had done much to promote the cause of education in North Carolina. The speaker dwelt on his love for the University, the great work it had wrought for good, and the bright future that spread out before it.

Concluding he urged the young men neither to underestimate nor overestimate themselves. They were counselled to stand upon the prime facts collected from the experience of the ages. "Cross the bridges," said he, "that have stood the test unless you have a better one." Select a definite pursuit. Supine content buries hope. Be conservative but not supinely slavish to tradition. Use discrimination. Let your motto be: "Intellectual culture and liberty." Ever scrutinize the mysteries of the seen and the unseen. Enjoy the sweets of friendship. Study the history of races. Is it not true that there are many dangers in civilization? Some of them the speaker pointed out and said "the trite truths will never be lost sight of in the progress of civilization. Hang the old trophies on the golden nails in the house of time and keep them free from oblivion," &c., &c.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At 1 o'clock this Association met and elected Mr. Paul C. Cameron president, Col. W. L. Saunders treasurer, and Ed. Englehard secretary. It was resolved to hold a meeting in Raleigh in January or February of next year, when an orator, chosen by the Executive Committee, will speak.

THE SERMON TO THE GRADUATES.

At 5:20 p. m., Wednesday

Rev. Dr. Skinner, opened services by reading the twenty-third Psalm and offering prayer. A hymn was then sung. The sermon by Rev. Chas. H. Hall, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed. His text was Matt. 20th chapter, 6th verse: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

When one usually hears a sermon that pleases, the common expression is, "That was a fine sermon." These words will not describe Dr. Hall's sermon. It was a great sermon—great in its subject matter, great in its directness and simplicity, great in its practical application, great in its unaffected delivery, great in the elegance of its diction, great in everything that goes to make a great sermon. It was a very unusual sermon. It was an original sermon—full of deep learning, and full of deep piety.

THE REPRESENTATIVES' SPEECHES

Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, the Representatives of the two societies delivered their orations. This is always one of the most interesting commencement occasions. The first speaker was Mr. Claudius Dockery, of Mangum, who spoke on "The South." He urged love of home and love of the beautiful Southland.

Mr. J. C. Johnson, of Pitt county, chose as his subject "The Fourth Estate." He criticised

the press for pandering to a depraved public sentiment, but paid a high tribute to its power for good, when controlled by a conscientious editor.

Mr. W. E. Edmundson, of Morganton, discussed "National Education," and deplored the tendency to rely upon the Federal Government for aid. He thought it insidious legislation.

Mr. A. M. Simmons, of Hyde county, on "The Truths of Fiction," told us how great truths are conveyed by fiction, God himself employing parables to impress great truths. Of a truth, fiction is a great agency in imparting knowledge and truth.

Mr. W. T. Wilkinson, of Tarboro, talked about "Utopia." He didn't believe in utopian ideas. This is a practical age and he thought men ought to be practical. He gave good reasons for his faith.

Mr. Samuel E. Gidney, of Shelby, gave his attention to a most important subject, "Industrial Education in the South." He believed that every college in the State ought to impart manual as well as mental training. He congratulated the people that the State would soon have an Industrial School.

THURSDAY

Is the great day. The back part of the Campus was filled with wagons, buggies and every other kind

of conveyance imaginable and the great Memorial Hall was filled with people. They surged in and out of the great doors as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa." The Speakers for the day were divided into two parts. Eleven spoke during the morning. They were:

Joseph John Jenkins, jr. Chat-ham Co. N. C., National Songs.

Charles Taylor Grandy, Camden Co., N. C., Home Rule and National Unity in America.

Pierre B. Manning, Gates Co., N. C., Prohibition or Public Sentiment.

Franklin Dixon, Shelby, N. C., The Labor Problem.

Malcolm McG. Shields, Carthage, N. C., Misplaced Garlands.

L. B. Grandy, Oxford, N. C., American Humor.

Walter Seaton Dunston, Creswell, N. C., Literature and Public life.

Frank Milton Little, Wadesboro, N. C., Destiny and Duty.

John F. Schenck, Cleveland Mills, Three Great Waves.

W. A. Self, Newton, N. C., Emerson.

William H. Carroll, Magnolia, N. C., American Influence on Foreign Nations.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

The first speaker was Stephen B. Weeks, of Elizabeth City, N. C., his subject was: "*Cedant Arma Togal.*" This was the classical ora-

tion, the second honor awarded to that member of the class who makes the highest average after the Valedictorian. The speech was not in Latin as many expected. The day for Latin, Greek and French speeches has passed away forever.

James Thomas, Newbern, N. C., The Citizen's True Ideal.

Samuel Spencer Jackson, Pittsboro, N. C., Circumstance.

Oliver Clegg Bynum, Chatham Co., N. C., The Heroic Instinct.

Edward B. Cline, Hickory, N. C., The Drama and National Life.

N. H. D. Wilson, jr., Greensboro, N. C., The Cost of Culture. Mr. Wilson was the Valedictorian, his being the highest average of any member of the class during the whole course. He waived a special speech and spoke a few words of exhortation to his classmates, thanked the faculty for their kindness to the class and bade farewell to his fellow students.

The speakers in the afternoon were at a great disadvantage. A storm was raging, carriages and wagons were rattling by, the people were constantly going in and out and babies were continually squalling. This last nuisance should be stopped by all means.

The following members of the graduating class did not deliver orations, but presented theses or essays:

Lewis J. Battle, Raleigh, N. C.,
Landlordism in America.

Pierre Bayard Cox, Raleigh, N. C.,
The Critic's Relation to Literary Progress.

Herbert Worth Jackson, Ashboro, N. C.,
The Crisis at Hastings.

John M. Morehead, Charlotte, N. C.,
Political Education.

George L. Patrick, Kinston, N. C.,
Man and Nature.

Henry W. Rice, Raleigh, N. C.,
A Needless War.

Kirby Smith Uzzell, Seven Springs, N. C.,
The New South.

Robert Lee Uzzell, Seven Springs, N. C.,
A Cavalier Poet.

After the speaking was ended, the degrees, certificates and medals were awarded.

REGULAR DEGREES.

The degree of A. B., was conferred upon the following members of the class of 1886: O. C. Bynum, Bynum's; Wm. H. Carroll, Magnolia; Ed. B. Cline, Hickory; P. B. Cox, Raleigh; Frank Dixon, Shelby; S. S. Jackson, Pittsboro; J. J. Jenkins, jr., Rigsbee's Store; P. B. Manning, Sunbury; J. M. Morehead, Charlotte; H. W. Rice, Raleigh; W. Aug. Self, Newton; M. McG. Shields, Carthage; James Thomas, Newbern; S. B. Weeks, Elizabeth City; N. H. D. Wilson, jr., Greensboro—15.

Ph. B.—L. J. Battle, Raleigh; W. S. Dunston, Creswell; C. T. Grandy, Camden C. H.; L. B.

Crandy, Oxford; H. W. Jackson, Ashboro; F. M. Little, Wadesboro; J. F. Schenck, Cleveland Mills;—7.

B. S.—G. L. Patrick, Kinston; K. S. Uzzell, Goldsboro; R. L. Uzzell, Goldsboro;—3. Total 25.

The degree of A. M., was conferred upon Ernest P. Mangum, C. A. B., '85, Chapel Hill. The subject of his thesis was the "Feudal System."

The degree of Bachelor of Law (B. L.) was conferred upon Sol. C. Weill, A. B., '85, Wilmington.

HONORARY DEGREES.

The degree of Doctor of Laws (LL. D.) was conferred upon Marcus V. Lanier, of Oxford; A. W. Chapman and H. W. Ravenell, both of South Carolina.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. John R. Brooks, of Wilson; Rev. Luther McKinnon, President of Davidson College; Rev. John L. Carroll, of Asheville; Rev. D. A. Long, President of Antioch College, Ohio.

CERTIFICATES AWARDED.

Chemistry—D. S. Carraway.

Mathematics—R. T. Burwell, W. S. Wilkerson.

Greek—H. H. Ransom, M. McG. Shields.

Natural Philosophy—E. B. Cline, F. M. Little.

Pharmacy—J. W. Beason.

MEDALS.

The Representative Medal was awarded to Mr. J. Claudius Dockery. The Mangum Medal to Mr. John F. Schenck.

HONOR ROLL.

Messrs. Gulick. Simmons and Weeks have been present at every roll call in the Chapel and every recitation during the entire year.

Messrs. L. Battle, P. B. Cox and Reid never absent from roll call in chapel.

Messrs. W. Battle, Batchelor, Lynch, Herring, McNeill, Morris, Smith and R. Uzzell never absent except with good excuse.

Absent only once:—W. Atkinson, H. Jackson and Woodley.

Absent only four times:—J. W. Alexander, Graham, and Headen.

Those who received 90 and upwards in their respective studies:

DECEMBER EXAMINATION.

Political Economy—N. Wilson 99, Manning and Weeks 97, C. Grandy 96, R. Grissom 95, J. Thomas 92, Jenkins 91, Bynum and S. Jackson 90.

Business Law—Edwards 96, Schenck 92, Eskridge and Wills 90.

Psychology—Manning and N. Wilson 99, Weeks 98½, Dixon 98, J. Thomas 97½, Shields 97, P. Cox 96, Cline and Self 94, Bynum, C. Grandy and Schenck 93, H. Jackson 91, L. Battle, Carroll, Gilmer, L. Grandy and S. Jackson 90.

Logic—McGehee 99½, Dockery

99, Bourne 98½, McDonald, H. Parker, Ransom and Smith 98, Burwell and Wilkinson 97½, V. Long and Simmons 97, Starbuck 96, R. Grissom and Shaffner 95, Palmer 93, McIver and K. Uzzell 92, Massey 90.

Greek, Junior Class—Shields 90.

Greek, Sophomore Class—H. Davis and W. Little 96½, F. Thomas 92½, S. Gidney 91.

Greek, Freshman Class—H. Johnston 99, W. Battle 97, Currie 95, Clement 94, Gulick 92.

Latin, Junior Class—McGehee 95, Rice 94, Weeks 91.

Latin, Sophomore Class—H. Davis 96, W. Battle and W. Little 95, Ezzell, H. Johnston and Withers 92, F. Thomas 90.

Latin, Freshman Class—Clement and Currie 95, C. G. Faust 92, Stronach 91, Egerton, L. Little and Perry 90.

Mathematics, Junior Class—McGehee 97, Burwell 95.

Mathematics, Sophomore Class—W. Little 99, Harper 95, Ezzell 92, H. Davis 90.

Mathematics, Freshman Class—Gulick 100, Currie 99½, Wills 99, H. Johnston 98, Hill 97, J. Parker 92.

Chemistry, Industrial Class—H. Jackson 96, V. Long 93, Greenlee 90.

Chemistry, General Class—Dockery 99, Person and Ransom 96, McGehee 95, W. Battle and W.

Little 93, Batchelor and Woodson 92, Burwell and D. Wilson 91, L. Edwards and Perry 90.

Chemistry, Laboratory Class—Morris 98, Costner, Thorp and Shaffner 97, Eskridge 96, Cornelius 94, Reid 93, Greenlee 92.

Chemistry, Quant. Class—Grisson 95.

Mineralogy—P. B. Cox 95, R. Uzzell 93, L. Battle and L. Grandy 91, H. Jackson 90.

Horticulture—Patrick 95, Bynum 91.

Surveying—H. Greenlee and Schaffner 94, H. Jackson 93.

Astronomy—Manning and N. Wilson 97, Greenlee 91, Schenck 90.

Physics—R. Grissom and McGehee 98, Dockery 97, Burwell and Shaffner 90.

English, Anglo Saxon—R. Uzzell and Weeks 94.

English, Senior Class—P. B. Cox, J. Thomas, Weeks and N. Wilson 97, Cline and Shields 96, C. Grandy and Schenck 95, Bynum, S. Jackson, Manning, Person, Rice and Self 90.

English, Junior Class—McGehee 95, Bourne and V. Long 90.

English, Sophomore Class—H. Davis and F. Thomas 97, W. Battle 94, Batchelor and W. Little 93, Odell 92, Howell and Robeson 90.

English, Freshman Class—Wills 99, J. Parker 97, W. Borden, Egerton, Hill and Howell 96, C. Faust

95, Currie, Graham, Murphy and Stronach 92, Deans, Majette and F. Parker 90.

Essays and Orations—P. B. Cox 95, N. Wilson 93, Shields and Weeks 92, Bynum, Cline, C. Grandy, L. Grandy, S. Jackson, Manning, Schenck, Self, and J. Thomas 90.

School Management—Carroll and Shields 95, P. B. Cox and Self 93, L. Battle and Schenck 92, K. Uzzell 91, Cline and McDonald 90.

Methods of Teaching—J. Davis 90.

Modern Languages, 1° French—Rice 99, Dixon, Schenck, F. Thomas and N. Wilson 98, Dockery, Egerton, Hill, McDonald and Stronach 96, Jenkins, Manning, Simmons and Wills 95, Palmer 94, Wilkinson 93, Braswell, Bynum, L. Edwards and Hackett, 92, Bourne, Perry and Roberson 91, Burwell, McIver and Toms 90.

Modern Languages, 1° German—Morris 97, D. Wilson 95, Simmons 94, McGuire and Starbuck 92, J. Foust, C. Foust and H. Parker, 90.

Physiology—Morris 100, Woodley 98, J. Alexander and Braswell 97, Lynch 96, Lewis and Reid 95, Crowell 91.

Entomology—W. Atkinson, Tyson and Maney 90.

MAY EXAMINATIONS.

Const. and Int. Law—N. Wilson 98, Curtis 97, C. Grandy and Manning 94, Rice 91, Baker and J. Thomas 90.

Business Law—Dixon 97, Schenck 96, Perry 92, Braswell, C. Grandy and Woodley 90.

Ethics—Manning and N. Wilson 97, Weeks 96½, Carroll, P. B. Cox, Dickson, S. Jackson, Self and Thomas 96, Rice and Shields 95, L. Grandy and Schenck 94, Cline, C. Grandy and H. Jackson 93, F. Little 92, L. Battle 90.

Psychology—McGehee 98, Bourne and Dockery 97, Ransom 96, Green and McDonald 95½, H. Parker, Simmons and Wilkinson 95, Burwell 92, V. Long, Palmer and Starbuck 90.

History of Philosophy—P. B. Cox 98½, Bourne and C. Grandy 98, L. Grandy 96.

Christian Evidences—P. B. Cox and L. Grandy 95.

Greek, Junior Class—Shields 96, Ransom 95.

Greek, Sophomore Class—F. Thomas 96, H. Davis 95, W. Little 94½, S. Gidney 94, Morris 91.

Greek, Freshman Class—H. Johnston 96, Currie 95, W. Battle 94, Clement 93.

Latin, Junior Class—McGehee 95, Rice 92, Weeks 91.

Latin, Sophomore Class—W. Battle, H. Davis and W. Little 95, Withers 94, Ezzell and S. Gidney 91, Batchelor, H. Johnston and F. Thomas 90.

Latin, Freshman Class—Egerton 96, Currie 95, Clement 94, C. Faust 92, Graham, Perry, and Stronach 91, Curtis, Gulick, L. Little, F.

Parker, J. Parker and Roberson 90.

Mathematics, Junior Class—McGehee 94.

Mathematics, Sophomore Class—W. Little 97, Ezzell 94, Harper 90.

Mathematics, Freshman Class—Gulick 100, Currie and Curtis 99½, H. Johnston 99, Perry 98½, Hill and J. Parker 98, Palmer and H. Harris 96, Wills 95, Howell and Graham 94, L. Little and Murphy 93, J. Faust and Wood 91, Ricks 90.

Chemistry, Industrial—

Chemistry, General—Dockery and W. Little 95.

Chemistry, Quant.—Grissom 95.

Chemistry, Laboratory—Woodson 99, Eskridge and Morris 97, Benson 91½.

Geology—Shaffner and R. Uzzell 94, Dockery and McIver 92, Grissom 91, L. Battle 90.

Advanced Geology—L. Battle 95.

Domestic Animals—R. Uzzell 93, K. Uzzell 90.

Horticulture—Schenck 92, Patrick 90.

Zoology—J. Faust 96, Morris 95, H. Harris 94.

Botany—H. Harris 97, Woodley and Woodson 95, J. Faust and Lynch 91, W. Atkinson 90.

Mechanics—Manning 98, N. Wilson 97, S. Jackson 96, Dixon 92, Little and Schenck 92.

Physics—Dockery and R. Grissom 99, McGehee 97.

English, Anglo Saxon—Weeks 97, R. Uzzell 95.

English, Senior Class—Weeks 98, J. Thomas and N. Wilson 97, Cline, P. B. Cox and Shields 96, Manning 95, Bynum and Person 94, Dunston, C. Grandy and Self 92, L. Battle, Carroll and Jenkins 91, S. Jackson and Rice 90.

English, Junior Class—McGehee 99, Bourne and V. Long 95, H. Parker 90.

English, Sophomore Class—H. Davis 98, Withers 97, Ezzell, Howell, W. Little and Roberson 95, Batchelor, W. Battle, C. Faust and Palmer 94, Shaw 90.

English, Freshman Class—Currie, Curtis, Egerton, Hill, H. Harris, Howell and Wills 98, J. Parker 97, H. Johnston 96½, Murphy 96, C. Faust and Stronach 95, Graham, J. Long and Ricks 94, Majette 92, F. Parker 90.

Essays and Orations—Schenck and Weeks 97, Shields 96, B. P. Cox 95, J. Thomas and N. Wilson 93, Bynum, C. Grandy, Manning and Self 92, Cline and Dunston 91, L. Battle and Person 90.

School Management—J. Davis 91, Tripp 90.

History of Education—Carroll and Shields 93.

Modern Languages, 1° French—Dixon 99, Bourne, Rice, Roberson and Wills 97, Stronach 96, Dockery and N. Wilson 95, J. Parker 94, Perry and J. Thomas 93, Manning 92, Egerton, Hill, McDonald and Palmer 90.

Modern Languages, 2° French—C. Grandy, Harper, R. Uzzell and Withers 90.

Modern Languages, 1° German—Simmons 94, C. Faust and Morris 92.

Modern Languages 2° German—Dixon 94.

Biology—Woodley 96.

Entomology—W. Atkinson and Tyson 96.

Law, Blackstone—Ward 98, Scull 96, Riddle 95, Cooper 93, Alexander 91½, Johnson 90½.

Law, Pleading—Ward 98½, Alexander 96, Scull 90.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Among our many visitors we have noticed the following: Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D., Rev. Thos. E. Skinner, D. D., Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, Col. R. R. Bridges, Col. H. B. Short, Hon. Paul C. Cameron, R. H. Battle, Esq., Col. W. L. Saunders, Hon. Wm. D. Barnes, Rev. Willie Cunningham, Rev. John L. Carroll, D. D., Rev. Thos. H. Pritchard, D. D., Hon. Walter L. Steele, Col. Wm. H. S. Burgwyn, His Excellency Gov. A. M. Scales, Col. Paul B. Means, Hon. Aug. S. Seymour, Rev. — Lacy, Hon. C. R. Thomas, A. H. Merritt, Esq., Dr. Eugene Grissom, L. L. D., Hon. Geo. V. Strong, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, D. D., Mr. Josephus Daniels of the *Chronicle*, to whom we are indebted for a part of our account

of the Commencement, Mr. C. C. Daniels of the *Wilson Advance*, Hon. Thos. S. Kenan, J. S. Carr, Esq., W. A. Guthrie, Esq., Ed. Engelhard, B. H. Bunn.

* *

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Mention this Magazine.

PERSONALS.

—The most of our space this month has been devoted to an account of the commencement, which will be found on another page.

—Pres. Battle was recently appointed by President Cleveland one of the three visitors to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. He left here June 3. The committee had been in session a week, but he could not afford to miss all of our commencement. This is a very high honor and we have no doubt but that Pres. Battle will perform the duties pertaining to it with acceptability.

—Prof. Venable will lecture on chemistry at Martha's Vineyard this summer.

—The village a few weeks ago was favored with a number of excellent sermons from strangers. Rev. R. T. Vann preached at the Baptist church, Rev. W. S. Creasy at the Methodist and Rev. Robert Strange at the Episcopal. Mr. Strange is a member of the class of '79 and is now rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Raleigh.

—We were mistaken last month in saying that Dr. Hume had been offered the presidency of Richmond College. They have no president; but a Chairman of the Faculty. He was offered the chair of English. We wrote as we heard the report, and so were mistaken.

—Rev. C. C. Newton who has been taking some work in college and preaching at the same time went to the Southern Baptist Convention at Montgomery, Ala., in May. He offered his services to the convention as a missionary to China, but on account of his age and the large number of applicants ahead of him was not accepted.

—Mr. Edward Alexander of the law class delivered a lecture in the chapel not long since on the Intemperate use of Alcohol. Mr. Alexander spoke about half an hour and in a very rapid way showed its great evils and urged all to refrain from its use. Prof. Hume made some remarks and Prof. Winston then followed on the same subject. The president of the Temperance Association in college reports that it is in a prosperous condition, and that its promises for usefulness are very great.

—Prof. Toy sailed for Paris June 12. He will devote the most of his time to study.

—Prof. Henry will spend some time at the teachers' Chautauqua at Black Mountain.

—J. Dan Miller, '84, and J. R. Monroe, '85, and Bart Shipp, '83, were some of the attractions during the eventful days of June 2 and 3.

—Dr. Mangum preached a sermon before the Senior class, May 30, in Girard Hall. His text was taken from Solomon's vision of the Lord: "Ask what I shall give thee," &c. It was eloquent and impressive.

—Rev. R. B. John, pastor of the Methodist church here, spent a few days at the General Conference in Richmond in May. Pres. Battle also attended the Episcopal Convention at Tarboro about the same time.

—Dr. Hume delivered the Literary address at the close of Sam Turrentine's school in Chatham Co., and June 1 preached the Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Thomasville Female College.

—Hon. Wm. D. Barnes, Ex-Pres. of the Senate of Fla., was with us at commencement. He left Judge E. J. Vann, another old U. N. C. boy, holding court in his place. Mr. Barnes is a member of the class of 1852, and revisits us for the first time since his graduation.

—News comes to us from Brazos county, Texas, that Mr. Andrew Mickle, for seven years Bursar of this University, is dead. He served from 1875 to 1882, when he resigned and went to the Lone Star State. He was very old.

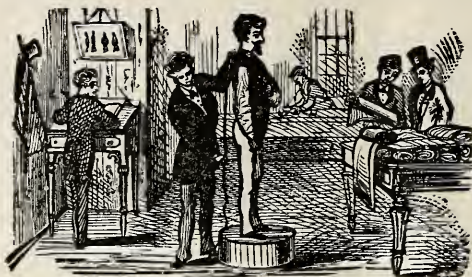
—Prof. Atkinson has left the Hill. He will stop in Washington and visit. Then he will go to Yale, perhaps to Harvard and then to Cornell. He will remain there a week or two, and will then seek the sea coast. He is also thinking of spending some time in the mountains of N. C.

—The editors of the Magazine for 1886-'87 have been elected and are as follows: Di. Claudius Dockery, Senior; R. N. Hackett, Senior; E. P. Withers, Junior. From the Phi. they are: J. C. Johnson, Senior; V. W. Long,

Senior; Stephen B. Weeks, Post Graduate. They hope to make the Magazine better in every respect than it has been during the past year.

—Josh to servant; Bill, what do you think of me? Bill: Dunno, Boss. Josh: Don't you often hear the Professors speak of me? Bill, Dunno, Boss. Josh: Don't they say I am a fine student? Bill: Dunno, Boss. Josh, much disturbed: Well, Bill, I want you to know *one* thing, that I don't ask the Professors any difference. Now understand *that*. Reported by Bill.

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